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Editorials.

AGAIN the time has come for a new corps of editors to greet the readers of the MONTHLY. Although new and inexperienced hands have been called to the helm, yet we hope that our grasp shall be firm and steady enough to bring our charge in safety to her destined haven. Our fellow students have committed to our keeping a sacred trust—a trust which we shall as sacredly guard. Our policy will be conservative rather than radical. It is our full purpose and desire to fulfill the true aim of a college journal. For pecuniary benefit we care not. It shall ever be our endeavor to chronicle faithfully and accurately the incidents and casualties which occur among us; to give our students and alumni an opportunity for improving them-

selves in composition; to acquaint our friends with our progress; and, above all, to spread abroad the name of Muhlenberg College. We have accepted the staff of office, and, until we lay it down again, we shall strive to present a lively, interesting and readable paper; one which will be a true exponent of student life. Whether success shall crown our efforts, we leave you to judge when our work is finished. We enter upon our work with bright hopes. We do not look upon it as an arduous task, imposed by others, but rather as a coming pleasure. But if, at times, we shall commit some error, remember that we are always willing and ready to receive suggestions, given in a kindly and well meaning spirit. If, in our course, we shall be guilty of shortcomings, ascribe them to the head, not to the heart; whatever you do, accuse us not of willful negligence. Finally, in all things, we ask your co-operation.

THE star of Muhlenberg is in the ascendant. At present, a good genius seems to preside over her destinies. Everybody seems to be interested in her welfare. Hardly in the past decade has such a progressive spirit been manifested. All is life and action, and the fruits are already apparent. The Freshmen class is larger than it has been for years and several of the other classes have been increased in size. The academic department, under the control of two active young professors, is in a most flourishing condition. The buildings, also, have been so greatly improved that you would hardly recognize it as the same place. Indeed, those of the Alumni who have not lately visited their *Alma Mater*, would be surprised at the sight which would greet their eyes. Not much over a year ago, the whole exterior received a fresh coat of

paint. Last Spring the Chapel and recitation rooms were handsomely frescoed. However, not satisfied with leaving half of the work undone, and ever with a thought for the comfort of the students, the authorities, during the summer vacation, had the interior handsomely painted and kalsomined. The drive on the rear campus was also graded and covered with a layer of crushed stone. When more money has been donated, improvements will be made upon the front campus and at other places where it is needed. Under such circumstances and with such surroundings, every student has been inspired with new zeal and has entered upon his work with renewed energy. The sons of Muhlenberg are becoming proud of their intellectual mother, and she is such that any collegian can well be proud of.

MUHLENBERG has again received twenty-four sons under her nurturing care. Strange voices resound through the halls and new faces are seen in our midst. These we welcome, but, at the same time, we would advise them to pause for a moment and take thought of the importance of the four years which are before them. They are on the threshold of their academic life. The methods of study and the habits which they form now, will cling to them throughout their course. The present is the time to commence to lay that foundation, broad and deep, upon which they shall build in future years. Now is the time to make men of themselves. Upon their work, while in college, depends their whole future career. Let them accustom themselves to real, solid work. The world does not run smoothly by moods and sudden starts. Let them broaden their ideas by contact with others; let them be practical. May they not put into that intellectual fabric, which they are building, a section which must be removed hereafter. Let them do their duty conscientiously, and, in years to come, they will so acquit themselves that the jewels which shall decorate their brows, shall reflect glory upon their *Alma Mater*.

BEFORE you is the first number of the fourth volume of the Muhlenberg MONTHLY. It is now three years since the first number of the MONTHLY was issued. During this time, we are pleased to say, it has done much for our College. Through the persistent labors of the different editors and business managers, during this short period, our journal has now become self-supporting. Heretofore the business managers were obliged to draw on the Literary societies, by which it was, until very recently, supported. With the help of students, alumni and friends, we will endeavor to maintain its present standing and to continue in the course of our predecessors. Let it be remembered, however, that, without new subscriptions, renewals and contributions, no journal can exist. Let us not waver in our efforts now. Let us not think that because the MONTHLY is now self-supporting, it will remain so. Let all take a new interest in it and contribute freely to its columns, and nothing but success can attend it. But as soon as the reins are loosened, it will fall into the old furrow and the Literary societies will have to suffer for it.

AGAIN there has been a change in the appearance of the MONTHLY. From small beginnings it is rapidly rising to a level with the best of college journals. Soon it will be eclipsed by none. This time the interior has received a change. For a long time it has been our purpose to procure small cuts for the heads of some of the different departments. These we have, at last, been enabled to procure, and they appear for the first time in this issue. The drawings were made by an alumnus of our own institution, and they are certainly a credit to him.

—Get subscribers for the MONTHLY.

—Europe is within forty seconds of America by lightning.

—Panaetius, the Roman philosopher, says: "I would that woman should rule, not indeed in civil jurisdiction, for that would unsphere her, but in her vast natural domain—the heart of man."



Our Smaller Colleges.

GEORGE T. ETTINGER, A. M.

The rapid progress and the immense territory of our country fill the average American mind with ideas conceived on a correspondingly large scale. We have the largest river, the highest monument, the most famous water-fall, the best this, and the greatest that. This too often leads us into a wrong course of thought, which causes us to forget or, perhaps more frequently, to deliberately despise the day of small things. Thus our ideas of life in general are affected, and consequently every department of that life is likewise influenced. We are especially pained to see that these new and large notions are also spreading in education.

A young man intends to enter college, but has not yet chosen his future Alma Mater. He sends for the catalogues of various institutions, compares the names, fames, and numbers of their professors, the advantages of libraries and apparatus, and, perhaps, remembers that this college or that university last season had the champion crew and the leading base-ball team. He finally decides to attend some large college, because it has fifty professors, costly buildings, large libraries, five hundred students, and athletic sports *ad libitum*. What an honor to be an alumnus of such an institution! This is just the place for him. Now let us see whether the smaller college might not meet his wants even better than the one he has chosen.

Many persons determine the standing of a college by the number of its professors. My young man, if you enter your college of fifty professors, can you attend all their recitations and lectures? There are only twenty-four hours in a day at a large college, as

well as at the smallest. It is impossible for you to do more than a certain amount of work a day. Remember, however, that we are now speaking of a regular prescribed college course, not of a post-graduate course in which you would of course select your own specialties, for which the larger institutions are the best. What we mean to say is, as long as the chairs of a small college are filled by competent men, the student finds a course in such a college preferable to one at a larger institution.

Another argument often brought forward is the fame of certain professors. How many of the Freshmen and the Sophomores, or even of all the under graduates are taught by these men personally? Many of them devote the greater part of their time to post-graduate courses and literary work, and leave the regular student to tutors and assistants, who frequently are men of less experience and ability than the full professors of our smaller colleges. The man who has written a very learned work on Quaternions, may not be able to teach an under-graduate ordinary Algebra as well as he who has mastered that ordinary Algebra and perhaps knows nothing of Quaternions. The man who can restore a half-lost Greek inscription may perhaps teach *Anabasis* with less real benefit to the student than the teacher of a smaller college who has studied the subject long and faithfully.

Our young man chooses this college, because it has costly buildings. Do not be deceived by appearances. The style of the building is by no means indicative of the work done within. "The coat does not make the man." Better work, more scholarship can often be found in a plain, substantial building than in a costly edifice. The recommendation of a college is its work, not its buildings. An institution may be rich in money and buildings, and yet be poor.

But our large college has immense libraries. Where post-graduates follow many different lines of special study, large libraries are a prime necessity; but for the college student a well-selected library of five thou-

sand volumes is, for practical purposes, as good as one of many thousands more. Were he to read three books a week, he could read but four hundred and eighty volumes during his four years' course. The books he does not and can not read do him no good. The same may be said of apparatus. If the small college has enough to illustrate its prescribed course of studies, it very often does better work than its richer rivals.

Five hundred students attend the large college, while the small institution has but seventy-five. This is no disadvantage to the latter, rather in its favor. Your seventy-five get more and better attention than your five hundred, who are divided and subdivided and parceled out to tutors. Where there are very many students, there the distractions are correspondingly numerous.

It is much more honorable to be an alumnus of a large college. My young man, you can not travel on the fame of your college. You, yourself, must have done the work. You should honor your college, not your college you. Watch and compare the worthy graduates of various colleges as they go forth into life and win life's laurels, and the graduates of the smaller colleges in no wise suffer by the comparison. Frequently they are ahead in life's race.

All the clubs and the sports found at the larger schools are more of a hindrance than of help to the attainment of true scholarship. At a small school the distractions certainly are not as great and as numerous. In the matter of expense, too, the small college has the advantage. A complete course may be obtained at a small institution for what many spend in a single year at a larger school.

The earnest seeker after knowledge, the serious student, we advise to take his regular collegiate course at a well-equipped small school; then, when he has chosen his life-work and is about to pursue his specialty, to attend a larger institution and thus get into a university atmosphere.

All honor to the noble work our smaller colleges are doing in this country.

Chippings with a Mineral Hammer.

BY RAMBLER, '84.

It is but two years since I left the walls of Muhlenberg, armed with a formidable-looking roll of parchment, certifying my right and title to be called a son of hers. Quite natural is it, therefore, that I should feel a tie of brotherhood, binding me to the boys now in college. Hoping that they will appreciate the motive which prompts me, I will indulge in a short chat with them on a subject which has always been of special interest to me.

From childhood I have had a love for Nature "in her visible forms;" a love which grew with advancing years, and led me to spend many a day in sweet communion with her. Unnumbered miles have I tramped over fields and meadows only to find delicious repose beneath the spreading branches of the forest trees. The babble of the mountain brook and the silvery notes of the native denizens of our woods have been to me the sweetest sounds this side of heaven. Amongst the most cherished memories of my college course are the days spent in rambling through the fields and mountains of Lehigh county in quest of the native minerals. I have never begrudged a moment of time nor an atom of strength expended on those excursions; for I feel in both mind and body the unquestionable benefit derived therefrom. If I entertain any regret at all, it is that I was not able to indulge my inclinations yet more.

Well do I remember how impatiently I chafed under the rule of Saturday morning recitations! How, in the golden days of Autumn, when all Nature seemed wooing me to come forth and enjoy her volume of living, breathing thoughts, her trees and streams, her birds and flowers, I was held an unwilling prisoner far into the day, poring over second-hand facts and figures, and listening to dull, hackneyed discussions on themes of no earthly interest either to myself or the majority of my fellow-prisoners. Oh! how I rebelled against the injustice of

the regulation, and what blessings (?) I heaped upon the long-winded students' heads. Book knowledge I no not discount, but I do say that the man who has nothing but it, whose soul knows nothing of the treasures of the golden sunshine, the pure air and the fragrance of the forest breath, is but poorly qualified to apply his theoretical knowledge.

Amongst the studies of our curriculum, the natural sciences—Botany and Mineralogy more particularly—awakened in the heart of the student such latent tendencies as needed but the proper stimulus to arouse them into action. Under the able tutorship of Drs. Smith and Thomas, a lively interest was awakened in these branches, and the boys were led to scour hill and dale for miles around, in search of "specimens" to be added to the several collections. I was unfortunate enough to miss Botany, a circumstance which I have always regretted. It so happened that the study was transferred from a higher to a lower class at the time of my transition to said higher class, and consequently my botanical education was sadly neglected. My interest centred in Mineralogy, and it is with the hope that I might awaken a corresponding interest in those who are about to take up the study, that I pen these lines. I wish to show my readers what a rich field lies open before them within this very county, and, did not lack of space prevent, would relate some of my mineralizing experiences, with the hope that my successors might be tempted to "go and do likewise." As it is, I will have to content myself with a mere sketch of the work we did, and a hint as to the possibilities which await those who feel a genuine interest in the subject.

Under the efficient leadership of Dr. Smith, many new "localities" were discovered. It was his custom to take the class out, visiting as many points as the time allotted for the trip would permit. But it is of our own private expeditions that I will speak. In the Spring, after the Saturday morning recitations had happily become things of the past, it was our custom to organize into parties of two or three, and, armed with bag, hammer,

cold-chisel, file, porcelain, pocket lens and, last, but not least, an ample lunch, we would set out, after an early breakfast, for a "full day." We varied our trips from time to time, managing in this way to secure samples of all the minerals known to exist in the county. Not satisfied with this, however, we prosecuted what we termed "original investigations," and were rewarded by making several "finds" of more or less importance.

One day we would visit the *tourmaline* hole in the woods back of Gruver's tavern, and, returning via the "Big Rock," stop to pick up specimens of *epidote*, *feldspar*, *hornblende* and *pyroxene*. Again we would enter the woods at "Charlie's Place," the haven of many a thirsty mineralogist, and making a halt at Keck's mine, attacked the huge piles of *hematite* ore, breaking open the hollow nodules in search of *pyrolusite*, excellent specimens of which were sometimes found. Passing along the mountain, we soon entered the *chloropal* region, a peculiar, yellowish mineral of great rarity. Indeed, according to Dr. Smith, it is not known to exist elsewhere in the U. S. Further down the mountain, near Emaus, beautiful pieces of *chalcedony* could be picked up occasionally. But our favorite expedition, and withal, the most satisfactory, was the Macungie-Shimersville trip. In the country, surrounding the latter place, we secured no less than nine specimens, viz.:—*corundum*, (crystals), *emery*, *orthoclase*, *garnets*, *biotite*, *wavellite*, *zircon*, *carnelian* and *drusy quartz*. Nor must I forget to mention Friedensville, the Mecca of all local mineralogists. Here, through the kindness of Capt. Eudy, we were permitted to pick over the piles of ore lying about, and generally succeeded in unearthing samples of the following varieties:—*Calamine*, *sphalerite*, *massive blende*, *hydrozincite* and *greenockite*.

But I must forbear to speak of other localities in the county which may be visited with profit. With a mere passing allusion to the *stilbite* and *garnets* at Hosenack, the *quartz* and *fluorite* at Egypt, the *epidote* and *dolomite* on the southern slope of the South

Mountain, near the "turn-hole," and the inexhaustible mines of iron—both *hematite* and *magnetite*, for which Lehigh is noted, I will have to bring my paper to a close. Whenever I begin to recall early mineralizing experiences, my pen runs riot, and, like the gossipy letter writer, "I never know when to stop." Hoping that the indulgent readers who have followed me through these rambles will pardon me for presuming thus upon their good nature, I will conclude with a word or two to the boys who are yet to enter upon the delightful study under consideration.

By gathering together the treasures of the quarry and mine, as I have essayed to do, you will not only lay the foundation for a mineral cabinet, which will be an ever-increasing pleasure to you through succeeding years, but, what is far more precious, you will be extracting from Nature's laboratory, strength for your bodies, vigor for your souls, and a fund of true wisdom which will count far more in your future life-work than much of the so-called "book learning" which is so falsely emphasized in our modern systems of education.

Camp of the S. T. Brigade.

BY ONE OF THE BRIGADE.

In the penning of this article there will not be any well rounded periods turned out or brilliant rhetoric displayed, but plain facts will be stated in all of which the truth will prevail. A poetical style of expression will not be used, but all thought will be expressed in a very prosy manner, as the S. T. Brigade is a very prosy crowd and cannot possibly rise to ethereal regions.

The S. T. Brigade, of which the S. T. must not be explained, consists of the following gentlemen, named in the order of their respective official capacities: James C. Reber of Reading, President; W. Wilhelmy Kramlich, Vice President; Harry W. McCauley, of Yale College, Scribe and Priest; Prof. M. W. Bohn, who occupies the Bohn Chair of Mathematics at State College, Park

Commissioner; Acestes G. Loder, Master of Transportation; Guerney F. Coleman, Master Forager; William Roeder, Quartermaster; Ed. F. Keever, Treasurer of the Tabernacle.

Now the S. T. Brigade camped at Virginville, fifteen miles from Reading, along the Maiden creek, remaining out two weeks, beginning with the 29th of July. The locality was very desirable, as the names might imply—so romantic, you know.

The first thing amidst our extensive preparations was to send out, to our lady friends in particular, announcements which were intended to be gentle hints—not too gentle, just gentle enough. These insinuations were to the effect that our fair friends should pay us a visit and not come empty-handed, but bring something along which would be pleasing to the gustatory organs, as they were very much irritated at that time. The reader, to appreciate the announcement must relieve his mind of all solicitude, ascend into a higher region of thought, and make up his mind that the fundamental principles of all true philosophy will not be discussed therein. Take, for example, one of the extracts from the chronicles of the Brigade: "And we shall speak kindly unto the damsels."

There is no philosophy about that, for in explanation thereof I can say, in the unequivocal words of the chronicles, that "the damsels were pleased and hearkened unto our words."

"Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't."

The most prosy part of our entire experience was the purchasing of provisions, an undertaking fraught with extreme difficulty on account of our inexperience. A few items must be mentioned to give the subject reality; and so among the necessities we supplied ourselves with sugar, coffee, crackers, no cheese, oatmeal, "snake-bite," canned goods of all sorts, ham, &c., &c. Many other articles were procured and then all were securely packed except the hams. These wanted to walk and so refused to be put in with the other things. We therefore sent them off alone two days ahead of time. On reaching our destination, however, we

found that the hams had not yet arrived, but what could describe our joy when we saw their shining hides run into camp the next day. The delay was explained by the fact that the hams had assisted to draw a freight train up the road. We concluded that the man who sold us that meat had no conscience.

The real story commences with the pitching of our tent under the tall trees by the placid waters of the creek renowned in ballads of the red man, on a spot just five minutes from the village where the virgins dwell not, and the maidens make no hay. After placing the tent in position, we built a shanty in which to store our provisions, then constructed a stove with the top of one supported on stones, and made ourselves comfortable, in general, for a two weeks' stay. We found plenty to occupy our time. Base-ball and tennis claimed attention. All cards, however, were banished from our board (Interrogation point.) Every one tried his skill at shooting mark and all missed. The football was kept rolling, the quoits ringing, and the hammocks swinging, in time with a merry camp. Dipping in the creek was a favorite mode of keeping cool and disturbing the fish, which just reminds me that fishing was indulged in to a certain extent, but the result of that extent was very uncertain; for the Park Commissioner, after four hours baiting and hooking, succeeded in angling two small fish, which was doing well, considering that the man was out of his element. Another member of the Brigade caught two catfish several days later. Taking the total we find that eight men, in fourteen sittings, of three and four hours each, caught four small fish during two weeks; "which is coming it strong yet I state but the facts." During the evenings and on rainy days, we spent our time at the village inn playing bagatelle and singing songs of glee, of which we had an excellent repertory. Some of the lines were original and some borrowed. As an example of the latter we quote the words of an old German ballad :

"Saufen bier und brante-wein,
Schmeissen alle die fenstern ein;
Ich bin liederlich,
Du bist liederlich,
Sind wir nicht liederliche leute."

The second week of our outdoor life was made enjoyable by the presence of ladies—ladies who came in the morning with baskets heavily laden with choice dainties, by which we knew they had taken the hint previously mentioned. We took great delight in entertaining our friends in the best possible manner, indulging in the various games at our command, taking promenades, speaking kindly unto them, &c., &c. Each one of the officers made it his duty to be as agreeable and affable as was in his power. The Park Commissioner furnished the games, the Master of Transportation assisted the ladies over the fences, the Master Forager stole apples, berries and chickens for them, the Quartermaster cooked their meals, the Treasurer kept their money and the President and Vice President superintended the whole. An itinerant photographer had his camera near by so that we could not help having ourselves impressed on tin. Some of these impressions embraced two forms and some more. On the evenings of the same days, our ladies returned home.

Two days before we left camp, we drove to Kutztown for the purpose of playing a game of base-ball. As soon as we had arrived, a club was hurriedly formed and all proceeded to the fair grounds, where we played it out.

We were beaten, although the Brigade represented six different colleges. "How are the mighty fallen!" With some of the boys, however, many fond memories cluster around the Athens of Berks, as it is called by the Athenians themselves but by no one else. A more fitting term would be "Schwabashtetle." O thou Kutztown, thou hotbed of conceit, that liest in the bushes, hedged in with thorns and briars, worthy art thou of the name "the hotbed of Normalites and conceit!" Thou art not fit to be the vestibule of a swine-shed, yet thy chickens are conceited, thy rats are conceited and thou art conceited! Would that I could sit down on thee!

Finally, on Wednesday morning, which was our last day, we broke camp, repacked what was left and in the afternoon left for the place whence we came, fully satisfied with

our two weeks' experience in the country under a tent. One thing must not be forgotten. While at Virginsville some of the boys formed an attachment for a country lass who dwelt across the creek. After the parting word had been spoken, each one stepped up and performed an osculation on the labial members of that maiden's physiognomy. This was allowable as it was the last time they saw her. Intellectual work seemed at a discount at this camp. No one appeared to concern himself about the problem of life. Not even was the distinction between positive and moral obligations discussed, nor the reason given why a comet's tail is turned away from the sun, yet one and all declared they never had a better time in any other two weeks of their lives.

A Tale of the Wayside Inns;

—OR—

THE DUKE AND DAUPHIN IN THE DUST.

It has been said that a young lady's name should appear in print only three times, viz.: at birth, marriage and death. I have heard some remark that they wished it had never appeared for the second time, but no complaints against the other two—perhaps because they cost the individual nothing. Print has a tendency to drive away that charming quality of modesty that makes women lovable and men respected, and which is unfortunately almost out of fashion already; almost—for I mean to tell you a story after this sermon to prove that some yet exists.

Know, O reader, that I am the eldest scion of the exiled house of Bridgewater, who with my friend, the late Dauphin (so called from his rising habits, I suppose) entertained Mark Twain on his last visit to Allentown, and found our kindness repaid by the exposure of family secrets in Huckleberry Finn. Hearing that he was again in town, we feared our modesties would suffer by some more print and so decamped to escape so sad a fate. The late Dauphin suggested we should leave the U. S. and go to New Jersey, which he still thinks is a part of Spain, to visit some aristocratic friends of his. We disguised

ourselves as students on a tramp, and, while he went to get some Sweitzer case and sticks to stir lemonade with, I hunted up an old testament which we used for pressing flowers. I need not say that its presence was hardly in keeping with our disguise. We set off on shank-mares, taking along plenty of that "which maketh the more to go." Several miles out of town the Dauphin remarked with a child-like smile that he was hungry. I got out the cheese, and when he saw the splendid impression the printed paper left on it, he swore violently but consoled himself by confiscating the clean half. Thereupon somebody—I forget just who—sweared another swore.

We were told that Richmond was only twenty-seven miles away and the D. insisted on stopping there. He said it must be a very fashionable place as he had heard many people say, "On to Richmond." When we got there I couldn't see any style at all, and, having smoked our Henry Clays (whose fragrance nearly betrayed our rank) on the porch, with a lovely little valley, crossed by the Mud Run and Black Hill at our feet and the Scotch and Blue Mountains in the distance, I *went to bed*. The Dauphin said he would *retire*. I don't know what he meant by it, but it didn't injure him seriously, and didn't seem to take long, for he was soon snoring melodiously by my side. I could hardly sleep for laughing at the waiting maid who seemed to have no respect at all for our rank. She would back off, make a rush at one and then yell, "Tea or coffee," as if her life depended on getting it out in a flash whilst the victim wondered whether his life was in danger or the end of the world had come.

Next day we walked through Centreville, a temperance place,—I forget how we found it out, perhaps by instinct,—and a more forlorn place you never saw. Three tombstone cutters, two undertakers, and three graveyards attested the merits of Total Abstinence. Further on we entered Williamsburg, a place a mile long, and stretching along one solitary street. Then we were homesick, for it made

us think of the chewing gum the girls at home used. Then we crossed a little hill and found the Gap staring us solemnly in the face with pretty little rolling knolls and valleys between, whilst farther on lay Portland on the banks of the Delaware, beyond which we sat down on a boardwalk to rest. Just as we were lighting our pipes, two fair maidens passed. They stopped and asked if we were tired, and, just to prove the contrary, we walked a mile or so with them. They were convinced. They were also pretty. One had freckles and red hair and was going to see her grandmother. I fell in love with her at once; the combination of loveliness and filial piety was too much for me, and I shall never forget the romance of the meeting, nor—the freckles. With one exception, the latter were the prettiest I ever saw. We soon reached the Gap and had a splendid walk between those mighty walls of lichen-clad rocks. At the upper end of it we crossed the river whilst the Dauphin wept farewell to the U. S. and I laughed at his mistake. He still thought he was in Spain, poor fellow. We found our destination was a white house way up on the hills. Since it was very near dinner-time, we pressed on, as no political party ever did, to the White House.

There we spent three days in a sort of Heaven—a Mohammedan Heaven—for we were the only Lords of Creation among nearly a dozen of the opposite sex. How gladly would we have clipped those swift wings of Time, but ere we knew it we were on our way to Pike county with the recollection of pleasant strolls along the mountains, Caldene Falls, the Glen, Promontory, rows on the Binnacle and moonlight nights on the porches with music from the hotels on the other side, faint and low, all jumbled together in our memories. Perhaps there was something else jumbled there too, but if there was, gentle reader, it is *nullum tui negotii*. The remainder of the Sweitzer case, in a moment of carelessness, was thrown away and the dog swallowed it. He is dead now. By the time he got it, it was strong enough to sit on and slide up the Himalayas.

After a nice dinner at Stroudsburg, we tramped to Tannersville and spent a delightful evening. The host introduced us to his family,—recognizing our nobility, no doubt, in spite of disguise and dust,—and we heard some of the finest music. Imagine some pleasant looking country girls playing the "Storm," a piece of great difficulty, and then our surprise if you can. We solemnly swore never to commit ourselves again till we knew more about whom we had to deal with. On leaving our jolly host, we passed many splendid summer resorts at Forks Station and Swiftwater, or as it is now euphemistically (?) called, "Meginuses," and got into the burnt out region. Following the north and south pike, we soon came into a pretty little valley and the town of "Dutch Flats," where we again listened to the so long forgotten accents of Pennsylvania Dutch. Three days here in seeing sights, calling on the Dauphin's former acquaintances, fishing, wandering through woody ravines with little brooks at their dark bottoms and trying to smoke the most villainous tobacco—best they had—soon came to an end. We started for home, after leaving our names on a tall beach and measuring several giant trunks, one fine morning before sunrise with the valley behind us full of mist, making a perfect imitation of a deep lake. On top of the Pocono we climbed a tall observatory and had a view of fifty miles with the Pocono Knob in the foreground, Wind Gap to the right and a charming peep through the well remembered Delaware Gap down into the well kept farms of New Jersey. No finer way of seeing scenery can be had than on foot and no healthier, jollier time than when, with a good companion, you watch the landscapes change and laugh at the dudes and weaklings of summer resorts.

After the beeches and hemlocks, many of them more than a hundred feet high, and the sugar maples of Pike, the woods of Monroe county seemed puny; but we did not despise them, for many of them lined the roads and kept old Sol at a discount. We rode for a mile or so with an Irishman who was a paradox—a Protestant Republican. He ought to

be put in a glass case and travel with a show. His wagon was a curiosity also—no springs and plenty of bounce.

Our last night was spent in Saylorsburg, at the Lake House, after a walk of thirty-five miles. As we sat smoking on the porch, we found there an old gentleman and his dog, and amused ourselves watching him worrying and fussing over it. We thought little Tommy could not have had better care had he been a baby. How we would have enjoyed a kick at him but it would have broken the poor old man's heart. Our last day was spent in meandering slowly through Northampton county, lying under the trees there and taking it leisurely, for we feared Mark Twain had not yet left. After covering more than one hundred and seventy-five miles, we got back with the feeling that the meanest thing a man can do is to drive you away from home to save your modesty from desecration and preserve your "noblesse oblige." If Mark ever puts me in a book again, my name is not, as the late Dauphin calls me,

THE DUKE OF BELGEWATER.

Our Alumni.

- '72. In the early part of vacation we were delighted to shake the hand of our former teacher, Rev. William A. Beates, who is still Principal of the High School, Lancaster, Ohio.
- '72. Rev. Myron O. Rath has returned from a two months' trip to California and other parts of the West.
- '74. Hon. Milton C. Henninger, State Senator from Lehigh, is a candidate for re-election.
- '74. Edgar D. Shimer, connected with the public schools of New York City, spent a part of his vacation in Allentown. It did our heart good to have him with us, and our only regret is that he does not visit Allentown more frequently.
- '75. Edwin H. Stine, Esq., has withdrawn as candidate for District Attorney of Lehigh county.

'75. Rev. Charles H. Hemsath is now fully settled as pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, Pa. He attended the opening exercises of the new college year.

'78. Oliver G. J. Schadt, of the Germantown Academy, spent a part of his vacation in our midst. He has a French Grammar in manuscript, which he expects to publish in the near future.

'82. On Sunday, Sept. 6th, Grace Lutheran Church was dedicated at Norristown, Pa., Rev. Prof. M. H. Richards preaching the dedicatory sermon. Rev. Robert D. Roeder is the pastor.

'83. Rev. William F. Schoener has been installed pastor of the Lutheran Church at South Bethlehem, Pa.

'84. Milton W. Bohn is still teaching at Pennsylvania State College.

'85. Charles C. Boyer has been elected to the chair of Greek and Latin in the Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown, Pa.

'85. Daniel E. Brunner is in Colorado for his health.

'86. John F. Nicholas intends to take a theological course at Yale Divinity School.

'86. George A. Prediger is reading law at his home, Pittsfield, Mass.

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—If you are a Mormon you will always be sure to find one wife who is in a good humor.

—Those of our subscribers who desire to have the *MONTHLY* sent to another address, should notify the business managers at their earliest convenience.

—A new air machine has lately been invented in Chicago. People will take desperate chances to get away from Chicago.

"Ah, there, my size,"
The small boy cries,
To maidens on the streetlet;
Mayhap the small
Pup thinks the same
When he espies the meatlet.

—Ex.



- A
- New
- Craze.
- “Chestnut Bells.”
- Coming—the Fair.
- “Did you see a whale?”—
- New faces—the Freshmen.
- Procure your keys to the reading room.
- The largest class in college—Freshmen class.
- Certain Seniors lately made an expedition to the “nigger-heaven.”
- Prepdom has lately been provided with new recitation benches.
- A new flagstone pavement is to be laid in front of college. The curbing has also been reset.
- Our German professor wishes to have the Franke Missionary society resurrected. Schettler, *dig in.*
- Both the Sophomore and Junior classes were increased. Each received a new member. The Seniors lost one.
- There are vague rumors afloat that '89 will soon feed its “goat” on Freshman verdancy. Prepare for the *melee.*
- Wanted.—Teachers at the First Ward Sunday - school. Inducements.—*Pulchrae puellae.* Embrace your opportunities.
- The College Glee Club furnished the music at the Williams township Sunday-school picnic. From our hearts we sympathized with that picnic.
- The latest phenomena, observed at Muhlenberg, are the embryonic, super-labial, capillary appendages of the Juniors. This was written after deep meditation.
- While this issue was being prepared for press, one of the editors-in-chief mysteriously disappeared. Anyone, restoring him to his wonted habitations, will confer a favor upon his associate.

—A person, hearing the students expatiate on the merits of the different Literary Societies, would imagine that the Utopian dream of perfection was at last realized.

—Stock Quotations.—For the last few weeks the market has been brisk and lively. The Juniors invested heavily. Wackernagel's *Lese-buch*, No. II., was at a premium.

—The students would like to know who it was that, after having walked against a post on the campus at 12 o'clock in the night, raised his hat and said, “Beg pardon, Doctor.”

—The health of our city is a question agitated here at present. Typhoid fever has been prevailing to an alarming extent. The number of cases is, however, rapidly diminishing.

—The opening exercises were very well attended. Many of the Alumni brightened the occasion by their welcome presence. The address was delivered by the Rev. F. J. F. Schantz.

—A Senior who lately called on one of the fair sex, found the Fates unpropitious. Going away in disgust, he was heard to mutter,

“Woman in her hours of freeze,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please.”

—The Franklin Society reorganized by electing the following officers : Prest., T. F. German, '87; Vice Prest., J. M. Wenrich, '88; Sec., Prof. M. H. Richards; Treas., Prof. D. Garber; Curators, Messrs. Bond and Clauss, '88.

—Some of the Seniors seem to be laboring under constitutional disabilities whenever the hour for reciting Ethics arrives. This indisposition, to say the least, is very inopportune as they always miss the benefit of this highly interesting study.

—Economy! economy! economy!—The Sophomores have conclusively demonstrated their business tact in organizing what is known as the Sophomoric Stock Corporation. The number of members is limited to fifteen—the whole class. The company was formed for the purpose of buying *one* whole “pony.” There are fifteen shares and the par value of each share is five cents. Reports do not state whether it was a new or second-hand “pony.”

College Personals.

FACULTY.

—Dr. Seip lately spent a week in New York.

—Dr. Wackernagel's vacation was passed in his study.

—Prof. Garber was away from home for the greater part of the summer months.

—Prof. Richards assisted at the dedication of a new Lutheran Church at Norristown.

—Prof. Bauman spent some of his leisure moments at Philadelphia.

STUDENTS.

—G. S. K., '90, intends to raise a beard this Fall.

—Ray. E. Butz, '87, intends to study for the ministry.

—D. G., '90, says that he is the handsomest fellow in college.

—T. F. German, '87, is thinking of entering the legal profession.

—Martin Schaeffer, '90, has been elected to the presidency of his class.

—Kramlich, '87, spent part of his vacation in camping at Virginsville, Pa.

—Geo. W. Richards, formerly of '87, has left Muhlenberg for Franklin and Marshall.

—J. W. H., '89, has a "chestnut bell," which even Solomon, in all his glory, did not have.

—J. H. R. breathes more freely since Linderman, his formidable rival in Aineyville, has left.

—G. F. Coleman, '89, was lately taken for a German. Dr. W—— does not quite coincide with this.

—J. W. H., '89, received the benefit of the first free lecture which was given by Dr. Seip. Where is the improvement?

—J. H. Raker, '88, walked four miles to a S. S. picnic for the purpose of making an address. On arriving, he did not get an opportunity to show his oratorical powers. No doubt, his private remarks, on that occasion, were quite interesting.

—A. F. H., '90, on being asked whether he was prepared for examination in English Grammar, replied, "No, I'll cheek it."

—Report says that Clinton von F——'s girl lives in the upper part of town. It is a very strange fact that his boarding place is in the same direction.

—G. A. Miller, '87, is the wisest man in Allentown. He has decided to complete his course at Muhlenberg instead of going to Franklin and Marshall as reported.

—E. O. Leopold, '89, was heard to remark that he belonged to the Sinking Fund Association. When asked for an explanation he said his funds were getting rather low.

The College World.

Several of the Western colleges have made petitions to the Faculty punishable by suspension.

Harvard has a conference committee which is to confer with the Faculty in regard to cases of College government.

The President of Bowdoin is a Harvard graduate of the class of 1879. He is the youngest President in the country.

The last graduating class at West Point was the largest in number and the highest in efficiency ever graduated from that institution.

Henry Dixon Jones, formerly instructor of elocution at Harvard, has gone upon the stage. He was formerly at Delaware College.

The botanical collection of Columbia College approximates 75,000 specimens, and includes about half of the forms of plants known to exist.

The schools of Austria have been forbidden to use paper, ruled in square or diagonal lines, as such paper has been found to injure the eyesight.—Ex.

Instead of choosing a long list of graduating classmen to serve as Commencement orators, the University of Pennsylvania, last June, honored but two, a Salutatorian and a Valedictorian.

The Keystone Normal School has enrolled among its students the name of one who has attained the ripe old age of fifty. He, no doubt, can lay claim to being the oldest student in America.

In 1925, the Russian Academy will give \$1,000,000 for the best work on the life and reign of Alexander I. This will, in all probability, be the largest premium ever offered for literary work.—Ex.

Trinity College, Hartford, is under the control of the Episcopal Church. Yale is Congregational in its tendencies, Princeton Presbyterian, and Harvard's religious exercises are conducted by a number of pastors, representing a variety of beliefs. The Holy Cross College, at Worcester, is one of the largest under Roman Catholic control.

Art and Letters.

Wentworth's Geometry is used in 350 American colleges.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has returned from England in poor health.

Dr. McCosh has written a new book on "Psychology, the Cognitive Powers."

Mrs. Hancock, the General's widow, is writing reminiscences of her husband.

One of the latest inventions is a device for instantly stopping ships under full headway.

Bret Harte is writing a story for children. The title is, "The Queen of the Pirate Isle."

An English translation of the late Prof. von Ranke's "Origin of the Seven Years' War," will be ready at the beginning of next year.

Mr. Ruskin is so much improved in health that his friends are beginning to hope he will be able to finish his autobiography and require many more chapters for his life before the end is written.

Efforts are being made to invent a safety lamp for collieries, which shall combine the desired advantages of good illuminating power, simplicity in action and safety in an explosive atmosphere of any kind.

F. Siemens, of Dresden, is stated to have succeeded in casting a glass as hard as any cast metal, and not dearer than cast iron. Specimens of this glass have been made suitable for millstones.

There are upwards of fifty different editions of Shakespeare in the market, and another is promised. A prominent Glasgow firm is about to issue an illustrated pocket edition in eight volumes, with a glossary, life, etc.

Dessert.

In Russia it is never asked, "What's in a name?" It is taken for granted that it's the whole alphabet.

Senior (on horseback): "Shall we take the highway home?" She: "No; I would prefer the bridal path, I think."

In the excavation at Pompeii a man was found on his knees. The collar button must have been of an early origin.

A new English dictionary is coming out with 240,000 words. People who are ever bent on having the last word should subscribe at once.

This is the way in which a West Pointer notified his parents that he had got the g. b.: My dear father: Fatted calf for one. Yours affectionately, GEO. —Ex.

"Are cigarettes injurious?" demands an excited exchange. As they are rapidly wiping out the dude population, we are inclined to believe that they are not.

Fond mother—"Are you better, my dear?" Little May—"I dunno, is the jelly all gone?" Fond mother—"Yes." Little May—"Well, I'm well enough to get up."

Sheridan was once defining, at a dinner party, what wit was, when his son interrupted him, saying he could give a better definition. "Well, what is it, Tom?" "That which sparkles and cuts," replied the son. "Then," observed Sheridan, "as you have sparkled, you can now cut!" And Tom cut.

STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF '87.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Height.	Weight.	Profession.	Fav. Am'tn.	Religion.	Pol.	Lit. Society.
J. R. Brown,	Allentown, Pa.	20 Yrs.	5 Ft. 9 In.	145 Lbs.	Medicine.	Reading.	Reformed.	Dem.	Sophronian.
R. E. Butz,	Allentown, Pa.	22 "	5 " 8 "	136 "	Theology.	The Opera.	Reformed.	Rep.	Sophronian.
R. J. Butz,	Allentown, Pa.	19 "	5 " 11 "	140 "	Law.	Dancing.	Reformed.	Rep.	Sophronian.
P. R. Dry,	Drysville, Pa.	24 "	5 " 8 "	145 "	Medicine.	Music.	Lutheran.	Dem.	Euterpean.
T. F. German,	Allentown, Pa.	19 "	5 " 10 "	215 "	Law.	Penuckle.	Reformed.	Dem.	Sophronian.
M. J. Kuehner,	Germansville, Pa.	21 "	5 " 4 "	130 "	Medicine.	Son.	Lutheran.	Dem.	Euterpean.
W. W. Kramlich,	Kutztown, Pa.	20 "	6 " 1½ "	160 "	Law.	Howling.	Lutheran.	Dem.	Sophronian.
G. A. Miller,	Allentown, Pa.	23 "	5 " 6 "	130 "	Theology.	Dancing.	Reformed.	Rep.	Sophronian.
J. W. Richards,	Allentown, Pa.	19 "	5 " 6 "	117 "	Theology.	Smoking.	Lutheran.	Rep.	Sophronian.
C. J. Schaadt,	Coplay, Pa.	21 "	5 " 9½ "	150 "	Chemistry.	Bicycling.	Reformed.	Dem.	Euterpean.
G. E. Schettler,	Clarence Centre, N. Y.	23 "	5 " 10 "	142 "	Theology.	Mashing.	Lutheran.	Dem.	Sophronian.
F. M. Seip,	Allentown, Pa.	18 "	5 " 11 "	146 "	Theology.	Study.	Lutheran.	Rep.	Sophronian.

Number at entrance, 20	Number for Law, 3	Average age 20¾ Yrs.	Tallest man, 6 ft. 1½ In.
Number in Sophomore, . . 16	Number for Theology, . . . 5	Average weight, . . 146⅓ Lbs.	Shortest man, 5 ft. 4 In.
Number in Junior, 13	Number for Medicine, . . . 3	Average height, . . 5 ft. 8 5-6 In.	Oldest man, 24 Yrs.
Number in Senior, 12	Number for Chemistry, . . . 1	Total age, 249 Yrs.	Youngest man, 18 Yrs.
Number of fraternity men, 5	Number of politicians, . . . 1	Total weight, 1756 Lbs.	Heaviest man, 215 Lbs.
Number of non-fraternity men, 7	Number that use the weed, 11	Total height, 68 5-6 ft.	Lightest man, 117 Lbs.
Number of engaged men (supposed), 1	Number that go into society, 3		Handsome men, All
Number that would like to be, All			

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MUHLENBERG MONTHLY.

"LITTERAE SINE INGENIO VANAEE."

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Editorials.

FLUENCY of expression, beauty and depth of thought, the cultivation of an animated style are supposed to be the aim of every literary man. The fact that so very few among the millions whose lot is cast with mankind, ever develop into eloquent speakers and brilliant writers is largely to be attributed to want of practice. This truth is so evident that it needs no further demonstration. We, however, desire to impress it indelibly upon the minds of our alumni and students,—and truly it needs impressing. Of late we have given them innumerable opportunities for improving themselves, but have invariably met with refusals. They would not embrace their opportunities. Our prayers and entreaties proved futile. They say that they

have no time,—that they are busy. Of course, they are. We knew that before we asked them to contribute to our columns. In this world of ever ceaseless activities, all have their duties to perform, and, we hope, they are busy about them. We hope that there is not one of Muhlenberg's sons who is leading the life of a drone. Although you do have your appointed task, nevertheless, you can always find a few odd moments in which you may both greatly benefit yourselves and do a favor to us. Let none forget that this journal can not exist without support. If then support is needed, have we not a right to demand it from those who have received their intellectual training within Muhlenberg's walls? Surely, no others sustain so high and so close a relation to her and all connected with her as these. This paper is intended to promote the welfare of your *alma mater*, and to spread abroad her name. Remember that you owe something to her; remember that by aiding us you will also aid her.

A word to the students. Why don't they write? Where are the men of '88 and '89? Are they no longer in existence, or are they only asleep? Why don't they arouse their minds from the torpor into which they seem to have fallen? If they are laboring under a mental incubus, let them escape from it. They have talents; only let them employ them. Those who wish to be great men must keep in view the fact that there is no "northwest passage" to greatness. The way is intricate and winding. The abilities which we have must be improved. To them, therefore, we would say, write. Write as much as possible, for you will never regret it.

There is another thing to which we would call attention. Where are the poets? Are

they too modest to venture forth? If so, we will pardon them if they, for once, will lay their modesty aside. Is there none whom the Muse has sufficiently inspired to write a few stanzas of good, sterling poetry for us? We do not mean machine poetry, for that savors too much of artificiality. But if anyone will send us a poem that contains any true poetic sentiment, any depth of feeling, he will both deserve and obtain our thanks. Such poems as these are always attractive and interesting.

THE greatest of all local events—the Lehigh County Fair—has come and gone, and all that is left us are the pleasant recollections associated with it. The exhibits were never more numerous, or of a better quality. As it comes but once a year, it is always quite a gala occasion. The people from the surrounding rural districts turned out *en masse*. Indeed in their estimation, there never was anything that came near equalling this Fair. The students also have a very high opinion of it as it always is synonymous, or rather contemporaneous, with a holiday and a delightful time. All, of course, attended. Some went, and saw, etc. We could better tell you what we didn't see than what we did see. The swell Freshman was there, walking arm-in-arm with his country cousin (?) whom he seemed to be overjoyed at seeing. There the Italian organ-grinder reaped his annual harvest of pennies; there were the despised and much-maligned peanut and the colored water under the pseudonym of lemonade; there were innumerable devices and tricks for coaxing the hard-earned shekels from the pockets of the unwary. For five cents you could try your strength with a sledge-hammer, measure the capacity of your lungs, shoot at mark, throw three balls at a jolly negroe's head, or treat *somebody* to the afore-mentioned peanuts. Some of the boys tried their skill at pitching small rings *at* a board covered with worthless canes; some saw the "greatest wonder upon earth, just arrived from Europe," in the shape of a ten-cent show; some promenaded alone (?)

around the grounds; and some watched the races. Thus the day passed rapidly, and many a one wished that, for once, they could clip the swift wings of Time. But it could not be, and when the mellow autumn sun was nearing the horizon, all returned, well satisfied with the day's recreation.

IN looking over our list of subscribers, we fail to see there the names of many of our alumni. This is surely not as it ought to be. There is not one among the graduates of Muhlenberg college who is not able to pay the paltry sum which we ask. All ought to subscribe. We say this not with a selfish aim, but in their own behalf. When they are weary with the strife and turmoil of the world, when depressed by the cares of business, when sad and lonely, comes this messenger, with ever a word of cheer, reminding them of the joyous days of their early manhood—of the days when they were boys at college. In its columns is found the talisman which is able to transport them back to the scenes of their academic life, long since gone by. In perusing the pages of the MONTHLY, pleasant memories visit them once more. Associations that are dear, the well-remembered faces of professors and classmates crowd around them for recognition; in the passing moment, at least, they are happy. Let them, therefore, send in their names at an early date. Let them do this and they will experience the pleasure of having such a monthly visitor. Surely, they will never regret having done so.

THE Senior class has decided to have a lecture course, and is now in search of available talent. These lecture courses, beyond a doubt, are a great benefit to the students, and, by no means, are they unwelcome to the intellectual part of the community, judging by the way in which they have always been patronized. It is the aim of the class of '87 to make their course of especial interest, and, if work and trouble can do anything in the way of accomplishing this end, it will not be spared. As yet, however, a

difference of opinion exists as to whether there should be only one lecture by some eminent man, or more than one and by different men. As the "Citizens' Lecture Course" begins on the 11th of October and continues to the end of December, it would perhaps be best to have but a single lecture. Yet it must be remembered that a much greater risk is incurred by this plan than by having a series. The Seniors would be compelled to pay a large guarantee, and their venture might not meet with success. But, if it can be done, it would doubtless be gratifying to the greater portion of the citizens of Allentown to behold and hear a speaker about whom they have read much—one whom, for years, they have desired to see. Let them, therefore, receive the proper encouragement, and the services of such a man—a man, pre-eminent in his sphere of life—will be secured.

WE would request our students to examine closely our advertising columns whenever they desire to invest any money. Aid those who aid your college paper. Our advertisers are all reliable business men, and we feel confident that you will be able to suit yourselves at their counters.

THE FAMILY EDUCATOR.—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is a great family educator, and no family of children ought to be brought up without having ready access to this grand volume. It will answer hundreds of questions to the wide-awake child. It is an ever-present and *reliable schoolmaster* to the whole family.

—"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."—*Lowell*.

—"Suspicions which may be unjust need not be stated."—*Abraham Lincoln*.

—"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,

And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair."—*Byron*.



Little Things.

EDGAR D. SHIMER, A. M.

It was the writer's good fortune to be at Allentown during the first few days of the opening of the Fall term of Muhlenberg College, his *alma mater*. Whilst wandering through the renovated building, he entered preferably the academic department where he listened delightedly to a portion of a recitation then in progress. His thoughts reverted involuntarily to his own early experiences in this same room, and, amongst the harmonies of his recollections, there arose this dominant chord, that the greatest lesson he had learned was the utter vanity of intellectual attainments without moral strength.

After the recitation several of the pupils were introduced to him, all of whom were soon ready with strapped books to wend their way homeward, excepting one, a manly looking lad of about fifteen years of age. This boy had taken a room in the building, to which he courteously invited the writer. I there soon learned that the boy came from a distant city, that his father had spent a few days with him, helping to arrange his room and had then with kindly admonitions left him to battle for himself, to meet the troubles of his life single-handed, in the ardent hope of his becoming a true knight, a champion of letters.

The thought of this young student and others like him has been a recurring one ever since. Will he make his room a *sanctum* or a *den*?

Let Muhlenberg have the glory which is her due. She cares for her sons like a true and dear mother. Her guardians, too, have cared for her with firm devotion. They will, therefore, not take it as a matter of superero-

gation if one of her older sons, who is absent in the flesh, undertakes to emphasize for the benefit of his youngest brothers, the striplings as yet, the all-important value of little things in the formation of character.

It may appear to some very trite, indeed, that the "child is father of the man." There is, however, little or nothing new under the sun; let truth then dominate. Trite or not trite, the little things that boys *do* now will sum up their characters when they are men, and the little things they *fail to do* will show their want of character.

Those young men who consider themselves above and beyond the range of these lucubrations may stop right here and read, if they will, 1 Kings, 20: 11, the last clause of the verse. But if the Bible is an unknown quantity in the equation of life for them, they may reflect with probable profit upon the exclamation of Croesus from his pyre.

As a rule, "great oaks from little acorns grow;" yet many a tree was stunted, dwarfed and ruined by the little puncture of a fly that laid its egg in the acorn. A mis-shapen tree may owe its defect to a single dewdrop resting too long upon the tender plumule. A grain of sand is trifling; yet grain upon grain holds the ocean in its bounds. A spark of fire, however useful as a servant, may become a cruel master.

The cumulative force of light and downy snowflakes will break in strong roofs and halt a heavy locomotive. Lichens disintegrate rocks and help to level mountains. Illustrations might be multiplied to show that little things are not to be despised.

But your life is not to be a mere accretion; it is to be the development of organic forces. Nevertheless, you can gather strength only by degrees, just as a grain of corn passes through heat and cold and moist and dry from the first leaf to the blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear. Even your bodies reach their full strength in the same way. Look at your little finger. It was once very small, indeed. You know that it has been growing ever since, but you have not been able to notice its growth. So our minds

pass from strength to strength, and the more we learn the more we can learn. Is it then very hard to understand that your character, if it is to become a noble one, must be built up little by little, and that now is the time to watch most carefully the little things that will help you and especially those that will hinder your soul from growing larger? Is it any harder to understand that good boys can and often do become bad men, but never instantly? It is always little by little.

If you wish to know what these little things are that mould and shape you into what you will be, take notice that they are your daily habits—the ways you have of thinking, speaking and acting.

One boy has a way of behaving well everywhere and at all times. Everyone likes him. He wins friends and makes no enemies. He practices this way of his in class and at play until he has it, or it has him,—and we call it a habit. When he is grown he will always be a gentleman because it is his habit; he cannot be otherwise. It clothes him as a garment.

Another boy is careless, forgetful, thoughtless of others, rude: he never tries to please, except from vanity, and is unwelcome to society. This puts him into the habit of being sour and peevish. When this snarler has reached manhood, if he finds out his error, he will also find out that it is then too late to mend. The fly laid the egg in the tender acorn; the worm hatched out and gnawed at its heart; now the oak is rotten at that place and cannot stand against the storm. It breaks and falls and rots where it lies.

Young men, learn to be agreeable in little things; be simple and frank; be obliging alike at all hours; above all, be of a golden temper and steadfast as an anchor. With these habits, you will become a companion for whom men will gladly exchange the greatest genius or the most brilliant wit.

Avoid vanity. Empty heads of wheat hold themselves high; full ones bend over and it is they that fill the farmer's barn with grain and his heart with delight.

Are you gaining the habit of patience?

Are you easily discouraged and made to whine because you cannot do easily the work your superiors have set for you? Or are you persistent, bound not to give up, determined to win? Are you honest, truthful, obedient, virtuous? Beware that not even the least little speck stain your soul in any of these virtues, lest, at last, you lose your character. A horse may lose his entire shoe for want of one nail. A chain is never stronger than its weakest link. If you were hanging by that chain and this one link were to break, of what avail would the others be? The falling out of one little pin stopped Fulton's steamboat. Thus, in the experience of the world, it has often been a mere trifle that has changed the current of a man's life. When Michael Angelo was twitted for being so very particular about a little line, a mere trifle, he replied, "Recollect that *trifles make perfection* and that *perfection is no trifle.*"

Finally, let nothing mar your purity. Have you ever noticed the icicle as it formed, how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long or more? If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear and sparkled brightly in the sun; but, if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are formed. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will sparkle with loveliness; but, if impure and wrong, there will be deformity—a muddy heart, a muddy brain and wretchedness.

A Vacation Ramble and its Lesson.

BY J. W. JENKINS.

It was a pleasant July morning,—the last lingering traces of departing night were fleeting away in the West, larks rose high to greet the rising sun with their songs of praise, and everywhere many hued flowers yielded their delicate fragrance to the gentle pressure of the dews upon their hearts,—when my

classmate and I started upon a long vacation ramble through Northern Pennsylvania.

Although a week had passed since commencement, our new honors still sat heavily upon us and we felt their load through every fibre of our being. Thus we imagined that everybody, who could not see the A. B. protruding all over us, must surely be an ignoramus or a blockhead. In such spirits we started, but had not quite emerged out of town when one of two little boys whom we met shouted at my companion, "Hello, you dude! who helped you into that collar?" Not stooping to answer such an irreverent youngster, we hastened on when the second sang out with true conductor *schæwung*,—"Change cars for Norristown; rear car for the asylum!" Thoroughly enraged at the insinuation (probably because it was temporarily true), we turned for vengeance only to find the youngsters in a very significant pantomimic posture behind a high fence.

We passed on, now talking about ourselves,—ever fertile theme,—now relating how we would have improved the earth had we made it, and then again reverting upon ourselves, until we met two little Irish boys enjoying the cigar stumps, they had picked up in town, beneath the shade of a wide spreading oak. We rested ourselves under the same oak for a short time, when one of them, after looking a long while at my companion's shoes, which were very long and pointed, and considerably turned up at the toes, remarked, "Shure Pat an yous is right, an that fellow hez come up round it; you ken see it by his turned up toes." Much as we felt it a detraction from our dignity the laugh was irrepressible. We hastened off to prevent our weakness from manifesting itself. Now happened an event which knocked all the conceit at being college graduates out of us for once and all. As we rounded a curve after not having passed a single habitation or cultivated acre for more than a mile—the road being hemmed in on both sides by rugged and precipitous hills—we saw a solitary tramp sitting upon a green knoll that parted the water of a refreshing spring. As he sat

there, directing his unvarying gaze upon the limpid stream, his clothes time-stained and weather-beaten though entire, there was something in his haggard countenance and peculiar pose that seemed to suggest that he was not a tramp by choice. He had evidently not noticed our approach, for he never once raised his eyes until my companion, true to the mood we were in, accosted him with a "*Bon jour, Monsieur.*" The tramp looked up with a strange, startled expression and hastily rose to withdraw when he noticed a newspaper in my pocket. He hesitated awhile, then overwhelmed us with a deluge of French. Of course neither of us understood a word of French. So I told him in English that I did not speak French, but that, outside of that, I would converse with him in almost any known language. He quickly asked me in good English whether he could have my newspaper for a minute to glance over it in some secluded spot. Thoroughly interested in this strange specimen of humanity, I extended it to him and told him to keep it. I also asked him to reseat himself and relate his history, as the world's maltreatment had made me a friend of the unfortunate. He cast upon me a long searching glance which gradually became wistful as he meditated, but there were no signs of the mighty wells of feeling and passion that lay concealed beneath those ocean depths. At last, he reseated himself and looked carefully around as if every stone concealed a fiend that would rise up against him. Hardly above a whisper—the bearer of extreme fear—he then related the story of his life which I will repeat as nearly as possible in his own words: "I was born in Germany of well-to-do and thrifty parents. Being an only child I was the idol of the family." Here his countenance suddenly became sullen and assumed a heavy painful frown. "There was nothing in my early school days to distinguish me from my fellows except a peculiar sensitiveness which prevented me from forming many friends, and led to the remark that I was very unsociable. To those few friends, however, who conquered my temerity I clung

with the tenacity with which a drowning man clings to a straw, for friendship's soothing and supporting influence was as necessary to my existence as vessels are to a man crossing the turbulent ocean.

Showing studious inclinations, my father soon sent me to the gymnasium and afterwards to the University. Being proud of his only son he wished to bestow upon me all the benefits that his hard-earned means could give, so he sent me to the University of B——, then the most illustrious in the land, the *alma mater* of the nobility. How true the words of your great English poet appear to me when I think of this:

'There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.'

That my father's zeal should thus be turned to my eternal curse! The aristocratic sons of the nobility considered it an insult that I, a comparative pauper of the soil, should be among them. My innate sensitiveness magnified their withering contempt, yet the fear of disappointing my father's hopes prevented me from leaving.

How vividly those terrible days return to me, though I have tried to drown them by years of effort! No friends! how horrible the thought. Nobody with congenial sentiments to share my ambition, joy, or grief; nobody to reciprocate the powerful feelings that were necessary to my happiness! Thus the powerful streams of tenderness, that ever welled forth from within, refused all channel into the rugged world around me, and, yet too powerful to stagnate into torpor, fought their way into the obscure sciences until intimacy and imagination fashioned them into living beings for me. I became a mole that burrows ever farther away from the light, enjoying its gloomy channel as if the same glorious world that called forth the praise of the morning stars at creation's dawn and still fills the air with melody and fragrance, no longer existed for it. Ah! this change is quickly told, but the terrible beginning and progress of it beggar description. As well attempt to describe the sand-waltzes of the Sahara. I, who had been the idol of a happy home, was

suddenly perishing upon a desert amidst hundreds of my fellow-beings." In his grief the tramp had evidently forgotten us. In relating his history he had exposed a sore that he had kept sedulously covered for years, and as I saw the terrible convulsions it occasioned—saw him writhing his hands in agony, saw unbidden tears following each other in rapid succession from his staring eyes, saw him the very impersonation of terror and despair—I regretted that I had ever asked for the story of his life. But my comrade and I were mute as he talked wildly on. "Upon a desert, with no counsel to shield me from the scorching rays of slander like a shady palm, though naturally more sensitive to their blighting touch than most of my kind; no refreshing spring to cool my parched limbs after escaping from the terrible hurricane of my own wrecked ambition and the thought of my father's grief. How often, when I saw the simoon of mockery and derision rushing upon me, did I unsheathe my blade in self-destruction, and yet as often memory (demon of self-preservation) and hope (fiend-tempter to future ills) restrained the up-lifted hand! Ah! unfortunate Denker!" Here he suddenly restrained himself and glanced hurriedly around as if his name, which had involuntarily escaped him, proved an identity that would call forth afresh the ghosts of terror and despair that had haunted him for years. Then he continued more calmly. "Enough! a hospitable oasis was reached. I drank deep from the perennial streams of life that constantly flowed from my studies; the withering breath of the simoon was refined by the fragrant borders of my isolation and I became happy in my new sphere. The greatest happiness was that I could once more write a joyous letter to my parents without the hypocrisy by which I had concealed my misery. But alas! although the oasis afforded shelter and happiness, it afforded neither food nor dress. My father's scanty fortune was lost in an unfortunate investment, and I had to leave my studies to make a livelihood. I will not relate how the terrible prospect preyed upon me until, sick

in body and soul, I left the University at night. My sensitiveness had grown during my isolation. I felt I could never live among my countrymen, so I used my scanty means to journey to America. There, I thought, in a strange land, amid strange men, I will begin life anew. But the die was cast. It was impossible to mingle with my fellow beings. I started the life I am leading, now secluding myself as much as possible, begging the one scanty meal by which I live from day to day,—I, interested only in oppressed humanity, the down-trodden Irish and Poles (by gratifying which interest, in giving me your newspaper, you have elicited this tale), waiting for that death which I dare not inflict. Good day." The tramp plunged into the woods while we walked slowly on, musing on the sad tale, conscious that even education alone can not ensure happiness and resolved, ever after, to be kind and friendly to all, no matter in what station of life we would meet them. The remainder of our ramble was pleasant and far more profitable than it would have been without this episode.

Learn to Speak the German.

BY D. C., '84.

In the press of other work, we cannot help but feel grateful to the editor of the *MONTHLY* for suggesting this subject as the theme of a brief article. Though the theme, in itself, is not one to attract attention, yet, despite its apparent thread-bareness, the great truth, embodied in it, is a sufficient warrant to bring it to the notice of the student, time and again. The great necessity of convincing the student of the almost incalculable benefit, derived from a proper knowledge of the German language, precludes all apology for repeatedly referring to this matter. The honest endeavor to disabuse his mind of ignorant prejudices and the proving of the utter absurdity of the way in which he often slighted this branch of his studies, pardons this constant admonishing.

No student can afford thus lightly to withdraw his attention from the German. It augurs poorly for his intellectual acumen, or

his exalted idea of his own future usefulness; indeed, it shows a decided want of appreciation of what constitutes a broad and liberal culture. However, the student must master the language; he must learn to speak it with fluency before he realizes that he has fully attained the object with which he is supposed to be actuated. No mere smattering of the language is sufficient to meet the demands of the times. The graduate who imagines that, because he can translate from German into English with some degree of readiness, he has a knowledge of German, is sadly mistaken. Permit me to say the same of him who is under the impression that his acquaintance with the Pennsylvania German dialect will be sufficient for his purposes. Such a one is either laboring under the false hallucination that the few counties, in which it is spoken, constitute the whole of this fair country, or the narrow boundaries of these are at once placed as the limits of his own usefulness and influence.

The idea cleaving to many minds, that English is about to become the universal language of this country to the exclusion of the German, is ridiculously erroneous. The sun will describe many a cycle, and future years will fade into the distant Past before the fulfillment of such dreams. In almost every section of our country German is still spoken. The demand for a knowledge of the German still continues and will continue for a long time to come. In fact, from almost every department of practical life, the call goes forth for those capable of using the two languages. The merchant needs it; the legal profession, the public office demand a practical acquaintance with it. But nowhere is there a more urgent appeal for German-speaking men than that which issues from the public ministry. As long as the influx of German population continues, as long as German is spoken by their descendants, so long will this appeal continue. Although I would not narrow the import of this fact to those only, who may have in view, as their life calling, the Christian ministry, yet upon them more particularly would I urge the above for considera-

tion. The demand for German preaching far exceeds that for English, and this fact alone is full of suggestive significance. Is there any student, whose purpose may be to serve the Great Master by ministering to the immortal souls of his fellow beings, who would thus hamper his actions by neglecting to recognize such an undeniable truth?

As we have already intimated, the language must be mastered. It will hardly be sufficient to venture before a German audience with no better equipment for communicating the living truth than a dialect of which but little or naught is known, save in the small localities in which it is spoken. It was the writer's fortune, or rather misfortune, some time ago, to listen to a sermon, the greater portion of which was nothing but Pennsylvania German. To say that listening to such a discourse was excruciating, is putting it rather mild. The conclusion unmistakably forced upon our mind was, that the language is not suited to the pulpit and that the effect of sentiment may be and often is compromised by the peculiar and oftentimes ridiculous terms in the dialect. We should use a good German—a German that will reflect credit upon the speaker. Just as a refined audience will not tolerate a miserable English, so also will a poor German be despised by others.

It is a poor student who graduates from a college without having at least some theoretical knowledge of the German language. All have attained some skill in translating. But, in spite of all this, he may be far from having mastered it to such an extent as to be able to converse in it. It is to this that we would direct the student's attention, because it is here that he finds himself stranded when he attempts to put into practical use the knowledge acquired during his college course. Dr. Rosenthal, in his "Meisterschaft System," points out the marked fallacy in the student's method of studying. He, at the same time, however, suggests a remedy which, if followed, will in a large measure cover the deficiency and insure success. He attributes the failure in speaking German to the lack of

conversation and loud reading on the part of the student studying the language. By neglecting this the ear is not accustomed and trained to aid the mind and memory, and hence the futile attempts at conversation. The same result will be apparent though he commit all the rules of syntax and grammar to memory. We cannot do more than lay this principle to the heart of every student of German, that particular stress must be laid upon the cultivation of the ear, in order that it may assist in recognizing what is right or wrong when a sentence is spoken. By loud reading and paying attention to conversation, the ear will soon be trained to detect the right endings, correct forms, etc.

At the same time, efforts should be made to acquire such a vocabulary as will embrace the words most commonly used. This is not such a difficult matter. Many a man's vocabulary does not contain more than five hundred words, and should we place the number at two thousand (the number given by Dr. Rosenthal), he would find it sufficient for almost all practical purposes. The best way to acquire these words is by reading and by using them constantly in attempts at conversation.

Ample opportunities for, at least, acquiring a better knowledge of German than is usually obtained, is afforded in most colleges; but, as is too frequently the case in Muhlenberg as well as other colleges, the student fails to appreciate the golden opportunities.

I need not enter into any detailed description of the invaluable advantages which a person, capable of speaking both languages, enjoys. It would be a loss of time and space to point out the beauties of the vast field laid open to his view; nor need I say anything concerning the enormous resources of literary wealth and knowledge placed at his disposal, nor of his double usefulness, nor his enhanced facilities for work. But this much I would say to every student, if you would not hamper your serviceableness, if you would be men of fine culture, if you would not feel the pangs of remorse for wasted opportunities, if you have at heart your own success, if you would be doubly useful in the service of your God and to your fellow-mortals, try to master the German that you may be able to speak it, and speak it fluently and correctly.



We are in our sanctum. Tables, books and floor are covered with an innumerable number of college journals, representing as many institutions. Their general style and appearance are varied. Some are spicy and lively; in others the editors aim at the sober and dignified. Some are the very ideal of what a college journal ought to be; others have much room for improvement. To sift this heterogenous mass, to praise the deserving, to censure where it is necessary, is not an easy matter. Whether we shall fulfill this duty satisfactory, we leave you to judge when our work shall have been completed. However, we shall, at least, endeavor to criticize without partiality or prejudice. Whenever, in our judgment, any of our exchanges does not come up to the standard, we will not leave them in blissful ignorance, but will cordially tell them so. In our turn, we will endeavor to bear up manfully under adverse criticisms. Thus only can we profit by exchanging.

During the sultry days of early September, the first number of the *Illini* came bustling in. This was the first exchange to greet us. Its editorial and exchange columns are well written and to the point.

The *University Review* devotes twelve pages to an article on "The Law and Lawyers." We doubt the propriety of publishing such lengthy articles. The average student can not be persuaded of the advisability of reading them.

The *Lchigh Burr* is a very readable journal. Most of the articles are of a spicy character. It does not seem to be much of a literary monthly; but, perhaps, its aims do not lie in that direction.

The *Pennsylvania College Monthly* differs from all other college journals in being the only one which devotes a portion of its space to the review of books, periodicals and pamphlets. This is a good idea and worthy of imitation.

SOWING WILD OATS.—"A phrase has been long in common use which has wrought great evil. It is that of 'sowing wild oats.' It implies that youth must have a time of wickedness, the defying of authority and the abuse of opportunity, after which all will come right. Never was there a more diabolic lie. That which you sow you shall reap; if you sow wild oats, you shall reap wild oats. Not one instance can be found in all humanity where the evils indulged in in youth did not mar and scar the soul through life. * * * There's a penetrability and permanency in the virus of indulgence that defies every remedy for removal while we are in the flesh. * * * The indulgence in sin is directly contrary to the aspiration for manliness which is so conspicuous in youth, and which we desire to make enduring; and hence, in order to meet this difficulty, we are apt in our youth to modify our notion of manliness, to eliminate from its definition many of its most important elements, and so to reduce it that it will allow the otherwise prohibited indulgences. We hold on, for example, to the doctrine that manliness forbids lying—it would be a disgrace to us to be found stating what was not so—but we permit the look or the silence that is the same as a lie. We hold on to the doctrine that it is unmanly to harm the honor of woman, but we permit the low jest and the vile story to be circulated in our company. We hold on to the doctrine that any man's person is sacred, but we count it manly to strike the blow of revenge or to varnish over the vengeance by a challenge to mortal combat, and so we narrow more and more our definition of manliness, until at length we get it so narrow that it will not be in our way when a temptation to sin calls us."—*Dr. Crosby in The Church Union.*

De Alumnus.

- '70. Rev. I. N. S. Erb is Secretary of the Third District Conference of Pennsylvania.
- '70. Rev. William H. Kuntz has resigned his charge at Schuylkill Haven, Pa.
- '71. On Saturday, August 28th, the Sunday school of the old Augustus Church, Trappe, Pa., of which Rev. O. P. Smith is pastor, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Among the speakers were Rev. Dr. Fry, a former pupil of the school, and Prof. M. H. Richards, a son of its founder. In addition to the many other good things provided, the well-known Ringgold Band, of Reading, Pa., furnished music.
- '73. Rev. John Nicum, of Syracuse, N. Y., has been re elected President of the Fourth District Conference of New York. This conference consists of thirty-seven ordained ministers and two acting pastors, serving forty congregations between Buffalo and Syracuse.
- '74. Muhlenberg must be represented in the next State Senate of Pennsylvania, as the candidates are both graduates. Hon. M. C. Henninger, who has already served one term, has been again nominated by the winning party, and, consequently, we suppose feels sure of his election. The other candidate will be found under '79.
- '74. Marcus C. L. Kline, Esq., has been nominated as a candidate for the office of District Attorney by the Democrats of Lehigh. Nomination means election in this county.
- '75. Rev. William A. Passavant, Jr., after a year's trip in Europe, has again resumed work on "The Workman," published at Pittsburg, Pa.
- '79. Frank M. Trexler, Esq., the nominee for State Senator, is a son of Edwin Trexler, the well known lumber merchant, and is a young man of marked ability and personally or by reputation known to nearly every Republican in the county. His pop-

Important Errata.

Page 24, Read *Alumnis*, instead of Alumnus.

Page 23, Insert *e* in the word *heterogeneous*; also, instead of *satisfactory*, read *satisfactorily*.



ularity is not confined to his own party and he will draw largely on the support of his Democratic friends. Graduating from the Allentown High School in 1876 and in 1879 from Muhlenberg College, he subsequently read law in the office of Thomas B. Metzger, Esq., proving a close and painstaking student. In April, 1882, he passed a highly satisfactory examination, and, on the 10th of that month, was admitted to the bar. His ability was soon recognized and his progress in the profession of law has been rapid. He is at present City Solicitor of Allentown, and the legal interests of the city have never been watched more closely. Mr. Trexler is a ready debater, sound in his judgments, and, if the voters of Lehigh consult their best interests, they will elect him to the State Senate.—*Chronicle and News.*

'80. We were very glad to see our "old chum," Rev. James F. Beates, a few days ago. He is still at Lancaster, Ohio, and the West evidently agrees with him.

'83. Rev. John C. Graepp is pastor of the Lutheran Church at Brockport, N. Y.

'83. On Sunday, Sept. 19th, Rev. J. O. Schlenker, who has recently accepted a call to Zion's Evangelical Lutheran Church of Tamaqua, Pa., was duly installed as pastor of the charge. Two large audiences were gathered. The charge to the pastor was in German by the Rev. B. S. Smoll, of Klinesville, Pa., and the charge was delivered by the Rev. E. S. Smoll, of Millersville, Pa.—*The Lutheran.*

'86. Samuel N. Potteiger is reading law with George F. Baer, Esq., Reading, Pa.

—“None think the great unhappy, but the great.”—*Young.*

“Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.”—*La Rochefoucault.*

—“The best portion of a good man's life are his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.”—*Wordsworth.*



—*Gene.*—

—*The Fair.*—

—*Coming.*—

—*4-Paw's Circus.*—

—“*Walnuts*”—100 per cent.

—Peanuts were in demand at the Fair.

—Who saw the whale on Intelligence Hall?

—The Aineyville Fair has been reopened. Boys, beware!

—The boys of '89 glory in the possession of class badges.

—Workmen are at present at work on the new flagstone pavement.

—Most of the students *did* the Lehigh County Fair on Thursday.

—Who lost his way back to College on returning from his first call?

—*The beautiful veteran trees have put on their tri-colored autumnal garb.

—On Sunday, Oct. 3rd, the anniversary of the First Ward Mission Sunday School was held.

—The Lutheran Pastoral Association of the Second Conference met in the Chapel on the 28th of September.

—One of our Juniors is in love with himself. He takes a good look at himself every morning. He has no rival.

—During Fair week, frequent expeditions were made by the students to the “peanut gallery.” Their aims seem to be high.

—We would caution the students against sitting on front door steps on these cool nights. A Senior who, last season, was addicted to the practice, is suffering from an affection of the heart which is well-nigh incurable.

*) At least, so says one of our Subs.

—The Sophronians have thus far initiated the largest number of men. They will have an open meeting in the near future.

—The Sophronian Hall has lately been improved. The improvements are in the shape of new shades and new paper on the walls.

—The Sophs and Juniors are attacking each other in the daily papers in regard to base-ball matters. Anything to get notorious.

—If persons who carry "chestnut bells" are dudes and rascals, and if some of the Freshies carry "chestnut bells," then what are the Freshies?

—The drawn game between the Sophs and Juniors was played on Oct. 6th. The Juniors were the winners. Five innings were played, the score being 19 to 17.

—On Oct. 2nd, the Ursinus College base-ball club played the Muhlenberg team. The former proved superior. The game was very exciting. Score, 32 to 28.

—And now the boys must "send off" their inspiring burts of eloquence from a small platform placed in front of the Chapel pulpit. It is rather small, say the Sophs.

—It may be of some comfort to the member of '86 to know that the boys are quite disconsolate since their smiling visages do no longer decorate the Chapel walls.

—The College base-ball club had several engagements "booked" for this month. On Oct. 9th, they played the Macungie nine, and on Oct. 16th, the Ursinus College nine.

—The Juniors have not as yet purchased their "plugs." Whether they consider themselves high enough without them, or whether they have taken compassion on the community, we do not know. In charity, however, we will ascribe their conduct to the latter motive.

—One of our new Preps lately trembled and quaked in his boots. He had been informed that the Freshmen were coming. He prepared a warm reception, but in vain. He sat up till half past two in the morning, surrounded by Indian clubs, ash buckets, water pitchers, shoe-brush, pack of tacks, etc.

—The Freshies diverted themselves at the Fair by squirting cologne-water at the "fair."

—The Sophs, more dignified, stood and watched the Seniors, and as they watched, they were tortured by the green-eyed monster, Jealousy. Why?

—The Preps were there too, but they are only worth being mentioned. Any lengthy notice would make them conceited.

—Prof. in Latin to Seniors.—Gentlemen, as there will be no recitation in this room until the third period, you can all leave your books on the benches. Why did they all take them along?

—The time of the year has come when the Senior may look at the latest arrivals (in the person of a Freshman), and see how unsophisticated he was when he first put in his appearance.

—Mourn for the Preps.—A virulent and contagious disease is depopulating their ranks and striking terror into the bottom of their hearts. Already two have fallen under the ravages of Nostalgia, or "homesickness" (for the benefit of the Freshies). The McKnightstown Bell is the most desperate case, for he will not be comforted.

—What the MONTHLY would like to know: Why the students, who composed the decorating committee for the anniversary of the First Ward Mission, had to be accompanied by ladies when they went in search of ferns? Didn't they know the difference between a fern and a huckleberry bush, and so took somebody along to enlighten them? How pleasant it is to belong to the fern committee, etc.

College Personals.

FACULTY.

Dr. Seip, on the 5th inst., attended a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Lutheran Ministerium, at Reading, Pa.

Professor Richards is editor of the *Church Messenger*.

Dr. Wackernagel writes for various Church periodicals.

STUDENTS.

J. W. Richards, '87, lately gave a "spread" to the Class of '87.

E. E. S., '89, is said to have asked a Professor for a remedy for catarrh.

J. Dieter, '91, prides himself on being the champion masher of Prepdom.

Harvey Stem and John Dubbs are Phi Gamma Delta's latest accessions.

F. White, '91, is said to make a perfect recitation by simply smiling at the Prof.

D. G. Gerberich, '88, requests us to state that he has given up going to Aineyville.

Bond, '88, has accepted the agency for Harper's periodicals for Allentown and vicinity.

G. E. S., '87, receives a letter from *her* regularly every week. We congratulate you, George.

Harry Snyder, '90, was elected captain of the College base-ball club. This is published by request.

J. W. Heil, '89, is in disgrace. The Sophs say that through his errors they lost that much disputed game of ball.

O. S. Scheirer, '88, thinks he is a poet. If he will convince the editorial staff of this, we will give him a present.

Keedy, '89, thinks that he is the only man in college who can play ball, and the only short-stop in the vicinity.

Why did F. C. Oberly take the tobacco out of his mouth so quickly when he heard that his father had come to see him?

E. Ritter, '88, thinks "experience" and not "necessity" is the mother of invention. That settles it—the oracle has spoken.

"Big" Schantz, '89, pronounces the Allentown fair a complete success. He says he actually talked with one of the "fair."

Clinton von Fetter, '88, thinks it is a necessary truth that a part is greater than its whole. Glad you told us since we might never have known it.

W. W. K., '87, was lately heard to mutter in his sleep, "Flunked again to-day;" and yet he told one of the Ursinus boys that he did not know what "flunking" meant.

The College World.

Delaware College has abolished co-education.

The new President of Yale is the third Dwight that has been elected to that position.

Within the past year the University of Pennsylvania has liquidated a debt of \$140,000.

Princeton's Freshmen class will have compulsory gymnastic exercises throughout the year.

Harvard's 250th anniversary occurs November 6th. James Russell Lowell will deliver the oration.

Vassar College is soliciting funds for building an observatory. Can't they do enough star-gazing without it?

Lafayette's disorderly spirit has again revived. It manifested itself in a cane-rush and several hours of hideous midnight noise.

"The University at Lewisburg" has become "Bucknell University," in honor of Mr. Bucknell, of Philadelphia, who has contributed generously to its endowment.

The "Acharnians of Aristophanes," which was so well produced by the students of the University of Pennsylvania, last Spring, will be presented at the Academy of Music, New York, November 19th.

Princeton has 191 Freshmen; Cornell, 230; Wellesly, 166; Smith, 100; Amherst, 80; Rutgers, 40; Williams, 95; Dickinson, 26; Franklin and Marshall, 27; Gettysburg, 35; Haverford, 28; Muhlenberg, 25; Trinity, 30.

The attendance at the German Universities for the summer semester just closed was 28,021, divided as follows; Berlin, 4,434; Leipzig, 3,060; Munich, 3,035; Halle, 1,518; Breslau, 1,425; Tuebinger, 1,403; Wuerzburg, 1,369; Freiburg, 1,319; Bonn, 1,293; Goettingen, 1,076; Heidelberg, 1,036; Greifswald, 1,016; Marburg, 939; Erlangen, 909; Koenigsberg, 876; Strassburg, 846; Jena, 655; Kiel, 542; Giessen, 513; Rostock, 313; The increase over the previous years is quite remarkable. In 1880 the total number was

20,988, an increase of 7,033 in half a decade. The principal increase has been in both theological and in the medical faculties; in the Protestant from 2,315 in 1880 to 4,683 in 1885; in the Roman Catholic from 638 in 1880 to 1,197 in 1886; in the medical faculties from 4,018 in 1880 to 8,308 in 1886. The number of law students has decreased from 5,201 in 1880 to 4,914 at the present time, and the philosophical faculties have now an increase of only 103 over 1880, the present attendance being 8,919.

Dessert.

Grammatically speaking, a kiss is a conjunction.

California is making better Havana cigars than Connecticut.

Darwin says that men were once plants. There are still a good many small potatoes.

One word with you in Cherokee: "Win-itawigoginalshawluntnawbiskawlungtanaw-nalitisesti."

A New Jerseyman has been put in jail for having fourteen wives. It must be a great relief to him.

Courtship and the coal question.—A statistician estimates that courtships average three tons of coal each.

A smart young man lately picked up a flower in a ball-room, after all the ladies had gone, and sang pathetically: "'Tis the last rose of some her."

If it was wrong for Adam to remain single when there was not a woman in the world, how criminally wrong are the old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls?

A Freshman who left his charmer's front gate in a hurried manner the other evening and lit away out in the street, asserts that her father was afflicted with palpitation of the feet.

Neuralgia is the charming name of a charming girl in Wales. Her mother found it on a medicine bottle and was captivated by its sweetness. So some young man is doomed to suffer neuralgia of the heart.

There are about half a dozen widowers in the United States Senate. Whenever they pass the Treasury building, they hear musical murmurs from the lady-clerks of "So noble-looking!" "Such a boyish walk!"

A Frenchman, learning the English language, complained of the irregularity of the verb "to go," the present tense of which some wag had written out for him as follows: "I go; thou startest; he departs; we made tracks; you cut sticks; they absquatulate or skedaddle."

At the supper table

If men are the salt of the earth, woman are the sugar. Salt is a necessity, sugar is a luxury. Vicious men are the saltpetre; hard, stern men the rock salt; nice, family men the table salt. Old maids are the brown sugar; good-natured matrons the loaf sugar; pretty girls the fine, pulverized, white sugar. Pass the sugar, please!

Three Frenchmen, who were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their native language, endeavored to translate into English the well-known opening passage to Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be." The following is the result: First Frenchman: "To was or not to am." Second F.: "To were or is to not." Third F.: "To should or not to will.—Ex.

TRANSFORMATION.

When I was a Freshman I shaved it,
Impatiently waiting my time;
For if there was one thing I craved, it
Was something to which there's no rhyme.

When a Soph'more I pulled and I stroked it,
And coaxed it with tonics and grease;
And when in the evening I smoked, it
To finger I never would cease.

When I was a Junior I curled it,
And waxed it with consummate care;
In parlors I languidly twirled it,
And no doubt captivated the fair.

When a Senior, I purposely spoiled it,
I chopped it to look like a broom;
And no longer wheedled and oiled it,
Nor twisted it up with perfume.

—LEHIGH BURR.

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Editorials.

READER, have you ever reflected upon the question, Why do the colleges of Pennsylvania not have Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contests? Has it ever suggested itself to your mind? Even if it has not, you will hardly, on this presentation of the subject, deny that the advantages of such a course would be almost incalculable. In truth, we have full and sufficient proof of this statement. Run over the list of western States, and, if you find *one* of any importance which does not have an Oratorical Association, please confer a favor upon us by directing our attention to it. There the plan has worked well. Shall then our eastern colleges, with all their boasts of superiority, with all their sharp criticisms, be outdone in

this? Let us not suffer this reproach to be cast upon us; let us be abreast with the times. Indeed, it would seem that the mere physical part of man—that which degrades his nobler nature to the level of the animal—was worthy of his first and highest consideration. How else will you interpret the innumerable number of athletic contests, and the almost exclusive attention paid to them? Can you put any other construction upon it? Would it not be far better and wiser to divide our leisure moments between oratory and athletics? Who would not rather be an orator than an athlete! Who would not rather be able to move a vast multitude to tears, to arouse the sluggard to action, to calm the fiery passions, than to pitch a curved ball or make a three-base hit! Who would not rather be a king among men, ruling by means of the heaven-sent gift of eloquence, than be known as the greatest pugilist of his college!

Such contests would furnish incentives. What more does the student want or need? In bringing together men of different institutions, they would afford an opportunity for comparison. The defects in one style of speaking would become apparent, and the remedies would not be wanting. Therefore, let the matter be discussed. We are certain that, should our sister colleges signify their willingness to form such an association, Muhlenberg will sustain her reputation as a progressive institution.

JUDGING from indications, the Senior Lecture Course bids fair to eclipse all preceding efforts of the same kind. The class has decided that it shall be a success, and, consequently, there is no occasion for entertaining any doubts as to the result.

The reputation of '87, for successfully accomplishing whatever is undertaken, is sufficiently established. It has been insinuated that circumstances were never before so unfavorable. Some are despondent because the "Citizens' (?) Course" has proved a failure. Is this an objection worthy of consideration? It, surely, augurs nothing but good. Do you not see that everyone is waiting for Muhlenberg's Course? There is no necessity for being discouraged. Remember that united, continuous effort will accomplish much. Indeed, interest, in our *alma mater*, has never yet flagged; zeal, in her behalf, has never been wanting. The people will come to the rescue; they will lend their support. The Seniors' hearts will yet be gladdened by the ring of many a shekel as it falls into their coffers. Let but the names of the eminent divines, lawyers and politicians, whom they have secured, be announced, and enough of enthusiasm will be manifested. Let it but be known that statesmen and travelers, men who are noted for their eloquence, men famous for their words of wisdom, will appear in the Course, and there will be many who will not be able to resist the temptation of hearing them.

Moreover, have they not their fellow-students (Preps. included) to rely on? Besides the Seniors, there are about seventy-five students in college. This *ought* to be the equivalent of one hundred and fifty season tickets. If it will not, somebody will certainly not be doing his duty. In our next issue, we will publish the full list of lecturers and give all necessary particulars.

A NUMBER of our exchanges are giving some wholesome advice in regard to Literary Societies. It seems that, at their institutions, students are with difficulty persuaded to identify themselves with said societies. Can they not remedy this difficulty? At Muhlenberg we never have any trouble. With us it is compulsory. We consider it just as much a part of the curriculum as Algebra or History. Dare anyone deny, or can anyone prove, the falsity of this view of

the question. If so, we are open to conviction. But you may urge that not all desire to pursue a literary career. What of this? The scientific student has just as much—if not more—need of the advantages, thus afforded, as the classical. Such a one it supplies with the very thing which is wanting in his regular course.

It is to be regretted that such matters are left to the option of the student. The average young man knows not what is to his advantage, and, if he does know, he will not do it unless compelled. Our colleges have too many optional studies in their course. No doubt, many have been justly accused of inaugurating such a movement for the sake of securing a larger attendance. The result is that men often pass through college with a mere superficial smattering. Some are graduated who could not pass a satisfactory entrance examination for Freshmen. This is the cause of so much sneering at education and the contempt so often hurled at college diplomas. If you wish to know why the college graduate is the subject of so many scathing jests, why his abilities are treated with such scorn, seek it in this.

GROWTH OF A BIG BOOK.—When Webster's Unabridged was first published in one volume, it was a comparatively small book. Some years after, an addition was made of 1500 Pictorial Illustrations, A Table of Synonyms, and an Appendix of New Words that had come into use. A few years later came an entirely new revised edition of larger size, with 3000 Pictorial Illustrations; then, after an interval of a few years, a Biographical Dictionary of nearly 10,000 Names, and a Supplement of nearly 5000 New Words, were added; and now there has come a new and most valuable addition, A Gazetteer of the World, of over 25,000 Titles. The work is now not only *the* Dictionary, par excellence, but a Biographical Dictionary, a Gazetteer of the World, and it has a great many other good things in its many valuable Tables.



A Plea for the Training of the Memory.

PROF. JOHN A. BAUMAN, A. M.

We read in the Bible that Pharaoh, in order to punish the Israelites for venturing to ask permission to hold a feast in the wilderness, commanded their taskmasters to require of them not only the same number of brick per day as formerly, but also to compel them to furnish part of the material themselves. This certainly was very cruel and unreasonable treatment. Had he, however, asked them to make brick without any material whatever, we would have considered it the act of some candidate for the insane asylum. Were a man to engage the most skillful architect to build a beautiful mansion and not provide the necessary materials, or worthless ones, he would be considered a lunatic or a crank. In order to erect the beautiful and imposing statue of Liberty in New York harbor, not only skilled hands and brains were needed, but a sufficient amount of proper material,—stone and mortar, iron and copper. Not all Bartholdi's skill or genius could have formed that statue out of nothing. In order that human power may fashion a thing of use or beauty, there must be suitable material from which to form it. This is a self-evident and universal truth, and yet, in education, it seems to be frequently forgotten or ignored.

What preserves the materials of an education,—the facts upon which sound knowledge must be built and sound judgment exercised? What power of our mind becomes the storehouse of facts and principles? Is it not memory? Yet, it is the fashion among a certain set of educationists to decry memory and give her a very subordinate place in their systems of education. It is the tendency of

some so-called new methods to weaken this, the very foundation-stone of a solid education. It is true, there was a time when too much stress was laid upon memorizing and too little upon a proper understanding of the thing memorized; but to make too little of memory is assuredly as disastrous as to make too much of it.

Memory is the basis of our knowledge. How do we know that our absent friend has blue eyes? We remember it. How do we know that a hot iron, if applied to the skin, will produce pain? We recall some former experience. How do we know that many millions of our fellow-beings live mainly on rice? Because we call to mind that we have read a trustworthy statement to that effect.

Assuredly, then, he who remembers nothing, knows nothing. What good will excellent powers of observation do him, if his memory fails to retain what his senses have perceived? What good will an excellent judgment do him, if his memory does not retain the data upon which to employ that judgment? We must not forget that in this world of ours there is no such thing as an isolated fact. One fact is only one link in a chain, the whole of which must be known in order to a perfectly correct judgment of even one link. The man whose memory has stored up the most facts on a given topic, will, *ceteris paribus*, be able to draw the most correct conclusions. Who, if innocently accused, would not trust his case to an intelligent, rather than an ignorant jury? And why? Because those who remember most, will not be so likely to be led astray by the specious arguments of some lawyer. In matters of science we trust more to the generalizations of a Tyndall, a Helmholtz, or an Owen, than to those of a student, simply because the memory of the one puts before him all possible relations, whilst that of the other grasps but a limited number. Why were the conclusions of the early philosophers so often false? Because they knew too little. Why, we ask, lastly and reverently, do we believe that the Judge of all the earth will at the last day give just awards? Because from him

nothing is hid. His mind grasps all time and space and action. He knows, or as we might say, he remembers all. It is all present to him.

The training of the memory forms a strong argument for the education of all men, even a hod-carrier. The man, whose memory brings before him the doings of demagogues of the past, will not be likely to fall a prey to the demagogues of the present. No one will be able to persuade him, neither a Henry George nor a Mrs. Parsons, that the way to prosperity is to give up everything to the rapacity of conscienceless hoodlums, that the way to get the golden eggs is to kill the towl that lays them.

All this is applicable to students. To memorize facts and principles is often hard work, and, therefore, many fail to do it; but, if they desire an education, they are making a great mistake. No man can accurately translate a Latin sentence without knowing the principles of Latin grammar. This is at the very foundation; yet some students seem to think it useless trouble to get those principles. No one can translate a sentence from Greek into English unless he knows the English equivalents for the Greek words. Yet there are students who interline their Greek authors, thus escaping the trouble of memorizing the meaning of the very words to be translated. Such students not only lose the very object which they have in view in studying Greek, but weaken their memories, their judgment, and, worst of all, their moral sense.

In Mathematics the same truth holds. Unless you know the principles of numbers, you cannot handle numbers. Unless you know the multiplication-table, your use of numbers will be rather limited. Unless you know the laws of signs in Algebra, your work in that branch will be mere floundering. Unless you know the propositions in Geometry, you cannot demonstrate them, and unless you remember the principles established by former demonstrations, you will make sorry work of the new theorems.

Even in the study of Natural Sciences a trained memory is a powerful factor. Whether

you study a bird or a rock, a plant or the human body, you must have as the basis of further knowledge the remembrance of what you have already observed, and the more facts at your command, the faster will be your progress, the more complete your acquisitions.

If you do not to-morrow remember the lesson of to-day, to-morrow's lesson will be in so far crippled. If, when you take up geology, you have forgotten your physical geography, physics, mineralogy, and chemistry, you will be hampered at every point. If, on taking up astronomy, you have forgotten your physics and mathematics, you'll make poor progress in that branch of knowledge.

Do not then, students of Muhlenberg, make a mistake on this point. Train your memories. Make them the treasures of facts and principles. On this work as a basis develop your powers of reasoning. Get the full benefit of a college course—the acquisition of knowledge and the discipline, rightly and powerfully to use the stores you've gathered.

WE THREE.

Was it a memory, was it a dream,
Of something yet to be?
The silent world, the grey old fort,
The softly murmuring sea;
The sky so full of light and love,
The air seemed in a swoon,
And only three of us abroad—
You and I and the moon.

I was full of a sweet content,
You were inclined to spoon;
But there, in the midst of the azure sky,
Stood the wicked old man in the moon.
He saw how it was and veiled his face
In a cloud that was passing by;
Then what could I do, it was two against one—
You and the moon and I.

You took my hand—what happened next
I shall never, never tell;
But the moon, who was peeping from the cloud,
Enjoyed it passing well.
'Twas a dreadful deed, and somebody should
Be punished for it soon;
But who knows which was the most to blame—
You or I or the moon?—Ex.

Principia.

REV. CARL N. CONRAD, A. M., '79.

Let man go abroad with just principles and what is he? A mighty power, an exhaustless fountain in a vast desert, a glorious light, ever dispelling every vestige of darkness. There is love animating his heart, sympathy breathing in every tone. Beneath his smiles lurk no degrading passions. Within his heart there slumbers no guile. A good man is abroad and the world knows it, yea, society feels it.

Every year of rectitude, in the face of obstacles, adds new beauty and glory to one's character, just as each summer time adds to the branches and foliage of a tree. In the life-time of the most of us, we have seen men reach the highest places within the sphere of eloquence and genius, and then sink from common integrity. Their principle, undoubtedly, has been the theory of a Selkirk on an island, surrounded by his goats only, or the dream of an infant, and not the experience of a hero of temptation. Character, it is said, is the sustaining glory of individual greatness, the Doric and splendid column in the majestic structure of a true and dignified manhood. But, really true, noble, Christian character is only found in him whose principia are based upon Holy Writ, and who has been indoctrinated by the same, in early youth, by devout parents, Christian counsellors and wise instructors.

It is not the principle, or principles, of Bacchanalian revelry, Thespian exercises, or harlequin buffoonery, that we advocate, but, be it understood, the universal diligence of a noble and righteous Luther, a Bunyan, a benevolent Howard, an enterprising Fulton, and a Morse. But for such as they, many a heart would be cold as death, many a mortal languishing in distress. Who will lightly say that fame like this "is nothing but an empty name?"

There is a charm about the names of the noble, enterprising and good, that braces the nerves and warms the heart; and, if there is a spark of true fire in our hearts, and a drop

of noble blood in our veins, the very mention of the names of good men, actuated by truth and fidelity, should stir us into new life and diligence:—

"Man is his own star, and that soul that can be honest is the only perfect man."

Honesty is a fixedness and singleness of purpose, a mighty principle exhibited in our lives, let me say, commonly speaking, an anchor, not for calm days, but for storms. The anchor may be decked with flowers at times, and in a harbor, may rest at the bow and silently promulgate its theory. But when the vessel is out on its path, and there comes a night attended with storms and darkness, not a single star appearing, then it is that the old mass of iron seems to glory in its ruggedness, and leaving its ideal festoons upon the deck, it drops into the deep, and grasps the solid earth with its gigantic arms. But much of our strength is not of this iron-like stuff. It seems to me, men, and very many at the present day, have no principle by which to guide themselves. When the storm and darkness come, or even when they are placed in prosperity, poverty or danger, their vessel goes straight to ruin; and, with all the principia of Christian theory upon it, instead of sinking like the anchor into the deep below, it floats away into uselessness.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach my gospel," was a divine injunction. But heaven's temple on earth must be built by man, that the fire of benevolence may burn on the altars of the human heart more vividly, and that sympathy, with her brightest blessing, may turn all the nations of the earth. Grand, divine, supernatural principle that! Its very essence shall be found and framed in all professions, in all stations of life; discarding all save the Light of Light—God omnipotent—and his sacred word of the Old and New Testament Dispensation. Students of Muhlenberg College, remember that it is *only* the pure fountain that brings forth pure water; the good tree *only* will produce the good fruit. If the centre from which all proceeds is pure and holy, the radii of influence from it will *also* be pure and holy.

Go forth, then, ye graduates, into the vast and limitless world, actuated by the highest motives in doing good. Let no guile slumber within your breasts. Be not elevated in your own views. But honest, moral, virtuous, Christ-like before the world, before God, go forth and adorn the spheres that you are to occupy. Whatever sphere you fill, carry into it a holy, beneficent influence; be actuated by a just principle.

Homer.

FRANK M. SEIP, '87.

Of all the men that ever lived, how few have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater number have sunk, with those generations which produced them, into utter oblivion. How few, comparatively speaking, are the men whose reputation has stood unimpaired, and whose influence, on the history of our race, can be traced through successive centuries.

One of these is Homer, the greatest epic poet of Greece, indeed, we might say of the whole world. What we know of Homer, and that is very little, we know only through the channel of national tradition, uncertain and vague as that must always be in an age, when writing was either unknown or little practiced, and criticism of literary documents never dreamt of. Is it a wonder, then, that some able and eminent scholars have even gone so far as to question his very existence? While the whole of the Greek nation believed they had once a great epic poet, to whose extraordinary genius they attributed their two great poems (just as the ordered world finds the best explanation of its existence in a God), we, the learned of modern times, are asked to doubt whether that poet had any existence at all. One of the ablest scholars (Grote) of modern times has said:—"The name of Homer—for I disallow his historical personality—means the Iliad and the Odyssey and nothing else." He might just as well have said that the name of God means the Bible and nothing else! The same person, and

many others, deny the fact that one person could have composed works as long as the Iliad or Odyssey at a time when the art of writing was unknown; and, further, they state that these poems were composed by a number of poets or rhymers called rhapsodists.

Can we believe this? How could the connection, the same delineation of characters and the same style be maintained if the poems were composed by more than one person? Shall we believe that these poems were not the productions of a great poetic genius, but the creation of a score of persons, whose names no one ever cared to know, but who were cunning enough to create a head of their corporation called Homer, whom the world has for nearly three thousand years been willing to take for a substantial reality?

But why could he not have produced these poems without writing. At first, indeed, when a modern, who is the slave of pen and ink, hears it stated, that, in all likelihood, the great bard of the Iliad could neither read nor write, he is apt to feel very much as if the whole foundation for his faith in the poet was removed from beneath his feet, and there was no longer any ground for him to stand on. How many an eloquent modern speaker might be struck dumb if pen, ink and paper were suddenly removed from the things that be! But they managed these matters differently on "Parnassus and Helicon in the days when Memory was the mother of the Muses, and the Muses could sing sweetly without help from a goose-quill." All the best authorities of to-day hold that Homer did exist, and was the author of the poems generally attributed to him. Homer was a popular poet, a wandering minstrel, indeed so wandering that even his birth-place and age are unknown. From seven to nineteen cities claim him as their countryman, and the various dates assigned to his age offer no less a diversity than five hundred years. He is pictured by some as being a poor, blind beggar, travelling about and gaining a livelihood by playing the lyre and singing his poems. As tales are told of all great men, so they are told of Homer.

His poetry completely represents the age in which he lived. He was not a learned Southey. He did not have the culture of a Tennyson or a Longfellow. In him we have a genius, whose name is of the highest significance, not with regard to Greece only, but to the whole civilized world. In him we have to do, not merely with a poet of the first class, holding the same place in literature that Aristotle and Newton do in science, but with the oldest records, after the books of Moses, that have exercised a permanent influence on the civilization of the world. As God inspired the writers of his Word, so were the poems of Homer inspired by the breath of a great poetic soul, and that soul the highest life of the Greek people, at one of the most poetic periods of its existence.

Who can estimate the benefits derived from the efforts of this single mind? He it was who awoke the intellect of that mighty race from a slumber of ages. Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence and her matchless verse, all point us to that supreme genius. It was Homer who gave laws to the artist; it was Homer who inspired the poet; it was Homer who thundered in the senate; and, above all, it was Homer who was sung by the people. Through Greece Homer has exercised the same influence on the whole world. Even to-day our sculptors cannot produce the equal of the statuary which adorned the Parthenon of old. The entire Greek nation was filled, as it were, with the thoughts of this mighty mind, and the land of the Iliad became the region of taste and the birth-place of the arts.

But, alas! Greece fell. Unhappy Greece, to whom there is not a living soul, that ever studied her beautiful language, who does not feel himself indebted. O Greece! Venerated and beloved Greece! "Many have knelt at thy shrine and rendered the homage of admiration to thy transcendent genius! It was thy maternal bosom that nourished him, whose immortal song has been the wonder of the world;—him, who

'Walked in every path of human life,
Felt all its passions, and, to all mankind,
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield,
Which his own genius only could acquire';

—him, whose voice shook the throne of Macedon, controlled the passions of fiery democracy, and, perpetuated to the present moment, the power and soul of eloquence;—him, who bodied forth forms of beauty from the rugged rock, and gave them sentiment and feeling;—'For her seat is the bosom of God and her voice the harmony of the world.'"

THE HEART'S EXPRESSION.

BY PEREGRINE JONES, '88.

To each bosom, sad and lonely,
Caused by grief and pain and fears,
There is one expression only—
Gushing forth in floods of tears.

When the soul is sad and mournful
And no solace draweth near,
Oh! how soothing,—tis not scornful
Then to shed a secret tear.

Who dare then restrain his feeling
And shut all his sorrow in?
Like sweet music softly stealing,
Tears can cheer from sadness win.

Oft an evil word that's spoken,
Or a rash or unkind deed,
Causes some heart to be broken,
And by tears we see it bleed.

At the death of some dear brother,
Or a sister young and fair,
Or a father, or a mother,
What can else our sorrows share?

And observing while entombing,
While the sleeper they lay low,
Oh! how real, how unassuming,
Tears in streams from eyelids flow.

But not only sorrow telling
That seems threatening to destroy;
Oft we feel the bosom swelling
And our tears are tears of joy.

Is thy sorrow sin's confession,
Art thou mourning for the dead,
Is thy weeping joy's expression,
Tears are blessings on thy head.

And as long as earth hath sorrow,
Or as there are joys untold,
Or to-day precedes to-morrow,
Tears are worth far more than gold.

Contentment is better than money and just about as scarce.



The *Lantern* is one of our most regular visitors. It is always welcome. The article on "Mob and Law" is worthy of commendation.

The present editorial staff of the *Wittenberger* intends to publish a complete history of Wittenberg College, together with the biographies of its Presidents.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Troy Polytechnic*. It is full of life and spirit and is well worth the time spent in its perusal. Its exterior might be improved.

The *Pennsylvanian* threatens to devote a column or two to an alphabetical list of the citizens of Philadelphia who do not subscribe to it. How would such a list of Muhlenberg's delinquent alumni look?

The *Pennsylvania College Monthly* contains a humorous article called "A Freshman Letter." It ridicules the conceits and abuses of college life, and, as such, is well calculated to bring about a reform in this direction.

We desire to thank the *Lutherville Seminarian* for the lively interest which it takes in Muhlenberg. The October number contained the following: "We saw your newly fixed up chapel last vacation. It is elegant. Will the M. C. gentlemen keep it so? The President, kind, genial, and efficient, is proud of that chapel,—now boys, be good!"

We were greatly pleased with the appearance of the *University Magazine (N. C.)*. Its superior can not easily be found. Its literary articles are excellent. In its columns questions of the day are ably discussed, and its editorial and exchange departments are well sustained. It also contains a fine steel engraving of General J. Johnston Pettigrew.

The Lutheran contains the following by

Rev. Dr. Jacobs: "The influence of the Church colleges of the denomination may be equal to that of the theological seminaries. The latter receive the student at a later period of preparation, when the habits of study and the general trend of character have been to a great extent fixed. Weakness in the college, whether intellectual or spiritual, cannot, under ordinary circumstances, be counteracted by any amount of strength in the seminary; while strength in the college will more frequently carry the student successfully over difficulties that he may encounter through weakness in the seminary. The colleges, therefore, should be manned by scholars of thorough and wide culture, positive faith, and aggressive Christian character, who will stamp their personality deeper upon the successive generations of students who pass under their control."

De Alumnis.

- '70. Three members of this class, Rev. I. N. S. Erb, Rev. Prof. W. K. Frick, and Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, were delegates to the General Council of the Lutheran Church, lately held in Chicago.
- '71. We are sorry to learn that of late Rev. J. H. Neiman, of Catawissa, Pa., has not been in good health. We wish him a speedy restoration to his former vigor.
- '71. Rev. J. F. Ohl was one of the Pennsylvania delegates to the General Council, at Chicago.
- '71. A MINISTER TAKES A WIFE.—Rev. O. P. Smith, one of the early graduates of Muhlenberg College, and pastor of the Augustus Lutheran Church, at Trappe, Montgomery county, and Miss Mary G. Hobson, daughter of Mr. Frank M. Hobson, of Collegeville, were married on Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock, in the Lutheran Church, at Trappe. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Prof. M. H. Richards, of Allentown, assisted by Rev. Joseph H. Hendricks, of Collegeville.—There was a large attendance, the church

being filled with people. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left in the afternoon on a wedding tour. The presents were numerous and valuable and included a check for \$1000 from the bride's father.—*Chronicle*.

'73. Among the Ohio delegates to the General Council was Rev. G. H. Gerberding, of Jewett, Ohio.

'73. Rev. Asher P. Pflueger is pastor of the Lutheran church, Washingtonville, Pa., and is President of the Fifth District Conference.

'73. Rev. John Nicum was elected German Secretary of the General Council. He is writing a history of the Ministerium of New York, and is known as the statistician of the Lutheran Church in the East.

'74. Hon. Milton C. Henninger was again chosen to represent Lehigh county in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

'74. Marcus C. L. Kline is the new District Attorney of the same county.

'80. We were glad to see our old class-mate, Rev. Wilson Yeisley, in Allentown, a short time ago. He is preaching in the Buckeye State, looks well, and, like some more of his class-mates, is still single.

'82. Austin A. Glick, Esq., has his law office in Catasauqua, Pa.

'83. Rev. J. H. Ritter was married, July 1st, to Miss E. M. Geissinger. He is located at Masontown, Pa.

'83. A NEW LAWYER.—Our esteemed friend and townsman, Charles Edmund Keck, was on Monday last admitted to practice law in the several courts of Luzerne county. His examination proved highly creditable to himself and preceptor, and gave evidence of thorough and complete preparation for his admission to practice. We congratulate him on his success, knowing that it is but the beginning of a brilliant professional career that is destined to bring him wealth, position and fame.—*White Haven Journal*.

—Procure subscriptions for the MONTHLY.

Gossip.

—The college library is constantly receiving additions. Rev. J. D. Schindel recently donated over one hundred volumes.

* * *

—Of late we have not heard anything in regard to combining the Society libraries. Would it not be advisable? Let the plan be discussed.

* * *

—The flagstone pavement in front of the college is a decided improvement. We hope that the removal of the old fence and the grading of the campus will be next in order.

* * *

—As the subscriptions are now due, we desire to inform you that you will in no way inconvenience us by squaring your accounts. We receive either checks, bank-notes, postal notes or postage stamps.

* * *

—If any of the alumni or students desire to become famous by contributing to these columns, they need not wait till they are asked. All articles of merit will be gladly received. Freshmen, it is not too early to begin now.

* * *

—The gossip would like to know whether it would not be doing the proper thing if the Freshmen would raise their hats to the Seniors. In answer, the MONTHLY would say that it would certainly be cutting the proper caper.

* * *

—The open meeting of the Sophronian Literary Society will be held on the evening of the last Friday of the present session. An orchestra has been engaged to furnish music for the occasion. We will publish the programme in our next issue.

* * *

—The MONTHLY is of the opinion that, instead of only one Society having an open meeting, the two should unite and have a contest. If possible, prizes might be offered. Such a procedure would certainly awaken a livelier interest than is at present manifested.



—“Hold the fort.”

—Horein protected by '90.

—Who was serenaded with tin horns?

—Save your money for the Senior Lecture Course.

—Who is in danger of being converted to Swedenborgianism?

—Some of the students are trying to organize an athletic association.

—The base-ball craze is at an end. The club has given up the ghost.

—The Phi Gamma Delta fraternity lately gave a sociable to their lady friends.

—The Freshmen boast that they are the strongest class in college. Preps. to the front

—“Keedy, now they are as quiet as lambs; come in and comfort them.” But Keedy came not.

—The Sophs. and Juniors have initiated their new men into the mysteries (?) of their respective classes.

—The flagstone pavement will be extended from the east wing to Fourth street and from the west to Walnut.

—The College base-ball club defeated the Legal nine to the tune of 32 to 4. They were no match for our sluggers.

—The Freshman class is divided between the different Literary societies, as follows: Sophronians, 16; Euterpeans, 8.

—Is it possible for the Junior quartette to get to a good place? Yes, but not for those who room near where they practice.

—Freshman Logic.—What relation is a loaf of bread to a locomotive? Its mother. Why? Because bread is a necessity and a locomotive is an invention, and necessity is the mother of invention.

—Please pay your subscriptions. We are noted for our modesty, and, therefore, do not like to ask you directly for the cash.

—The Seniors are in despair. The Juniors have appeared in their high hats and now there are no more conquests for them.

—Judging by the way in which some people marry, move, etc., according to the phases of the moon, they must be moonstruck.

—Which one of the Sophs. bought a trunk at a sale and found sawdust in it? Speculation in trunks is the latest. Stocks bought at 80 and sold at 10.

—The chapel choir will soon take summary vengeance on Kuehner. They complain that his singing brings them out of tune every morning.

—The Freshies would like to organize a Little Tycoon company, but it is almost impossible as there are twelve applicants for the role of the English dude.

—If there are on an average seven debaters, and, if every one debated half an hour, how long would it take? Respectfully submitted for answer to some of the Juniors.

—The great musical organization of '88 has been asked to participate in Sophronia's open meeting. Surely, somebody might cry out, “Would that I were a gun.”

—A certain Junior lately went to see his best girl. When he got there, having undergone a great transformation since he was there last, Towser didn't know him and so preyed on his “go-to-meetin’” suit. He had his “plug” on.

—What a mixture of wisdom, conceit, verdancy and audacity these Freshmen are. One of them actually asked a professor to “wait a minute” until his Freshmanic majesty would be ready to recite.

—The Freshmen are a thirsty crowd. Usually, their thirst may be slaked with water, or soda (?), but on the night of the Sophomore initiation, it took another turn. Then their thirst for blood became unendurable and they made a terrible onslaught on '89 with the de-

termination of blotting them from the face of the earth. The Sophs., according to latest advices, were still in the world of the living.

—Several of the Juniors expect to give stereopticon exhibitions in the near future. If they would wear their high hats and, in addition, invest in a grind-organ, their success, no doubt, would be quite unprecedented.

College Personals.

. W. W. K., '87, says he is "sweetness long drawn out."

. Senior: "Professor, I didn't get over this last part." Prof.: "It sounds like it."

. How thankful Heil must be! Schettler says he overshadows him with his wings.

. Deily, '90, was heard to sing: "I'm a dude, a dandy dude." He parts his hair in the middle.

. We have been unable to invent a joke on Clinton von Fetter for this issue, and will, therefore, give him a rest.

. W. A. Deily, '90, claims to be the champion debater in college. These Freshmen are not at all modest in their statements.

. Kramlich and Oberly are said to be on the warpath. In case any blood should be spilled we will inform our readers in due time.

. D. G. G., '88, will now more than ever be prepared to sustain his reputation as the champion masher of '88. He has invested in a "plug."

. Bell (Second Division Prep.) is still in terror of being initiated. Every night he sits up, surrounded with Indian clubs and his chum's good wishes.

. The success of the MONTHLY is assured. We have secured the services of F. C. Oberly as confidential adviser and supervisor. He gives his services gratis.

. Oberly has requested us to devote a column or two to his individual self, and, for that reason, his name appears so often in our columns. He desires to become notorious and so has adopted this method for accomplishing his object.

. Oberly, '89, is the bravest of that renowned and distinguished group of braves—the Sophs. But the Freshmen vouch for the fact that even he is not brave.

. R. E. Butz, '87, would like to have a *pony* to Dr. Wackernagel's explanations of the Lutheran Catechism. The Dr. gives them in German and therefore this desire.

. George Miller, '87, says that he would go 100 miles to vote for the prohibition of intoxicating liquors. We would like to know how far he would go to get a drink.

. Heil, '89, intends to retain the services of a good lawyer for the remainder of the scholastic year. He gives fair notice and warning, that if anybody attempts to haze him, he or they will be dealt with according to law.

. Bond, '88, while telling some of the evil habits of students, exclaimed: "Why, I have even seen students have their heads higher than their feet." How does he want them? Shall they go on their heads?

. H. S. Snyder, '90, is suffering from an incurable affliction of the heart. He is in mortal dread of somebody else capturing his sweetheart. We think that there is no danger of his going into "melancholia."

. Heil, '89, has immortalized himself by originating a conundrum. When you read it, please yell "chestnuts" or "cocoanuts." It is as follows: "What is the difference between a cat and a cat-o'-nine-tails?" Answer.—"Eight tails."

. In obedience to the instructions of the Freshman class, J. J. H. Dubbs is hunting a reliable bank to deposit the moneys and securities of the class. We would advise him to write to some of the cashiers in Canada. Perhaps they can give him some information.

. Why does G. S. K., '90, go home every week? Now, G. S. K. is young, but then he has such bewitching little sideburns that he is perfectly irresistible. It is not at all impossible that there is a girl mixed up in the case. Will G. S. K. '90, please send in his answer in time for the next issue?

ATTENTION.—Reader, know you of any of the alumni who do not subscribe for this paper? As only about one-half subscribe, you, doubtless, know of several, and can, therefore, materially aid us by hurling such questions as these at them:

Are you interested in Muhlenberg?

Are we not engaged in a laudable enterprise?

If we are, have we not a right to expect support from you?

Do you not desire to aid your *alma mater*?

Do you not wish to have your student days vividly recalled?

Do you not care to hear of your classmates through our alumni column?

Are you a back-slider?

To any alumni, who can give a satisfactory reason for not subscribing we will mail the *MONTHLY* gratis for two years. However, we do not expect to be sold out by the sheriff in consequence of this offer.

College Bell-Taps.

—Chicago University goes.

—Cornell gets Jumbo's heart.

—Princeton is to be a university within five years.

—Yale is to have a new \$10,000 chemical laboratory.

—The University of Pennsylvania has three Japanese students.

—Positions on Yale papers are filled by competitive examinations.

—Heidelberg, the oldest German university, was founded in 1686.

—Of 5,000 students at the University of Berlin, 600 are Americans.

—Moody, the revivalist, has a young ladies' seminary at Northfield, Mass.

—Columbia has twenty-one lady students. Harvard Annex has seventy-three.

—Harvard holds examinations in Paris. Lafayette in St. Louis and Chicago.

—The dome for the Franklin and Marshall observatory has arrived from Europe.

—The Freshman class, at Harvard, spend \$24,000 for various athletic associations.

—The aggregate income of all the colleges in this country is estimated at \$4,500,000.

—Brown University intends to make provision for the education of young women.

—Oxford University has appliances for printing in one hundred and fifty languages.

—At Wellesley College they have a professor of cookery. The Freshman class numbers 166.

—The University of Michigan has a department for the study of Greek established at Athens.

—The 250th anniversary of the foundation of Harvard University was celebrated on the 6th, 7th and 8th of November.

—The alumni of Cornell, in a petition, protested against the further granting of honorary degrees by that institution.

—The University of Michigan has turned out twenty presidents of colleges and seventy-four professors.

—Harvard University corporation has been sued for \$50,000 for injuries received by a student while attending a chemical experiment.

—The library of Oxford University contains 375,000 volumes, among which are some of the most celebrated books and manuscripts in the world.

—There is not a single student now at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va., but the aged President rings the bell every morning, though no one responds. This is done to keep the college "open," and thus prevent the forfeiture of the charter.

—Seven American colleges were established before the year 1765. They are as follows: Harvard 1686, William and Mary 1693, Yale 1700, College of New Jersey (Princeton) 1746, King's (Columbia) 1754, University of Pennsylvania 1755, College of Rhode Island (Brown) 1764.

—Italy has twenty-one universities—one more than Germany. They are divided into

two classes, those which receive State support and those which do not. The first class includes Turin, Genoa, Pavia, Padua, Pisa, Bologna, Rome, Naples, Palermo and Messina. Naples has the largest number of students—3,900, while the smallest number—39—is found at Ferrara, which was once for Italy what Weimar was to Germany, the seat of the greatest minds of the age, and which, therefore, desperately clings to the privilege of being a university town. Turin has 2,100, Rome 1,200, Bologna 1,160 students. All the others excepting Pavia have fewer than a thousand. Futile efforts have been repeatedly made to reduce this uselessly large number of high schools. Theology is not taught at any Italian university, but lectures on church history are included, sometimes, in the philosophic courses.

Arts and Letters.

A quarter of a million copies of the November "Century" were printed.

The faculty of Yale have published forty-one books within the last year.

"Shots at Sunday Targets," is the title of the latest book published by Talmage.

Professor W. S. Tyler, who has just published an edition of the Iliad, has been a member of the Amherst faculty for more than half a century.

A noted oculist of Germany objects strongly to the slate ordinarily used by school children, and proposes the use of white stone slabs. Another recommends white-enameled tinned iron.

The danger from lightning is now from three to five fold greater than it was fifty years ago, owing to the vastly increased electrical intensity induced by the charging of the atmosphere, at the centres of population, with steam and smoke.

The recent Congress of Naturalists, at Berlin, was attended by 2,224 members, including 429 non-Germans. England furnished 17 representatives, America 56, France 8,

Russia 55, Italy 15, etc. There were 131 sessions and 522 addresses.

Literary Gems.

What loneliness is more lonely than distress.—*George Elliot.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—*Bacon.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Bacon.*

Literature is an avenue to glory, even open for those ingenious men who are deprived of honor or of wealth.—*Disraeli.*

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—*Bacon.*

A library may be regarded as the solemn chamber in which a man may take counsel with all that have been wise and great and good and glorious amongst the men that have gone before him.—*Dawson.*

Dessert.

A man's face is generally longest when he is shortest.

Ducks enter the water for divers reasons and come out for sundry motives.

"You look as if you were beside yourself," said a wag to a fellow who stood by a donkey.

Adam was doubtless the inventor of the pioneer press—when he embraced Eve for the first time.

It is at the approach of dinner-time that we feel most sensibly the "emptiness of things here below."

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease, while there is life there's hope.

Courting is sometimes called sparkling because the real fire doesn't commence until after marriage.

The great reason why a woman can never become President, is that the law requires that official to be thirty-five years of age.

Eighteen women recently cowhided a man for kicking his wife, and the job was so well done that he hasn't been able to split wood for four weeks.

The average size of the American family is 5 04. The decimal, probably, represents the dude, but the statisticians have got it rather large.—*Ex.*

The Boston girl does not say, "Let's skip the gutter." She remarks, "Let us suddenly overlap the marginal depression of the public thoroughfare."

We know of a charitable man who keeps a pair of dogs chained to his front door, so that poor people who stop "to get a bite," can be accommodated without taking the trouble to go into the house.

A fable: The landlord of a summer resort was once set upon in a lonely place by a highway robber. As soon, however, as the landlord made known his business, the highwayman extended the usual courtesies of the trade, and they parted friends.

It is the firm popular belief in England that the consummate skill our marksmen have in handling the rifle was acquired by long practice in shooting Indians, prairie hens, and antelopes, in the dense primeval forests around New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

"Gentlemen," remarked the professor to his medical students, "I have often pointed out to you the remarkable tendency to consumption of those who play upon wind instruments. I have brought in this gentleman, who informed me that he belonged to a brass band, to impress the aforementioned remarks upon your memories that you may not forget them. Now, sir," said the professor, addressing the wan individual, "will you please tell these gentlemen what instrument you played on?" "I blays der dhrum," said the consumptive."

Customer to florist.—"Do the flowers that bloom in the—"

Florist (sternly).—"Sir?"

Customer.—"I said do the flowers that bloom—"

Florist (*sotto voce*).—"John, is Towser loose, and the sand bag in the cash drawer, where I can reach it?"

John (in a whisper).—"Yes, sir; an' Towser ain't eat nothin' since yesterday."

Florist.—"Well, sir, what did you say?"

Customer.—"I wanted to know whether flowers that bloom in the early part of the year, will bloom again?"—*Ex.*

THE ELECTRICAL MAID.

My love is a magnet

With coils of dark hair,
And seductive, inductive,
Electrical air.

Her attraction is greatest

When her mood is perverse,
For the more I am positive
Her negative is worse.

Till the attraction o'ercomes her,
Propriety doubts,
And a kiss, shy and loving,
Dispels her coy pouts.

—*Ex.*

WHAT THE MONTHLY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Firstly.—Whether '87's mineralogical tour will soon be in order?

Secondly.—Whether it would not be advisable to have a proctor for the Freshies?

Thirdly.—Whether some people think we are making them a present of this journal?

Fourthly.—When will an attache of the MONTHLY be joined in the bonds of wedlock?

Fifthly.—Why the students pay more attention to the young ladies of Allentown than to their studies?

Sixthly.—Whether the Freshmen ought not to get white "plugs," green neckties and striped pantaloons to "set off" the beavers of the Juniors?

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Editorials.

DURING the Spring term of '86, we had the pleasure of listening to a series of very able lectures which the faculty had kindly provided for us. We were so well pleased then, that we suggest the propriety of having some more. The lectures might be of such a nature as would supplement what we have in our regular course. If the authorities would decide to have them, lecturers, no doubt, could be easily secured. There ought to be a large number of available men among the alumni and Lutheran clergymen.

EARLY all the lecturers for Muhlenberg's Course have been secured. All the men, whom the Seniors have the pleasure of presenting to the public, are well worthy of

patronage. A packed house should greet every one of them. The price of admission is but a paltry sum and even within the reach of those who are not blessed with too much filthy lucre. Invest,—that is the advice of the MONTHLY. You will certainly never regret it. Regret it, did we say? Not much! Who would regret having heard the Hon. Marriott Brosius,—that talented orator of the Lancaster bar—on "Wet the Ropes?" Mr. Brosius has the well-deserved reputation of being one of the ablest speakers in this commonwealth, and his lecture is one that is of vital importance to every citizen who has the welfare of the republic at heart. Who does not earnestly desire to hear Dr. Wayland Hoyt, whose lecture on "Yosemite," several years ago, was pronounced to be the finest specimen of word-painting ever heard in this city? Who that has once heard that popular young divine of Easton—the Rev. H. M. Kieffer—does not speak highly in his praise? Will not the many friends of Edgar D. Shimer, of the class of '74, be glad of this opportunity of hearing him? Is not such a noted man as President McGill, of Swarthmore College, a sufficient criterion of what is to be expected? Is not this a fine array of names? The candid man will say that it is. We know whereof we speak when we say that every lecture will be both entertaining and instructive. We guarantee satisfaction to all. Support a worthy cause. Surely, if there will be one vacant seat, some people do not know what is to their own interests. The students know what is expected of them.

ONCE, again, shall we appear before you as editors of the MUHLENBERG MONTHLY. After spending the greater part of our Christmas vacation—delightful prospect—in pre-

paring the next issue for press, we shall cease from driving our quill in the interests of this paper, make our final bow, vacate the sanc-tum in favor of those who will follow us, and, probably, forever bid adieu to journalism. As we approach the expiration of our term of office, we naturally survey the field in search of successors. Where are the men who will sacrifice some of their leisure moments for the sake of their *alma mater*? Step forward with alacrity, gentlemen. Are you am-bitious, then here is an avenue to glory (at least so we were told). If not, look at it in the light of a duty. Besides, there will be many who will aid you; the sub-editors will give you a full quota of promises (we do not guarantee locals and personals) and even the Freshmen will lend their support and give the benefit of their sage wisdom.

However, if you permit your name to be put in nomination, do it with the resolve—in case of election—of fulfilling your whole duty. Your work, though always profitable and frequently pleasant, will be arduous. At times, the midnight oil must be consumed, and, often, you will be obliged to forgo some pleasure. Is there any one who is willing to do all this? If so, he is the man we are seeking. Such a one, and such a one only, ought to be elected.

A PRIME requisite for a successful college course is thorough preparation. Too many applicants for admission are either weak, or entirely unfit for the class which they wish to enter. This is the result of poor preparation, or, very frequently, of too short preparation. The great trouble with our would-be student is, that he is no longer willing to devote the proper length of time to fit himself for college. Good scholarship requires good preparation; good preparation requires sufficient time, good application, and a good school. The student should have sufficient time to prepare, and, while doing so, should prepare in deed and in truth, should apply himself to his work, and not let his instructor do the work for him. But all this, at a poor school, may not amount to much. To those preparing

for Muhlenberg we especially recommend the Academic Department. Its course is so ar-ranged as to fit into the college course; its teachers are active, faithful, and experienced; and the school is in every respect worthy of patronage. Save your time and your money by attending this school, and get the benefit of instruction under teachers who make teach-ing their profession, not an experiment until something better turns up when they at once abandon it.

THERE is a subject upon which we feel ourselves constrained to speak. Whenever we appeal to our friends and students for contributions to our columns, we invariably get, instead of articles, their best wishes for our success and their sympathy for us in our difficulties. For your good wishes and your heartfelt (?) sympathy consider us duly grate-ful. But please do not forget the fact that something more is necessary to the existence of this journal. If then something else is necessary, from whom, we would like to know, should we expect it? Although your sympathy may be real, nevertheless it would do no harm to show it in a more substantial manner. Once before we have made an appeal in regard to this very point. Let us hope that circumstances will be such that there will be no need of another.

H EREAFTER, if any of the students de-sire to ventilate their opinions on any subject which would, at all, be of interest to our readers and of importance to those who are connected with Muhlenberg, we shall be happy to give them the privilege of immor-talizing themselves by sending in their com-munications for publication in our columns. We are even willing to dedicate a small por-tion of our space to such discussions. This is the official organ of our college, and, there-fore, ought to be open to every professor, student and alumnus. Of course, everything will be subject to our approval and must ap-pear over the writer's signature.

—Examine our advertising columns closely.



Education.

BY REV. S. E. OCHSENFORD, '76.

It is a well ascertained fact of Mental Philosophy that the mind grows, and grows by exercise. Hence the work of the educator, necessarily, is to lead it on step by step, from the simple to the complex, from the perspicuous to the more difficult, by means of a well-graded course, or curriculum. His office is to strengthen and improve the mind and to call forth into activity its every power—power of thought, affection and will; power to observe, reason, judge and contrive; power to adopt the good and pursue it; power to govern self and influence others; power to gain and spread happiness. The aim of this article is to present a few salient and important features of true education and apply them to the wants and necessities of our own time.

Webster defines education as "the drawing forth and cultivation of the human faculties;" Worcester, as "the act of developing and cultivating the various physical, intellectual and moral faculties; formation of the manners, and improvement of the mind." As thus defined, our subject includes instruction in the various arts and sciences, moral discipline and the whole training made use of for the improvement of the mind and the formation of character, all of which are essential to a well-regulated and successful life. This discipline should begin early in life. Here applies Pope's well-known couplet:

"'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

The work of education, therefore, is, according to the primary meaning of the word, to lead the young and undeveloped mind from the known to the unknown, to guide us in the process of being educated, through

the labyrinths of the unknown and difficult, advancing step by step until the unknown becomes, once more, the known; the difficult being clear as the step from which the pupil started.

The educator is the pilot who guides the vessel over the shoals and rapids of ignorance and lands it safely at the haven of true wisdom. Accordingly, true education consists in so exercising the undeveloped mind until it has become well-rounded and matured, capable of applying the principles learned and the knowledge acquired, to the duties of every-day life, until knowledge has become wisdom, or the ability to properly and rightly use the faculties of the mind for the common good.

The wise and beneficent Creator of our race has endowed all men with faculties, which, if properly cultivated, will make each individual a blessing to those in whose society his lot is cast. Here too the few exceptions prove the general rule. These faculties are the intellectual and moral capacities of man. With the one set of faculties we acquire, retain and extend our knowledge, as—perception, memory, imagination, judgment, etc.; with the other we are enabled to see the right or wrong side of any action, either of ourselves or others. These faculties are capable of unlimited cultivation.

The little child learns its first lessons by observations,—it *must* have object lessons. The knowledge, which it thus acquires, it is able to retain in its still undeveloped mind; and so, the object which it sees to-day and whose name and use it has learned, it will know again to-morrow. The youth, a little farther advanced, needs no longer the object lesson, but can acquire knowledge from the recorded observations and experiments of others, still farther advanced than himself. The young aspirant after knowledge, in the high-school, college, or university, is able by the development of his heaven-born faculties to dive deeper into the fountain of knowledge, and with his well-trained hand bring forth the jewels scattered there with a lavish hand. Thus we advance step by step, rise

from one plane of development to another until we can stand side by side with the intellectual giant, whose powerful grasp of intellect has enabled him to fathom some of the mysteries of the universe.

The moral training advances along the self-same course from the child to the man, from the savage, whose moral sensibilities have become so blunted that they are paralyzed and refuse to act, to the enlightened and sanctified saint among God's people, who knows the will of God, and prayerfully and unceasingly does it.

Now, what we want in our time is intellectually and morally well-trained men and women, who know what this age demands of them and are willing to do it. We need men and women who, according to the ancient proverb, have a sound mind in a sound body,—who know what belongs to the physical nature of man and to his heart, who know the laws of health and have the power of will to follow those laws.

We also need men and women whose intellectual faculties, those invaluable powers of man, have received a thorough training, who are able to grasp and solve the most difficult problems of our age—an age far in advance of all preceding ages in all the arts and sciences. The time, when allowance must be made for ignorance, has gone by. Illiteracy and American freedom do not belong together, dare not be allowed to stand side by side and cannot successfully guide our governmental chariot along its clearly-defined course. On the other hand, however, intelligence and that precious freedom and American institutions, of which we are justly proud, go hand in hand, and by their union will make us the envy of the civilized world. If we wish to retain our prominent position among the historical nations of the globe, retain the blood-bought freedom which we now so richly enjoy and still farther advance our privileges, and with these, our national prosperity, our homes must become intellectual centres, must have their libraries of choice literature, and every child must undergo a regular course of training so as to

have the mental faculties well-trained and thoroughly developed. The avarice of parents dare not keep the children and youth from school; but our schools, well-supported, well-equipped and well-salaried by the people, must become the centres, in each community to which the children and youth from each home stream as to a fountain to quench their thirst. It is a false policy to stint our schools and teachers and to frown upon the efforts made by some to advance the cause of education. In this matter we should be lavish. Some one has truly said, "Parents should do all but impoverish themselves to induce the best minds of the community to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good all their show and luxury should be sacrificed. Here they should be lavish, whilst they straiten themselves in every thing else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influence which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with pure and high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful and honorable part in the world. No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves its intellect, impoverishes its heart. There should be no false economy in education. Money should never be weighed against the soul of a child. It should be poured out like water for the child's intellectual and moral life." The value of education becomes manifest in the blessings and privileges which, like the refreshing showers on a hot summer-day, come to us, as a people, from the results of the labors of men whose intellectual faculties have been thoroughly developed.

But I dare not silently pass by the moral training so necessary to a well-balanced and successful life. To educate the mind and not the heart is mocking heaven. Our age needs educated men and women, but it needs men and women whose intellectual and moral faculties are equally developed, not one trained

to the neglect of the other. The trained intellect, apart from conscience, makes the villain; and undue strain of the moral faculties, without intellectual training, produces fanatics. In the education of the youth of our land, the instruction of the moral faculties ought not to be lost sight of. This belongs to the formation of character; indeed, it is the supreme pre-requisite. To see a bright intellect drowned in the sea of immorality and so debasing one of the noblest gifts of creation, is unutterably sad.

That system of education is defective which overlooks the moral training of the pupil,—the training so necessary to the proper use in life of the knowledge which has been acquired and the correct use of the powers of the mind, to whose development so much toil and patience has been devoted. A physical wreck is a sad sight, but a moral wreck is much more so; but this will be the inevitable result of all training unless it be on the basis of a true system of education. The intellect and conscience are to move on side by side, advance, ascend step after step, grade after grade until the well-trained, well-balanced, well-mannered man or woman steps out of the training-school into the world to take his or her place among the rest of the race, and by a well-regulated life prove a blessing instead of a curse.

The work of the educator is, therefore, a most important and responsible one; but it must necessarily also be a most delightful one. To lead the way to knowledge, influence and power, as well as to lead on to purity, blessedness and success, must be incomparably enchanting; and the labor and patience, necessary to the accomplishment of these results, must bring their own reward.

A Quiet Wedding.

H. B. STRODACH, '71.

In many country districts the custom of "belling" a newly married couple still obtains. A number of years ago when I was pastor of a country charge the companion of my joys and sorrows and sharer of my fees

had gone away on a visit, forcing me either to keep bachelor's hall or to take my meals at the village inn. I chose the latter as being the more likely way of getting something to eat. One day after the usual chicken dinner, a gentleman living about half a mile from the village asked me to meet him at the hotel that evening after dark. He would not explain the why or wherefore, but as I owed him nothing I agreed to do so. I was there. He came. "Take a walk with me, elder?" (they call all preachers elder up there.) I walked. Instead of going toward his house he went in the opposite direction, out of the village, circumvented it, climbed up a railroad bank about fifty feet high, entered and walked through a wood for about fifteen minutes and after walking nearly two miles brought up at the kitchen door of his own house. If murder had been intended, our movements could not have been more stealthy or mysterious. He opened the door, led the way to the "sitting room" (the cosiest of all rooms in a country home), introduced me to an old gentleman from Wilkesbarre, "who would like to see you" said my guide. More than sixty summers had passed over his head, taking a good deal of his hair along and bleaching what was left to a silvery white; straggly side whiskers, that wouldn't grow right, ornamented his thin cheeks; a pair of fiery little eyes, a thin nose, a long chin—that's the man, dressed up in a broad-cloth suit, a white necktie—and this man was a bridegroom!

"I'd like to be married, your riverance," said he.

"Ever married before?" "Yes, sir," says he, and old though he was, he was willing to try it again.

Up to this time I had seen no bride; but now a door opened and behold—a spinster from the village whom we all had "given up" (thought she hadn't) came into the room, arrayed—well, she outdid Solomon in all his glory. She was the bride. Though she had a house of her own in the village, though her brother owned the largest house in the place, they would not be married there—lest some-

body might hear of it, and give them a serenade. So here they were. He was sixty-two—she was fifty; he a widower who had tasted the bliss of married life—she a coy maiden anxious for its sweets; he five feet two and weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds—she nearly six feet and pulling down the beam at one hundred and fifty. All questions were satisfactorily answered, there were no impediments to their marriage, they were of age; there they stood before me, he nervous and excited as if about to enter on his first engagement with the enemy, she calm and self-possessed with a pretty maiden-blush upon her fifty year old cheek! Promptly came the "yes," and they were married. Happy they! The blissful bridegroom was just standing tiptoe and lifting up his head to take the first kiss from his new wife's lips when—*Bang—Boom—Bom*—noises terrific, sounds outrageous and diabolical, came from tin horns, tin pans, bells, horse fiddles, through doors and windows—in everywhere, from everywhere—Beldam had broken loose. The serenaders had watched us carefully; behind every tree and outbuilding they had been hiding; noiselessly had they surrounded the house, patiently had they waited till "amen" was said—and then—then came such music as Wagner never dreamed of though some of his is surely bad enough.

The bridal kiss was not taken just then. Wild with excitement the bridegroom danced around the room wringing his hands and asking "what shall I do, what shall I do?" There is only one remedy in such a case, and that remedy was applied.

We led him to the door. As politely as he could he "thanked" the friends for their attention, gave five dollars to the leader to take his band down to the village-pump, there to cool off their ardor.

What a blessing it is, that in this enlightened community bridal parties may come and may go with none to molest them nor make them afraid!

What an encouragement this ought to be to all who still are looking forward to a wedding day, to hurry it up—before the fashion changes.

MEDITATION.

BY PEREGRINE JONES, '88.

Oft as I sit in silent thought
Communing with my soul,
Words I have said, deeds I have wrought,
Across my mem'ry roll.

Of friends, of foes, of love and hate
I make a close review;
To right my wrongs ere 'tis too late,
Ere old things change to new.

Yet not alone the past I see,
But, deep into the gloom,
I pierce to find what still may be
Even beyond the tomb.

O Meditation, welcome hour,
Thou art my greatest joy!
When naught thou bringest but the flower—
The good without alloy.

To laugh is not the only thing
That proves a happy heart;
Oft do the bells of mem'ry ring,
Oft they sweet tunes impart.

But, bane of pleasure, must it be
That thou must enter life!
Why must fierce storms enrage the sea,
And peace be changed to strife?

What? Dost thou say that care must come—
Each life must taste of woe?
Sorrow and pleasure make the sum
Of this life here below?

Perhaps 'tis best it should be so;
Perhaps a constant smile
Would never warm or let us know
That there is sin and guile.

Then let me often meditate,
It is no idle thing
Deep mysteries to penetrate,
To make them profit bring.



Reminiscences of Muhlenberg

BY A MEMBER OF '85.

The discussion was upon the question whether college days were the most pleasant part of a man's life. The contestants rose to the attack. Thrust and counter-thrust was made, only to be parried by the poignant comment of the opponent. Fierce and sharp was the contest of words wielded by us

youthful Ciceros. Peace came at last and the affirmers found themselves vanquished. The days of childhood and heedless, innocent merriment were adjudged the *dies gladii* in the course of life. What intoxication of enjoyment had so blinded us as to render us oblivious of our being ! Were we not then in a circle of happiness so that the halo which surrounded us seemed to be the happy moments of the past and future instead of being an emission from the passing time ? College life is often cheerless enough, a depressing routine of work claiming the undivided attention of the student. But then come those sunny gleams of fellowship through these murky clouds of toil. This friendly intercourse of young men with kindred aims, be they for mischief or social improvement, is what makes college endurable; for, were it not for this, we would be consumed by that gnawing canker of our peace—nostalgia. But, you may say, these are not reminiscences. Yet surely they are, for out of such associations grow all incidents, worthy (it may be unworthy) of remembrance.

I am not about to recount the events recorded by the historian of my class, yet how shall I write about college reminiscences if I am not to mention some of them ? How well do I remember the momentous discussions which marked our class-meetings ! Those scenes are but as of yesterday in my mind. They, themselves, are past; but they produced results which are by no means transient. In shaping the policy of our class, there was nurtured a certain freedom of thought and action, definite opinions on many subjects were formed, which unfolded our manhood and made us competent to engage in the sterner conflicts of life. We feel confident that our deliberations thus improved us, whether engaged upon the question, "what to do with any member who had been adjudged guilty of the heinous (?) crime of having acted contrary to the express instructions of the class," or upon the appointments for class day, or the still more (?) important position of toast master for our

several banquets. These latter, together with the trips, botanical, mineralogical or otherwise, did more to cement the feelings and pursuits of the class into one harmonious whole than the many hours spent over the same lesson and in the same recitation room. Who can foretell the glorious results of such a brotherly love, so strong as to cling to each through life ?

Speaking of trips vividly recalls those made by that jolly dozen, known as the Glee Club. How our spirits fell over the failure (financially) of our first entertainment, and how rapidly they rose again when our manager had squared accounts with the lessor and sole stockholder of the hall in which it was given ! What a change several glasses of "the friendly" will make in an old man's generosity was, in this case, demonstrated to our intense satisfaction. The second attempt was characterized by the great success attained by the warblers, the return in the night when the mercury was tenderly caressing the omicron of thermometric calculations and the endeavors at each station to get hot bricks so as to maintain the blood at its normal temperature. Nor dare we forget to mention the circle of young ladies who solicited our aid in making their annual receptions a success. We wonder whether they ever suspected how very gladly we accepted their invitations. Those rehearsals, consisting of one hour's practice, another of conversation and several more of social games, are still bright in our memory.

The literary societies of Muhlenberg claim considerable attention on the part of its students. The healthy rivalry between the two, in our day, awakened and promoted many of the hidden resources in their members; for there was warfare not only in procuring new men but also in elevating the standard of each society in every manner imaginable. The number of the books in the libraries was wonderfully increased. The aesthetic faculties were aroused and then fully satisfied by improvements in the fixtures and furniture of the halls. The inner workings of both were bettered by the thorough revision and adap-

tation to the societies' wants, of the several constitutions, some estimable features being incorporated in them. Yea, so ardent were we in this matter that we induced even the faculty to take some action in our behalf and make the connection with either society compulsory for every student, debarring from graduation all non-payers of dues. Recalling such labor fills the hearts of alumni with honest pride, and gives them a lasting claim to membership in "their society."

But there are other events in a student's life that he does not desire to have noised abroad, at least, not his connection with them while he is yet at college. The many pranks and practical jokes in which he took part ever remain fresh in his memory, although in his riper judgment he blushes at the remembrance of some of them. We could mention enough tricks to fill one edition of the *MONTHLY*, but we wish to spare the feelings of the public and therefore will forbear. We will, however, mention several which were open secrets among the friends of "the boys." Hallow-een nights never passed by unimproved. At such times the results of our midnight operations were not calculated to preserve the equanimity of our worthy janitor. A large telephone pole having intruded itself upon our front campus and thereby disarranged the fence, we concluded to take summary vengeance upon it by using it as kindling wood. For this purpose it was quietly moved, one night, into the hall, in front of the janitor's apartments. The authorities took a different view of the matter and had it removed. Serenades to the pretty inmates incarcerated in our sister institution were never out of season, and many are the trophies carried from there in the shape of bouquets, trimmings from hats, trinkets and what not, though it often had to be done under the eyes, yea, even under the heavy cane of its irate principal.

We shall mention another reminiscence which we wish had never happened and which, were it not for the sake of the present and succeeding classes at our *alma mater*, we would rather not mention. It is the neglect

which was heaped upon that grand old German language and its literature. It is a dark blot on the college record of the several classes of our time that they paid so little attention to this historic tongue. Those of us, who now see the need of that noble language more clearly than we did then, regret the time wasted that should have been employed in its diligent study. Upon our own heads falls the blame when our miserable idioms betray only a smattering knowledge of the language.

This recollection alone, of all that are connected with our course in Muhlenberg, is fraught with regrets. It so plainly reminds us of time forever lost and of opportunities unpardonably neglected. I say unpardonably, for Muhlenberg excels most other institutions of learning in the advantages afforded for the study of the German. Let then the students who are now in college profit by our experience, and do their duty nobly and faithfully.

NOT ON THE OLD DOMESTIC PLAN.

She'd a great and varied knowledge, picked up at a female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics, very fast.

She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a leather cushion, all the logies of the colleges and the knowledge of the past.

She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians and Mexicans, their theology, anthropology, and geology, o'er and o'er.

She knew all the forms and features of the prehistoric creatures — ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, megalosaurus, and many more.

She'd describe the ancient Suscans, and the Basques and the Etruscans, their griddles and their kettles, and the victuals that they gnawed.

She'd discuss—the learned charmer—the theology of Brahmah, and the scandals of the Vandals, and sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants, and the master minds of science, all the learning that was turned in the burning mind of man.

But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner, or get up a decent supper for her poor and hungry papa, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.—Keystone.

School-masters' Convention.

On the 26th of November about one hundred school-masters met at the University of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of discussing questions of importance and interest to those who are engaged in preparing young men for college. On Friday afternoon Prof. Edmund James, of the University of Pennsylvania, read a very able paper on "Professional Training of Teachers for our Higher Schools and Colleges," which elicited considerable discussion. In the evening the members of the convention attended the banquet given them by the University, at which many good things were eaten and more good things were said. On Saturday morning Prof. Andrew F. West, of Princeton, read an excellent paper on "How to Improve Our Classical Education." After this the members boarded the train for Haverford College, where they spent the afternoon as guests of that institution. During their stay they were served to a dinner which *memoria tenebitur*. The result of this first meeting is an organization called "The School-masters' Association" which is to meet in Philadelphia five times a year. The object is to make the men engaged in preparing boys for college better acquainted with their fellow-teachers and their work; and, as some of the very best and oldest teachers belong to it, it must prove a great benefit to its members and the cause of education in general. Among its members are the following Muhlenbergians: O. J. G. Schaad, of Germantown Academy; Francis E. Lewis, of Schwartz's Academy, Bethlehem; and George T. Ettinger, of our Academic Department.

A NEW FEATURE IN WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.—The publishers of Webster have recently added to the Unabridged a "Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World, containing over 25,000 Titles, briefly describing the countries, cities, towns, and natural features of every part of the Globe." It covers a hundred pages.

—Solicit subscriptions for the MONTHLY.

Sophronia's Open Meeting.

The following is the programme for the open meeting of the Sophronian Literary Society, which will be held on the evening of the 11th of January:

Music	Orchestra
Prayer	
Music	Orchestra
Salutatory	T. F. German
Song	Junior Quartette
Essay	John Horine
Selection	J. F. Lambert
Music	Orchestra
Oration	Reuben J. Butz
Song	Junior Quartette
Selection	J. H. Raker
Essay	George Gebert
Music	Orchestra
Budget	J. W. Richards
Music	Orchestra

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—Resting under the firm conviction, that every student of Muhlenberg should aid the MONTHLY as far as in each one's power lies, we would suggest that the students could with propriety spend some of the leisure moments of their vacation in securing their pastors and friends as subscribers, and we therefore respectfully submit the following:

Any one, securing *one* subscriber, will deserve and receive our thanks.

Any one, who will procure *two* subscribers, we will vote a royal good fellow.

The names of all such persons, as will be so fortunate as to procure *three*, will be published in our columns.

Finally, to one securing *four*, we will mail this paper gratis for one year.

Please apply immediately for sample copies. We shall endeavor to supply the big demand which, no doubt, will result in consequence of this announcement. Do your duty, boys!

—Fashion wears out more clothes than man.

—Fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.—*Longfellow*.

Gossip.

—The MONTHLY wishes all the students a "big time" during the coming Christmas vacation.

* * *

—What a pity it is that Muhlenberg no longer has a good glee club. Such an organization could furnish music during the whole Senior Lecture Course.

* * *

—Would it not be well to have hooks in the different recitation rooms for our hats and coats? This would obviate the necessity of littering benches and tables with them.

* * *

—We hope that another system will soon be adopted with reference to the college library. It ought to be thrown open to the students at specified periods as the Society libraries are.

* * *

—The Fall term of '86 is drawing to a close, and, (*horribile dictu*) with the approach of the holidays, that detested bane of student-life—examinations—is causing many a poor soul to quake in his boots.

* * *

—We suppose that the Freshmen are aware that precedent requires them to purchase *two* season tickets for the Lecture Course. If they are a little short at that time, they can draw on the business manager of this journal. This is for their edification.

* * *

—Each of the two lower classes claims to have the better orators. Why not decide this important question by a contest. Several of those abstractions of justice and wisdom—Seniors—could possibly be secured as judges.

* * *

—The Faculty has taken a decided stand against class initiations. Hereafter, all who participate in initiating a new member, will be politely requested to betake themselves (for any length of time that the authorities may designate) to pastures new and climes more congenial to their health.



—A

—Merry

—Christmas.

—Before us—examinations.

—No more class initiations.

—Is it geometry that gives Raker such profound thoughts?

—The IX. ode of the third book of Horace made a lasting impression on the Sophs.

—What the Freshmen don't know about running a journal is not worth knowing.

—Views of the buildings and grounds were lately taken by a prominent photographer.

—One of the Preps. is under a cruel ban. No money is to be loaned to him any more.

—Freshman.—If a Vassar girl changes her sex, what would be her religion? A he-then. Oh!!!

—The high spirits of the dashy Freshmen seem to have abated. Was it the December winds that silenced them?

—The First Ward Mission Sunday-school will hold its Christmas festival on Tuesday evening before Christmas.

—The Choral Union, of which a number of our students are members, will hold a grand concert on Friday evening, December 17.

—That man proposes but woman disposes was recently very forcibly illustrated in the case of one of our Freshies. So says rumor.

—The teachers of the First Ward Mission Sunday-school will tender a vote of thanks to the county for the fine walk over the Jordan bridge.

—There is an old adage that handsome women are dangerous. This explains why so many of our students are so eager to court danger.

—Last year's system of examinations has been abolished and now the mystery is again to be inflicted on us mortals three times a year.

—One of the Seniors trying to repeat some scripture passages was heard to say: "There is no speech nor language in which Freshmen are not heard."

—The Freshmen were the most conspicuous figures at the institute. Their object was to show that they were *the Freshmen*. They were successful.

—The Sophs lately expelled one of their members from the class for calling them snides. Another martyr to the truth for posterity to emulate.

—Our sympathies are with the poor creatures who will be compelled to listen to all the Christmas speeches which "the boys" are writing at present.

—A large number of the Sophs. derive their support from literature. However, it is by selling out "animals" to the deluded and victimized Freshies.

—Office-seekers around Muhlenberg are scarce. Nearly all the offices must go begging except that of treasurer. This has plenty of applicants.

—The Junior quartette is in distress. It is not yet engaged for Christmas and has no great prospect for receiving a call. Will nobody take pity on it.

—The open meeting of the Sophronian Literary Society has been postponed. It will now be held on the evening of the second Friday of next term.

—The class of '90 is anticipating the pleasures of a sleigh-ride. Go to Kutztown, boys. Plenty of inducements (no cobs) and attractions (a normal school.)

—The "crack" musical organization of '88, known as the Junior Quartette, will participate in a sacred concert which is to be held at Mountainville in the near future. O Mountainville, Mountainville, what great crime have thine inhabitants been guilty of that this great affliction should fall upon them!

—If some of the Juniors do not select a better place in which to practice their songs, we advise them to get their lives insured and bid this mundane sphere adieu.

—The Senior Lecture Committee are at present in correspondence with one of the greatest statesmen of America. The prospects of securing him are encouraging.

—Harry Schindel Snyder (to Senior)—"Do they only take Senior year into account in awarding first honor?" Senior—"Yes." H. S. S.—"Then I sha'n't bother about it this year."

—Lo and behold that paradoxical class (Freshman) have immortalized themselves by adopting a class yell. It sounds rather wheezy and ragged and we could do better ourselves. Here it is: Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, '90!

—It is entirely a matter of opinion whether the study of Ethics is conducive to good morals. When a Senior spends three hours in the preparation of one lesson and then "flunks," it can at least be called into question.

—On Monday afternoon, December 6, the Lutheran Pastoral Association and the Church Messenger Association met in Dr. Seip's recitation-room. After the exercises were over, a grand collation was tendered them by the Doctor.

—One of our professors would like to institute military discipline in the Sophomore class—the discipline which is typical of the "stars and stripes." "The stripes," he says, "he would lay on their backs and then they would see stars."

—The Freshmen are in a quandary. They do not know whether a class hat, or pin, would most conclusively show the world that they are Freshmen. We would say that nothing is necessary. People can always tell a Freshman by his looks.

—Preps. versus Turkey.—On Thanksgiving Day, the Preps., in company with their faculty, made a terrible onslaught on two turkeys. As some have been incapacitated for work ever since, the turkeys may be said to have had their revenge.

—In a heated discussion, lately, one student advised another "to hie himself to the Lehigh and devoid himself of all life." The phrase has not been copy-righted.

—We deeply sympathize with several of the Freshmen who in their financial incapacity prevailed upon their girls to take them to a ten-cent opera. Under such embarrassments we feel anew the force of the old ballad, "Not a penny in his pocket," etc.

—Several weeks ago, a young man from Philadelphia lectured to an Allentown audience on "An Evening with the Witty and the Wise." A prominent feature of his lecture was the manner in which he ridiculed colleges and college graduates, simply because it was all sour grapes to him. Should he ever appear here again, every son of Muhlenberg will know how to receive a man with such opinions.

College Personals.

. Saeger, '90, is the youngest man in college.

. Schettler is president of the Sophronian Society.

. J. W. Richards, '87, lately delivered an address at Mountainville.

. Ralph Metzger, '88, has been sick for some time past. He is rapidly convalescing.

. Sophronia's sub-editors are E. Ritter and Horine; Euterpea's, Gerberich and Eberts.

. Snyder H. recently distinguished himself by catching a runaway horse on Hamilton street.

. "True charity consists in deeds not words," said Lambert, '88, and then he kissed her.

. As initiations are a thing of the past, Pflueger, '90, would not object to being matriculated.

. The Phi Gam's will, in the near future, tender another of their enjoyable sociables to their friends. Within the past year this fraternity has initiated eight men and is in a most flourishing condition.

. Deily frequently walks past the Fem. Sem., but he never looks up at the windows. O no, not he!

. It is rumored that Rauch, '90, is writing a series of Christmas speeches which he sells to his classmates.

. At Madison University the students are forbidden to marry. How does that strike you, friend Kuehner?

. Ritter, '90, says that he has reached his climax—that he cannot ascend any higher. That sounds Freshmanic.

. Happy Coleman! He says that a rival called on his girl seven evenings in a week and got left every time.

. Beware of Kramlich, boys. Since his last visit to the classic precincts of Kutztown he is the possessor of a big gun.

. One of our Preps. boasts that he can make 98 in lying every time. We, ourselves, always thought he was something of a liar.

. Deily, '90, feels slighted because he was not put on the committee of arrangements at the F. M. S. S. Such grand opportunities missed!

. C. J. Schaadt and F. M. Seip, '87, have been elected editors-in-chief. Mr. Schaadt, who is our present business manager, will, in all probability, resign the editorship.

. Yingling has now reached the height of his ambition. He has been elected president of the most wonderful class that has ever had the honor of treading Muhlenberg's halls—the Freshmen class.

. G. E. Schettler, '87, is endeavoring to entice several of the students into the Hanover Mission. Charming damsels are not among the least of his inducements. We always wondered what made George so regular in his attendance.

. The other day Brown, '87, heard a terrible noise in one of the lower tier of rooms, as of some one sawing wood. Stepping out into the hall in order to see who so flagrantly violated the rules of the institution, he found that it was several of the Juniors practicing a Christmas melody.

. Sam. Weaver, '90, invariably buys kisses for his girl whenever they happen to stray into a restaurant. Its so suggestive, you know, when you get to the garden gate.

. The class of '87 has supplied most of the business managers for the last three years. To the indefatigable labors of Messrs. German, Butz, Schaadt and Brown the financial success of the MONTHLY is, in a large measure, due. Hurrah for '87!

. Keedy, '89, complains that there is not enough discrimination between the initials of his name and several that resemble it. He, therefore, desires us to impress upon all that his name is Wyatt M. Keedy, Esq., of the Sophomore class of M. C.

. Gerberich, '88, and Raker, '89, are enriching themselves by giving stereopticon exhibitions. During Christmas vacation they expect to travel through Lebanon county, exhibiting at eight different places. They also sell pictures of the college.

College Bell-Taps.

—Harvard, Yale, Cornell and Princeton have daily papers.

—There are 365 colleges and 119 college papers in the United States.

—Madison University has forbidden its students to marry during the course.

—The new gymnasium at Bowdoin is heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

—The degree of A. B. was conferred on 233 candidates last year by Harvard.

—At some of the western colleges examinations are held without any previous notice.

—Columbia College has added twenty thousand volumes to its library during the last two years.

—Cornell University no longer requires a compulsory attendance upon recitations and lectures.

—There were over one thousand applications for admission to the College of the City of New York.

—The Universities of the Pacific coast are endeavoring to form an inter-collegiate baseball association.

—William H. Vanderbilt's sons have given \$250,000 to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York.

—Harvard has a course of lectures on socialism in addition to the instruction on free trade and protective tariff.

—The University of Jena has received a bequest of \$75,000 to be applied to zoological research upon Darwin's theory of evolution.

—The marking system has been abolished at Harvard, and the classes are divided into the respective grades,—excellent, good, fair and conditioned.

—A student at Dickinson, while playing foot-ball, received injuries which resulted in death. Three others were expelled for disorderly conduct.

—Harvard is the largest college in the country; Oberlin comes second, and Columbia has fallen to third place; Michigan is fourth and Yale fifth.

—A man named Dwight has been elected president of Yale College. He is said to be a man of considerable ability, but, strange as it may seem, he is almost entirely unknown in sporting circles.—*Ex.*

—The University of Texas has an endowment of over \$2,000,000 acres of land valued at \$2 an acre, and about \$600,000 in bonds. It bids fair to take a leading place among southern educational institutions.

—The historical order in which the universities, in which the German language is employed, were founded is the following: Prague, 1348; Vienna, 1365; Heidelberg, 1386; Leipzig, 1409; Freiburg, 1453; Greifswald, 1456; Basel, 1460; Munich, 1472; Tuebingen, 1477; Marburg, 1527; Koenigsberg, 1544; Jena, 1558; Strassburg, 1567 (re-established 1872); Wuerzburg, 1592; Giessen, 1607; Dorpat, 1632; Kiel, 1665; Halle, 1695; Breslau, 1702; Goettingen, 1737; Erlangen, 1743; Berlin, 1810; Bonn, 1818; Zurich, 1833; Bern, 1834.

Arts and Letters.

Eight hundred Japs. are pursuing the Chautauqua course.

Vanadium, one of the rarest metals, costs \$10,000 per pound.

"Ben-Hur," by Gen. Lew. Wallace, has been translated into German.

President McCosh, though seventy-six years of age, still spends ten hours per day at study and work.

Prof. Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, has written a new book on "A Plain Man's Talk on the Labor Question."

The German government has ordered the establishment of chairs in Hygiene in all the universities of the empire.

The Smithsonian Institute will, in the near future, ask Congress for \$250,000 for beginning the construction of a new building.

Shakespeare's life and works have called forth comment to the extent of about 10,000 varied volumes. William was a good deal of a man.

Ex-President Noah Porter, of Yale College, assisted by one hundred associate editors and clerks, is getting out a revised edition of Webster's dictionary.

The public has paid for Appleton's "American Cyclopaedia" in its various editions, including annual supplements, nearly \$15,000,000. The number of sets sold is 129,000, aggregating 2,600,000 volumes.

Dessert.

President Arthur's last words were "Good-night."

The other day a man called his stomach "Hades," because, as he said, it is the place of departed spirits.

Brown.—"Hello, Jones! How's your wife?" Jones (a little deaf).—"Very blustering and disagreeable again this morning."

A woman always tells a secret to some one because she is afraid she might die and then there would be no one left to keep it.

Capital fellow—the millionaire.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie," and half of it is an "if."

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to eight hundred different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when he goes to class.

It has been discovered that the character of dreams depends upon which side the sleeper lies. The dreams of a lawyer, who habitually lies on both sides, must be very much mixed.

France has one lawyer to every 4,762 of its population; Germany one to every 6,428; while the State of New York, with its population of 5,000,000, has 11,000, or one to every 455.

Senior (to servant at the door).—"Is Miss Brown at home?"

Servant.—"She's engaged."

Senior.—"I know it. I'm what she's engaged to."

"Do you think I could mould public opinion?" as an aspiring young politician of a veteran in the profession. "Perhaps you might," said the other; "some of the stories you introduced in your speech seemed a little mouldy."

"How can I leave thee?" he gently murmured, as the clock tolled one. "Ask me something easy," she yawned. "Pa's at the front door with the shot-gun, and the dog's loose in the back yard." He went up through the coal hole.

Father (looking over report).—"What does this mean, my son,—must pass another examination?" Son.—"Well, you see, several of us are trying for first in that branch, and our papers were so nearly alike that we must pass another examination."—*Ex.*

First Division Prep's Soliloquy.—Julius Cæsar was a great man. He was a great soldier and a very fair politician; but I always thought it rather absurd of him to write a book for beginners in Latin. Positively, I think it has injured his reputation.

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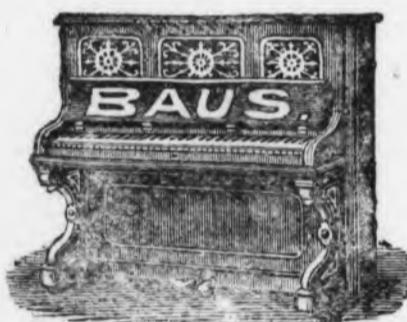
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"LITTERAE SINE INGENIO VANAEE."

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Editorials.

WE take pleasure in introducing Messrs. Frank M. Seip and Preston R. Dry as the next editors-in-chief. They have our best wishes for their success.

THE students, of late, have exhibited a little too much reluctance to accept positions on the editorial staff on account of the amount of work entailed. Why is this, gentlemen? Although an editor's lot is not a happy one, although he daily meets with innumerable disappointments and difficulties, yet the experience, which comes as the result of the work, amply rewards him for all his trouble. Next time, don't be backward, boys. Wade right in, for you will never regret it.

WOULD it not be well, at the end of every collegiate year, to publish an index of the preceding volume? It would be very convenient in referring to any article in future years, and it would not entail as much expense as the system which was pursued last year. To afford space for doing this, the June number might be somewhat increased in size. Let our successors give the matter all the consideration it deserves.

THE past year has seen many improvements inaugurated at Muhlenberg. The latest meets with the hearty approval of the students. It is the change made with regard to examinations. Hereafter, examinations will be inflicted upon us at the end of the first and third sessions only. The Seniors, of course, will have theirs immediately preceding the Senior vacation. However, in the case of the two lower classes, on both occasions, there will be an increase in the number of branches in which they will be examined, so that, in reality, they will have just as much work as heretofore. They now see the advantage of being an upper classman.

THERE will be no scarcity of lectures during the present year. Besides those which will be given under the auspices of the Seniors, there will be another series. When, in our last issue, we suggested the propriety of having a course in Chapel, similar to the one of last year, we were not aware that the faculty had already decided upon the step. Four lecturers have been secured, and they will appear during April and May. Dr. H. E. Jacobs, of the Lutheran Theological Seminary of Philadelphia, will speak on "A Christian Odyssey;" Rev. G. D. Bernheim, D. D., of Pittsburgh, on "Church History;"

Rev. J. F. Ohl, '71, of Quakertown, on "Church Music;" and Dr. Wm. F. Muhlenberg, '69, of Reading, on "Hygiene." We are confident that all will enjoy the treat.

THE readers of the *MONTHLY* have doubtless noticed the names of the lecturers who have been secured for the Senior Course, and must surely have admired the excellent choice made by the class. We are now able to give the names of all the lecturers, together with all the subjects but one, and all the dates of the lectures. Rev. Henry M. Kieffer will begin the course, on January 18, with an admirable discourse on "Angels in Stone." E. H. Magill, President of Swarthmore College, will follow, on February 1, with an interesting and instructive thesis on "Teaching as a Profession and How to Prepare for It." Prof. E. D. Shimer will favor us, on February 11, with an entertaining lecture on "Scum." February 15 has been assigned to James M. Beck, Esq., the "silver-tongued" orator of the Philadelphia bar. His subject we are not yet able to announce. Washington's birthday can be suitably celebrated by going to hear the eloquent Hon. Marriott Brosius on "Wet the Ropes." On March 1, Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., will fittingly conclude this course by a most pleasing and instructive lecture on "Yellowstone Park." The Seniors can truly be proud of their course and may rightly expect to reap a good harvest.

WHENEVER any of our subscribers change their place of residence, they should inform us immediately of the fact. As it is now, they never do this, and consequently very often do not receive the *MONTHLY* regularly. But whose fault is it? Certainly not ours. They should blame nobody but themselves. As far as we know, our business managers have no faculties by means of which they may know by intuition where such and such a man is sojourning for the time being. If they would always drop us a postal, there would be no ground for complaints. Of course, mistakes will occasionally happen; but, whenever a name has been

overlooked in mailing, we are always ready to supply additional copies.

OUR work is completed. The official guillotine has descended and severed our connection with the editorial staff of the *MONTHLY*. At last we have reached that goal for the attainment of which we, for five long months, have been striving. We have patiently waited and earnestly longed for this day of our release and yet, now, when the hour is at hand, we are loathe to lay down the staff of office—loathe to give way to another. Ever since the day of our election, by far the largest part of our leisure moments have been passed in scheming and planning for the promotion of the welfare of this journal, so much has it become a part of our every thought that, although we may no longer be of the number of Muhlenberg's undergraduates, although the duties of a busy professional or business career may occupy us, we shall always look forward, with anxious expectancy, to the day when we shall receive this monthly visitor from the halls of our *alma mater*. We have striven to fulfill all the promises made in the beginning. We have endeavored to please. Have we succeeded? Friends, judge us not too harshly. We were compelled to cater to many different people, and it was hard to please everyone. If we have been guilty of shortcomings, we hope, that the recollection of our honest intentions may afford a slight apology for the fault. But we doubt not the forbearance of our readers. We have sufficient proof of their good will in the past, and we bespeak the same hearty co-operation for our successors. May the students, alumni and friends of Muhlenberg College, unite with the editors and keep the *MONTHLY* among the foremost of college papers, so that it shall ever reflect credit upon themselves, and honor upon the institution which it represents.

—He that is afraid of solemn things has probably some solemn reason to be afraid of them.—*Spurgeon*.



Elements of Eloquence.

BY WM. F. BOND.

We are living in an age of inquiry,—an age of analysis and synthesis. We are not contented with merely knowing that a thing exists, but we want to know the *how*, the *why* and the *wherefore*. The botanist is not satisfied with the name of a flower, but he wants to know its use, reasons for its shape, color, odor, contents, etc. The ancients believed that air, earth, fire and water, were simple, undecomposable elements. Through the research of modern philosophy, however, we know that each of these is again composed of several, simpler elements. Not only can we separate matter into its elements, but unite these again in various ways, forming new and useful compounds. Thus, as simple an article, apparently, as a piece of chalk, is mainly composed of carbon, calcium and oxygen. These may all be separated, their properties studied singly, and then united by the process of synthesis, so that the whole is chalk again. But, since the majority of the readers of the MONTHLY care not for chalk, let us proceed to discuss something of more immediate interest to them than dusty, school-room chalk.

Everything, in the material world, has its counterpart in the intellectual. So it is with eloquence. But what is eloquence? Well, it is a certain something resembling chalk in this respect, that the one who truly possesses it, and knows how to handle it, can make his "mark,"—a mark not on a hard blackboard surface, but, may be, on a hard, black soul. He can at least write some legible inscriptions on tender hearts and sensitive minds.

Strictly speaking, however, eloquence is not a thing, but a quality. It is that prop-

erty by which a speaker is enabled to express himself with ease, grace and force. Then, by metonymy, the word implies the substance thus uttered, as "elevated and forcible thought, expressed in well chosen language." True eloquence is a dexterity like that of a practiced pianist, enabling its possessor to strike, not the keys of seven octaves, but to touch the heart strings of millions, uniting them to harmonious action, making them resound with the sweet music of the soul. It is a power by which one man can mould the wills of many to do deeds, noble, patriotic, sublime! Who, then, would not possess this quality? It is to be had. But in order to acquire it, one must be familiar with its elements. Then let us take this valuable quality into our mental laboratory, and analyze it. To do this, permit us once more to return to our chalk. We stated that it is composed mainly of carbon, calcium and oxygen.

These three material elements are the counterparts of the "Elements of Eloquence." It is by means of these concrete, that we wish to disentangle the abstract.

Carbon constitutes the main bulk, and is the *basis* of chalk. It is a non-metallic, combustible element,—that upon which fire can feed.

Calcium is a metallic element, giving rigidity, strength and form to the whole. It also gives an intense light, when brought to incandescence in the flame of a compound of oxygen and hydrogen gases.

Oxygen, the third component part mentioned, is an energetic, heat-emitting, life-preserving agent.

Now, having put these three material substances into our crucible, by pouring on a little oil of imagination, and applying some heat of reasoning and association, we shall soon see our abstract elements come forth.

Knowledge is the first and most important element to all speech. It is the *basis* of eloquence,—the combustible substance upon which the intellectual fires feed. Thought must or *should* precede utterance; but how can there be thought, if there are no facts

to think about? Eloquence is nothing more than the flowing out of that which is within. But out of an empty brain eloquence can no more flow than orange juice out of a dry cork.

Hence the first step in acquiring eloquence is to acquire knowledge. Facts, liberal views, broadened ideas, theories and principles, are what constitute this first element.

But mere knowledge, without *judgment* and *will*, is like a body without a skeleton, having no form, no force. "Knowledge is power," says Lord Bacon; but, only, when it bears powerfully on the point in question. A smattering of facts, like a scattered army without a general, is *no* "power." Will and judgment are the calcium, metallic element in eloquence, giving rigidity form and life to knowledge. Facts must be straightened out, arranged, compared. One reason why some speakers are not impressive, is, because their eloquence has not backbone enough. Their chalk has not sufficient calcium to endure the pressure for increasing the friction.

Eloquence is brilliant; but it is only so by reason of its calcium light. It is only when the soul of the speaker is heated to incandescence by the flames of truth and sympathy, that eloquence shines forth in all its glory and intensity.

The combustion of pure gas, with no solid particles in its composition, produces great heat, but little light. So it is with eloquence. Unless there is some solid earnestness to be made aglow, however strong the emotion, it is then a mere ignition of "gas" with great heat of excitement, but no light of truth.

Eloquence, without this second element of cool *judgment* and *will*, is like a geyser making a noise and a hissing and a fuss, but issuing no nourishing, health-giving water. The steam only scalds and terrifies.

There is one more very important element to be noticed. This, like oxygen, is a sprightly, energetic, life-giving element. Our Saviour, the Teacher of all teachers, the most eloquent of all speakers, made use of it. It is *imagination*.

Without this creative, life-breathing element, speech of any kind is as dull and

heavy as the minds of an audience in a poorly ventilated room, after all the oxygen has been exhausted.

Imagination deals with truth as well as fiction. The Bible is *the* book of truth and wisdom, but it is also a book of *imagination*. In no other work do we find more beautiful imagery wrought out in exquisite forms by word paintings. There is picture above picture, and picture below picture, and picture beside picture—representations and prefigurations without number. Figurative speech is the most pleasing, as well as the most forcible way of impressing truth; but all rhetorical figures are the product of the imagination.

Tell the history of human life in simple language, and you have a tame, dry category of facts. But allow your mind to soar aloft into the free air of imagination, tell the same story with equal truthfulness in an illustrative or allegorical style, and you have a picture that fills your auditors with pleasure and delight.

Eloquence need not necessarily be spoken language. Useful, edifying, burning thoughts may be communicated in other ways. A railroad bridge goes down, or the track is impaired by some other mishap. The telegraphic "tick, tick, tick" informs the next station agent of the danger ahead. The train is prevented from meeting a terrible wreck. So may soul-stirring thoughts be dispatched on paper, though not with the same rapidity, and send along the different roads of life, where vocal eloquence is too weak and *rare* to teach, and many a soul be saved from a terrible, *eternal* wreck! We may imagine such a thing as an eloquent pen. Homer and Chaucer made use of the pen with the liveliest imagination in depicting human character by illustrations most singular. True eloquence is not showy; it generally expresses big ideas in little words. The three elements mentioned are not all the ones that enter into the composition of eloquence, but they are the most important. He, who possesses these, can at least be highly useful. Let us, then, dear reader, strive

to acquire these elements, unite them by the process of synthesis and form a golden crayon, so that we may write living words on living pages.

Learning to Write.

BY REV. WM. H. MYERS, '73.

When a student once sees himself in print, he feels that he has attained to something. There is nothing in the round of college feats that gives him such quiet satisfaction as when he awakens to the knowledge that the gems of his mind have been thought worthy of publication. It is a most natural instinctive feeling, without which the student at college never can have the appreciation of the highest concomitant of a complete education. To be able to compose well is an accomplishment, and to become a popular writer is an achievement of a very high order. The college student should have risen above the drudge of essay-writing which is the bugbear of common schools. To him, the exercise of putting thoughts into written sense, as evolved from his own deductive powers, should be a pleasure—a luxury.

Taking for granted that the college student does cherish the virtues and accomplishments of the author, and does dream of and long for the same high honor of mental prowess, we will presume to plant in his way a few guide-posts which are intended to point thither. The undergraduate reads books—he is ambitious to read the master works. A book, even by the student, can be enjoyed simply as he would enjoy a cool breeze on a hot summer day,—it is purely an enjoyment in the moment and for the moment. Most reading of books is done just that way, for the excitement and relief it affords. If you know yourself you can have books to your varied moods, as you can have dishes to your varied appetites. But to the student books must be a school rather than an amusement. He finds the author a master of word-painting, a scholar in his art conception. He probes the shadings of thought and detects the genius of word threading. It is neces-

sary for one who would learn to write to have a blank book by the side of the open volume, and note therein every pretty word and phrase not yet discovered, used by the author in hand. Poor speaker is he, and a stumbling writer as well, who, like the artist, has grand conceptions of things, but only one kind of paint to throw them on canvas. You must be able to think and then have five or a dozen shades of words to think in.

A man is found only once in the world—and so is a writer. We will never have another Shakespeare nor another John Smith. The temperament of a writer is his own temperament, if he lets temperament flow out by his pen at all. If it is in you, and you are bound to have it out, you after all can't be any more than the Lord intended you to be. Therefore I would set much value upon individuality, and would not play as shy of my own ego as some have the false modesty to do. It is the only thing altogether mine, the Lord's claim not included. When a beginner in composition is afraid of himself—he generally becomes a copyist. A portrait painter is a real artist when he executes his picture from life; a copyist will want a photograph simply. The one brings the soul on the surface—the other only traces the penciled shadows of the sun. A true writer and composer will altogether view from his own standpoint, and will accept or reject what other writers may suggest to him.

The great mistake that all beginners make is that they have not enough confidence in themselves. They are not sure that anything purely their own can be of any account. Let this be the only safe ground to start from. All men of note in the literary sphere, and all spheres, are great only in that particular wherein they stand alone and separate from the rest of the world. As preachers and public speakers and writers generally, we are nothing if not unique. That which we can do best no one can teach us but He who made us. The Shakespearianism of Shakespeare is precisely the portion he could not borrow, and no one ever can become a Shakespeare by studying Shakespeare. Trust thyself.

A writer is nothing if he can't invent. Fiction would be entirely obliterated but for this faculty. One writer thinks over things, beautiful it may be, as the sweep of a sea-gull that catches the fish only when it comes to the surface, but the real writer thinks into and beyond the environments of sense, the diver brings up the pearls. To make a start as a writer in this direction, no better exercise can be recommended to the student than to just use the powers of invention over the commonest and homeliest thing that meets him in the way. A fault it is that we think that only worthy of our pen which is associated with the celebrities of life. A cobbler at his work brought out into fascinating colors of homely truth, gives the writer credit; the other is an old trodden path. Even to describe a cobbler at work on his bench is to see more in the picture than the shape of his last or the length of his thread. Some might be through with a classical measurement of his nose and a poetic patting of his bald head, but to find philosophy in his words, and the honest soul behind those words, would be entering in the sphere where thought would show learning. To know that a garment keeps warm is one thing, but to know the quality and texture of its warp and woof is an additional thing. Just have a little invention, and you will see a thousand things in the object before you, where your neighbor sees only one.

There is no use becoming a writer, if you can't so write that you will be read. Style is something of course, but style is not altogether a wreath of flowers. If the college student improves in composition, it is away from flowery sentences. A sentence, as little as is a woman, is nothing if it is only beautiful. You must write and say something, and then also say it in such a fascinating way that every reader will love that something for you saying it. I always like a diamond best in its settings—but I don't think the settings ought to overcrowd the diamond. If you feel a truth, you can write to do it justice. In speaking, as also in writing, it can easily be detected when one is in sympathy with his

subject. A musician, an artist, an orator and a writer, must first have discovered truth in themselves before they can ever discover it to the world. To lift the pen in any other way is to become mechanical and artificial. The sentences of some writers seem to have the nightmare. It is agony to read them. I have no patience with such wandering in the woods. I don't think that a stream that runs all the way over the smooth bottom is pleasing at the end as much as in the beginning—a few splashing cataracts in between would make one remember it forever. Some writers are beautiful altogether; they might be a little odd or brusque here and there, just to be human, if not interesting. A wart on a man's face sometimes is the redeeming feature of his countenance. Jewels are heightened in beauty and value if placed by the side of something less than jewels.

If you can write any time and every time—you are never a writer. We don't have beautiful sunsets every day. Days have their moods, and so have writers. Do not write poetry unless you can't help it. But to write, and to be at once accepted, is a dangerous beginning, and, to expect as much, is even more dangerous. A few set-backs on early conceit are most wholesome to any one who has the push in him to succeed. Public speaking and writing are twins—Siamese twins. Correct life in one cannot be sustained without the other. The man who speaks and never writes will go to seeds. He may have brains, but it is a lumber yard all in confusion. Careful writing, and constant writing, is the systematizing of thought. Pearls may be pearls, however loosely they be around, but they are of no use to the queen if not systematically strung.

If you want to learn to write, then just begin to write. Begin simply with something to write on, and something to write with. Let the great dead for the moment where they are buried. *You* are writing, and no one can write as well, for the purpose you are doing it, as yourself.

My Mother's Grave.

BY PEREGRINE JONES, '88.

The soft winds sigh among the trees,
The daylight fades away,
The green boughs wave at every breeze
As comes the close of day.

Darkness, that veils the last faint beam,
Creeps slowly over all,
And still, as flows a deep, calm stream,
Is earth's great business hall.

At twilight's hour, with drooping head,
I stand—as stands an humble slave—
In this lone "village of the dead,"
Beside my mother's grave.

This place is sacred—'tis the tomb
Where my dear mother sleeps,
And her, in silence and in gloom,
It safely guards and keeps.

Yet, O how cruel! O how cold!
To lay beneath the sod
A mother, far more dear than gold,
'Neath where the rabble trod.

O Death, thou unrelenting foe!
Thou never once dost pause
Till all who breath thou layest low,
Or holdest in thy jaws!

Why hast thou seized on one so dear?
Why torn her from my side?
Why must I shed the mourner's tear?
Why has my mother died?

A little mound, a cold, white stone,
Is all that marks the spot;
Yet, should these marks and all be gone,
Will I forget it not.

I'll plant sweet roses, creeping vines,
White lillies and green trees
Round that bare mound that now confines
All that a mortal sees.

And op'ning buds and fragrant flowers,
The earth all robed in green,
Will give some cheer in those sad hours
When I approach that scene.

Rest, mother! Rest! Sweet be your sleep,
Till shall the trumpet's blast
Forever silence those who weep,
And raise you then at last.

—First-rate men form the times; second-rate men are formed by the times.

Oldest Institution of the Lutheran Church in America.

BY REV. JOHN NICUM, '73.

This is Hartwick Seminary, near Cooperstown, Otsego county, N. Y. We do not say that it is the first Lutheran institution of learning in America; but it certainly is the oldest, having had a continuous existence for more than seventy-one years. One hundred and fifty years ago, indeed, an institution of learning was founded in Philadelphia at the instance of Benjamin Franklin, in whose faculty and board of trustees the Lutheran Church had influential representatives. In 1779 this institution was reorganized and became the University of Pennsylvania. With it an academy was connected as a preparatory school for German young men. In the university instruction was given in the ancient languages by the German Lutheran pastors of Philadelphia, who were Professors of Latin, Greek and Hebrew. They taught by means of the German language, whilst English was used as the vehicle for imparting instruction in the philosophical and other branches. Drs. Kunze and Helmuth were among the early Lutheran professors.

Whilst thus the Lutheran Church had great influence in both the university and the academy connected therewith, there was at that time also established in the same city a purely Lutheran institution—a Lutheran high-school and theological seminary. Dr. Gottlieb Anastasius Freylinghausen, of Halle, in the fifteenth number of the Halle Reports, written 1776, (pages 1378 ff), quoting from a letter of Doctor Kunze, bearing date May 16th, 1773, informs us: On February 9th, 1773, the institution was opened in Philadelphia with appropriate services. The teachers were Rev. J. C. Kunze, D. D., and J. C. Leps, a candidate of divinity lately arrived from Germany. "The society for the advancement of christianity and all useful knowledge among the Germans in America" supported the institution. This society was composed of twenty-four members. Its membership was limited to that number.

Each member paid ten Flemish pounds. All the members were Lutherans and belonged to St. Michael's and Zion's Churches in Philadelphia. Dr. Kunze instructed in the forenoon and Mr. Leps in the afternoon. There were five students in attendance at the opening. The course at first provided for a purely classical education. Dr. Kunze, however, a man most enthusiastic for educational work, desired to prepare German young men for the learned professions and was especially anxious to raise up a German-English Lutheran ministry. It is to be lamented that in consequence of the revolutionary war the school had to be closed. Mr. Leps subsequently served congregations along the Hudson. One of the young men educated under Dr. Kunze for the ministry was Rev. Henry Moeller, pastor of Trinity Church, at Reading, Pa., and subsequently of Ebenezer Church, in Albany, N. Y.

Hartwick Seminary, if not the first, is, however, the oldest existing institution of learning, founded and controlled by the Lutheran Church exclusively. It is located in Otsego county, New York, near Cooperstown and the eastern branch of the Susquehanna river. It is called "Hartwick" Seminary after its founder, the Rev. John Christopher Hartwig, a minister of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in North America. Mr. Hartwig was born January 6th, 1714, in the Dutchy of Sachsen-Gotha. It is reported that he studied at the University of Halle, the institution whence the founders of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania have come. At the age of twenty-five he engaged in missionary work among the Jews. In 1745 Mr. H. received a call from the Rev. Dr. Wagner, the first pastor of St. Michael's Church, Hamburg, and also Senior of the Lutheran clergy, to go to America and take charge of several congregations in Dutchess and Columbia counties. Rev. W. Berkenmeyer, who for over twenty years had served the Lutheran immigrants from the Palatinate, on both sides of the Hudson, had sent a request for an assistant to Dr. Wagner, and Dr. W. prevailed upon Mr. Hartwig to accept that call. On

November 24th Mr. H. was ordained in the German Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity in London by the Rev. Dr. Kraeuter, assisted by the pastors of the Savoy and Swedish Lutheran Churches of London.

Early in the spring of 1746, Rev. Hartwig arrived in Philadelphia, and naturally visited the Lutheran pastors there, they also coming from Halle. After a short stay he journeyed to New York and entered upon his ministerial duties. He served four congregations, to wit: East Camp (now Germantown), Tarbush (Livingston), Staatsburg (Wirtenberg) and St. Peter's, Rhinebeck, where he also resided. In July, 1747, he visited Dr. H. Melchior Muhlenberg, and the following year we find him again in Philadelphia, attending the organization of the Synod of Pennsylvania, in St. Michael's Church, on Fifth-st., near Cherry.

Mr. H. had a somewhat unfortunate career as a minister of the gospel. He was exceedingly restless and fond of moving. Rev. Berkenmeyer, otherwise a man of most excellent character, earnest zeal and staunch Lutheran convictions, in 1750 preferred charges against Rev. H., claiming that he was a Moravian, etc. These he sent to Dr. Kraeuter, in London, who had ordained H. Dr. K. sent the accused a copy of the charges. Rev. H. called Dr. Muhlenberg to his assistance. The latter complies and an investigation is had. Apart from some neglect of duty, because of H.'s frequent and prolonged absence from his congregations, the chief reason why B. found fault with the man whom he had called to take charge of a portion of his many congregations was, because Hartwig affiliated with the Halle Lutherans, with whom B. would not associate, claiming that they were Pietists and Moravians. In 1751 and 1752 we find H. again in Pennsylvania; 1755 he preaches in New York; 1757 he is pastor of Trinity Church, Reading, Pa., from 1751 to 1767 he supplies the Augustus Church at New Providence, (Trappe, Montgomery Co., Pa.,) whilst the pastor, Dr. M., is engaged in Philadelphia; then Mr. H. removes to Fred-

erick, Md., visits Winchester, Va., becomes pastor of a German Lutheran Church in Boston, Mass., (1774) is called to take charge of the Lutheran colony at Waldoboro, Me., and in 1783 endeavors to persuade the members of the old Dutch Lutheran Church in New York to remain in New York, and not to follow their pastor Hausihl who, as a royalist and friend of the English, had fled and taken refuge at Halifax. Mr. H. never married. He died July 17th, 1796, near Clermont, N. Y., at the age of 82. His remains lie buried under the lecture room of the first English Lutheran Church (formerly Ebenezer Church) at Albany, a tablet marking the spot.

(To be continued.)

Out of the Old Year, Nancy.

[Thoughts on the Old and New Year adapted as much as possible to the words and spirit of Will Carlton's poem, entitled "Out of the Old House, Nancy."]

Out of the Old Year, Nancy—goin' up into the New;
All the ringin' and shootin', my dear, will soon be through.
Only one bounden duty remains for you and I—
And that's to stand on the tail end, now, and bid the Old
Year good-bye.

What a shell we've lived in, 'tis enough to bring the tears!
Wonder it hasn't smashed in, and tumbled about our ears,
Wonder it stuck together, and answered till to-day!
But every individual part was made so long to stay.

Things looked rather nice, though, when this Old Year
was new,

And things were fresh and fair, nor yet was much gone
through.

But every other day, then, as sure as day would break,
Would somethin' bring along our faith in it somewhat to
shake.

For disappointments would sometimes make us sad and
blue

Then broken resolves and misspent days would try to do
it too:

But lookin' ahead to the clearin', we worked with all our
might,

Until now we're nearly out of the woods, when we'll be-
gin a-right.

Now look there at our New Year!—ain't it a thing to see?
Whole and big and handsome, and new as new can be;
All in apple-pie order, as nice a lot of twelves
As ever we saw of months, or we could want e'er for
ourselves.

Look at this poor, poor year,—how wrinkled, wretched
and old!

But it's never gone back on us, as some would-be proph-
ets told;

An' I won't go back on it now, or go to pokin' fun—
There's such a thing as praisin' a thing for the good that
it has done.

Probably you remember how rich our joy and light
When it had fairly commencel, and hearts was true and
right!

You feel as proud as you please, Nancy, antic'patin' the
new!

But we felt as proud during this old year, and it may be
prouder, too.

Never a handsomer year was seen beneath the sun!
There've been days and hours and minutes—we had 'em
every one.

And the fine and tall old clock that we bought, for fashin'
you know,

Was tickin' seconds in the corner there, nor makin' 'em
quick or slow.

Trees was all around us, a-whisperin' cheering words;
Loud was the squirrels chatter, and sweet the songs of
birds;

And hope grew sweeter and brighter—our courage began
to mount—

And things looked hearty and happy then, and work ap-
peared to count.

But then one night it happened, when things was goin'
bad,

We fell in a deep, old quarrel—the first we ever had;
And when you give out and cried, then I, like a fool,
give in,

And then we agreed to rub all out, and start the thing
agin.

Oft it was, you remember, we sat when the day was done,
And you was a-makin' something that wasn't for Jim or
John;

And often a soft word of love we was soft enough to say,
When the cats was a squawlin' on the fence not twenty
yards away.

Then came little Jennie—a regular little joy,
Though I fretted a little because it wasn't a boy;
Wa'n't she a little flirt, with all her pouts and smiles?
Why, people came to see that show a half a dozen miles.

And then that old cradle—a poorly spring-worked thing,
How many a night I rocked it, providin' you would sing!

And many a little matter brought me up out of bed
And paregoric, or Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup I fed.

How things kept a movin', and comin', both big and small!

How they crowded! 'twas a wonder how we found room
for 'em all;

But though the year was crowded, it empty seemed that
day

When Jennie lay by the fire-place, there, and moaned her life away.

And right in there the preacher, with Bible and hymn-book stood,

"Twixt the dead and the living," and "hoped 'twould do us good;"

And the little white-wood coffin on the table there was set, And now as I rub my eyes it seems as if I could see it yet.

Then that fit of sickness it brought on you, you know; Just by a thread you hung, and you e'en a'most let go. And here is the spot I tumbled, an' give the Lord his due, When the doctor said the fever'd turned, an' he could fetch you through.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old year dear, Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what have'n't we had here?

Not a one of its moments but its memories has got, And not a fact in its great store but touches a tender spot.

Out of the old year, Nancy—goin' up into the new, All the ringin' and shootin', my dear, will soon be through; But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't ashamed to say,

There's precious things in this old year we never can take away.

For the old year will stand, but not as it stood before: Thoughts will wander through it, fond mem'ry stalk it o'er;

Recollections shall, like shadows through some venerable pile,

Flit, and tell things of joy, or be a-mournin' all the while.

Fare you well, old year! You're naught that can feel or see,

But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me;

And we never may have a better year, though many us befriend,

Until we commence a-spendin' years, in the one which has no end.



—Good luck is the willing handmaid of upright energetic character and conscientious observance of duty.—*Lowell*.

—We all dread bodily paralysis, and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it, but very few of us are troubled about a paralysis of the soul.

—The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.—*Cicero*.

Gossip.

—With a few exceptions, all the boys have returned this session. They reported a grand time during vacation.

* * *

—An exchange gives a glowing account of a banquet given to its editorial staff. We congratulate you, brother editors, and we really think it a custom worthy of imitation.

* * *

—Tickets for the Senior Lecture Course can be procured from any member of the class. Apply immediately, for you will not in the least inconvenience them by so doing.

* * *

—The Seniors are discussing an order of exercises for their class-day, which differs somewhat from what is customary. In all probability, new and original features will be introduced.

* * *

—The Seniors threaten to take summary vengeance upon each and every student who shirks the path of duty in the matter of their Lecture Course. They desire to have no single file business this year.

* * *

—If there is to be an address before the Literary Societies next June, it is about time some one would concern himself about procuring a speaker. However, a contest between the Societies would excite more interest.

* * *

—Give us the Freshman class for bright ideas. First, they immortalized themselves by adopting a class yell, and, now, they have decided to keep it a secret. Well, our only consolation is that they will not divulge the secret while we are in college.

* * *

—The open meeting of the Sophronian Literary Society passed off quite successfully. The performers all acquitted themselves creditably and everybody seemed to be well pleased with the exercises. The Junior quartette and Weiss' orchestra furnished the music.



- Secure
- Your partners
- For the Lecture Course.
- An interesting operation — subduing a turkey.
- Last edition of MONTHLY under present staff.
- A chasm that separates several of the Sophs.—sarcasm.
- The Sophronians held their open meeting on the evening of the 14th.
- If any man takes but one ticket, let him beware of the just wrath of '87.
- One of the associate editors has left college and gone to Florida for his health.
- The Preps. regard the conjugation of the Greek verb an *intensely* interesting study.
- Sleighing could not be better than it is at present and everybody, it seems, is taking advantage of it.
- The Freshmen strongly object to being called a paradoxical class. Our love for the truth, however, prevents our recanting.
- Those who were at college while the "Night Hawks" were in existence, will be extremely sorry to learn that they are no more.
- A few nights ago, "Little Tycoon" was the attraction at Music Hall. Those, who were present, were very much struck with the similarity between the English dude and several of our swell Freshmen.
- The "plugs" of the Seniors and Juniors have seen their best days. Very seldom are our optics greeted with the sight of one. Probably they expose too much surface to the gentle zephyrs which we experience at this time of the year.

—How good a thing it is to have a Prep. for a chum. You can order him to sweep, carry coal, blacken the stove, etc., and he will not even dare to murmur.

—One of our Sub's, who is a member of '88, handed in a local to the effect that the Sophomore class was the best in college. Wonder whether he dreamt it!

—Where are the photo's of '86? They have been missing for the last five months, and, in our estimation, it is about time that they would put in an appearance.

—Owing to a superabundance of the good things which Christmas vacation always brings with it, several of the boys, soon after their return, were compelled to lie off for repairs.

—Soon the Seniors' hearts will be gladdened by the ring of the shekels as they fall into their coffers. Their course is a good one and, therefore, they expect to be well patronized.

—A Soph. has come to the front with the avowal of his ignorance of the fact that it is customary never to pass Peter's restaurant with a lady without offering to interview the proprietor. Truly, ignorance is bliss.

—Ever since the class of '90 crept into existence, we have been repeatedly asked to "wait until *we* shall have our sleigh-ride." We have waited and now have been rewarded by an apology for a supper at a cross-road hotel.

—Sophronian officers : Pres't., Schettler; Vice Pres't., Oberly; Rec Sec., Heil; Cor. Sec., Rausch; Lib., I. B. Ritter; Ass. Lib., Weaver; Treas., Raker; Critics, German and Kramlich; Editor of Budget, Wenrich; Chaplain, Martin.

—A new Glee Club has been started and, while we desire to encourage its members, we would warn them against letting their glee effervesce at any and all hours of the day as a certain other one of our musical (?) organization is wont to do. Under such circumstances, other clubs might be started (through the air) whose effects would be anything but conducive to the production of harmonious strains.

—Senior : “Will we be examined in every branch at the end of the year?” Prof. : “Yes, sir; after each professor has had an opportunity of getting some electric sparks out of you, we shall graduate what is left.”

—On the afternoon of January 11th, the noble band of Freshmen hied themselves to the classic precincts of Kutztown and there made merry. This is what they say they had for supper :

Little Neck Clams, en coquille.

Boiled Salmon.	Potatoe Souffle.
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Fillet of Beef, larded with Mushrooms.	
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Loin of Lamb.	Spring Chicken.
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Deviled Crabs.	Chicken Pates.
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	Ice Cream.
--	------------

Fruit.	Nuts.	Cakes.	Bon Bons.
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	Imported Wines.
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What they had :

Cold Tongue a la Kutztown.

Mackerel (salted).	Potatoes (mashed).*
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	Turkey (only one).
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Hams and Eggs.	Beef (sliced).
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Pretzels.	Crackers.	Bread.	Cheese.
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	Water (distilled).
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*) Typical of their own condition.

College Personals.

FACULTY.

. Dr. Seip attended a special meeting of the Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

. Prof. Garber had charge of the institution during the President's absence.

. Prof. Bauman also attended Synod.

STUDENTS.

. John Horine, '88, is Phi Gamma Delta's new man.

. Geo. S. Schettler, of '87, spent his vacation at college.

. E. E. Schantz, of '88, has gone to Florida for his health.

. Ray. Butz and C. J. Schaadt, of '87, were to New York city lately.

. Brown, of '87, for the sake of variety, made a number of Xmas speeches, and, it is said, sometimes struck terror into the hearts of the natives.

. Harvey Stem, of '90, has not returned to college. He intends to become a druggist.

. Ralph Metzger, '88, has returned from a trip to Atlanta, Ga., where he attended a convention of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity.

. Messrs. Schaeffer and Weaver, of '90, during the holidays attended four dinners given in their honor by the young ladies of their native place. They seem to be in demand.

. Geo. W. Richards, formerly of '87, has been elected one of the speakers for the anniversary of the Goethean Literary Society of Franklin and Marshall College. No doubt he will win new laurels.

. W. W. Kramlich, of '87, recently paid his friends at Shamokin and Williamsport a visit. While there he engaged principally in tobogganing and, in general, enjoyed himself so much that he says he is entirely unfit for work.

College Bell-Taps.

—At Trinity there are no afternoon recitations.

—Beloit College has abolished chapel services.

—Harvard has two living graduates of the class of 1811.

—Dakota has given birth to five colleges during the last year.

—The ladies in the University of Michigan have an athletic association.

—Yale increases her library annually at the rate of one thousand volumes.

—Columbia will celebrate her one hundredth anniversary April 17th, 1887.

—There are 210 active Young Men's Christian Associations in American colleges.

—There are, at present, seven hundred and ninety-four students in Cornell University.

—Ten thousand public schools receive financial support from the Mexican government.

—Twenty per cent. of the Freshmen of Yale use tobacco, an increase of four per cent.

—One hundred and thirteen men tried for positions on the Princeton Freshman Glee Club.

—The sum of \$800,000 has been received for the founding of a polytechnic school at Chicago.

—The University of Texas has received another million acres of land and \$40,000 from the State.

—The system of government, by a joint committee of students and faculty, gives great satisfaction at Harvard.

—Thirty-six States and China, England, Hawaii, India, Japan, Saxony, Mexico and Turkey, are represented at Yale.

—The male students of the University of Mississippi are petitioning the faculty to have the twenty female students removed.

—Wellesley and Bates are the recipients of legacies of \$50,000 and \$35,000 respectively. The donor is the same in both cases.

—The Columbia Law School has over 3000 alumni and, last year, there were graduates from 44 different colleges in the school.

—Cornell's new library building will cost several hundred thousand dollars and will accommodate nearly 300,000 volumes.

—The memorial of the Class of '86, Columbia College, consisted of nearly \$1,000 worth of books treating of a single subject.

—Fifty years ago a fine of ten dollars was imposed upon every Harvard student who was caught attending any theatre in Boston.

—Yale has three alumni in the U.S. Senate; Princeton and Hamilton, two; Harvard, Williams and Bowdoin, one alumnus each.

—The Prussian Minister of Education has decided against the admission of women into the universities. Russia has done the same.

—Dartmouth has received a four thousand dollar scholarship on condition that no student who uses tobacco shall receive any benefit from it.

—Among the students of the Columbia Law school are two sons of the late President Garfield, and the son of ex-President Arthur.

—The trustees of Princeton have decided to confer the degree of B. D. (Bachelor of Divinity) upon all graduates of the Seminary.

—The first degree of D. D., given by Harvard, was conferred upon Increase Mather in 1682, and the first LL. D. upon George Washington in 1776.

—In the United States every two hundredth man takes a college course; in Germany, every two hundred and thirteenth; in England, every five hundredth; and in Scotland, every six hundred and fifteenth.

—America has three hundred and thirty-three colleges. Of these one hundred and fifty-five pronounce Latin by the Roman method, one hundred and forty-four by the English, and thirty-four by the Continental.—*Ex.*

—The most heavily endowed educational institutions in the United States, are Girard, \$10,000,000; Columbia, \$5,000,000; Johns Hopkins, \$4,000,000; Harvard, \$3,000,000; Princeton, \$2,500,000; Lehigh, \$1,800,000; and Cornell, \$1,400,000.

—Ten per cent. of the students in the University of Zurich are women. Twenty-nine of them are studying medicine, fourteen philosophy, and two political economy. There are now forty-eight female students of medicine in London, and in Paris one hundred and three.

Dessert.

The sweets of married life should never be kept in family jars.

Prof: "What is velocity?" Student: "Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."

When a couple are about to elope, the young man asks: "Does your mother know your route?"

Society is like a pie. There is an upper crust and a lower crust, but the real strength and substance lies between them.

Of long standing—the obelisk.

"Dad," said the bad little boy, as his parent was about to take him across his knee to administer deserved punishment, "let's arbitrate."

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches round. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works. O Nature!

"Another cold wave," said the young man when his two sisters and three cousins, standing in front of an ice cream saloon, beckoned him to come over.

Old gentleman:—"Don't be afraid of my age, my heart is young."

Young beauty:—"Never mind, sir, never mind, I have traveled and just dote on ruins."

"Give us, oh give us the man who sings at his work," says Carlisle. Oh! yes; give him to us; deliver him into our hands. He occupies the next room and we can't get at him.

She—"John, I don't believe you love me any more."

He—"Why?"

She—"You never turn down the gas now when we sit in the rocking chair.

Teacher—"What is your father's occupation?"

New pupil—"Mus'nt tell."

Teacher—"But you must tell."

New pupil (after much hesitation)—"He's the bearded woman at the museum."

The other day we heard a shrill vocalist sing, "Wait till the clouds roll by." This is the way in which she rendered it:

"Wah taw the claw raw baw, Janny,
Wah taw the claw raw baw,
Janny, maw aw traw law wah,
Wah taw the claw raw baw."

He came in very late and, while groping about in the dark, delivered himself of the following: "(Hic)—! (hic)—!! (hic)—!!!" "Are you addressing such language to me, sir?" demanded his wife from under the bedclothes. "No, m' dear," he said, "I wash—hic—speakin' to th' coal-scuttle."

Literary and Personal Jottings

Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, is a prohibitionist.—*Ex.*

Rev. E. D. Eaton is the newly installed President of Beloit.

Senator Allison and Justin McCarthy will lecture to the students of Yale on the currency question.

The first volume of the writings of Benjamin Franklin will be published by the Putnams this month.

Gottsberger, the publisher, has another of Georg Ebeis' work in press. Its title is "The Bride of the Nile."

Dr. Galusha Grow, formerly of Chicago University, has been chosen President of Denison University.

The University of Edinburgh conferred the degree of LL. D. upon ex-President Porter during his recent travels in Europe.

The professors of Oriental languages recently held a congress at Vienna. Professors from Johns Hopkins and Union Theological Seminary were present.

A CHALLENGE.

"Good-night," he said, as he held her hand,
In a hesitating way,
And hoped that her eyes would understand
What his tongue refused to say.

He held her hand, and he murmured low:
"I'm sorry to go like this.
It seems so frigidly cold, you know,
This 'Mister' of ours, and 'Miss.' "

"I thought—perchance"—and he paused to note
If she seemed inclined to frown,
But the light in her eyes his heart-string smote
As she blushingly looked down.

She spoke no word, but she picked a speck
Of dust from his coat lapel;
So small, such a wee, little, tiny fleck,
'Twas a wonder, she saw so well.

But it brought her face so very near,
In that dim, uncertain light,
That the thought unspoken was made quite clear,
And I know 'twas a sweet "Good-night."—*Ex.*

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"LITTERAE SINE INGENIO VANAEE."

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Editorials.

AS was editorially announced in the last issue, a new staff of editors now takes the reins in hand, and we trust will safely bring the chariot through the hazards of another term. We do not mean to say that the MUHLENBERG MONTHLY is a dangerous runaway, for we have no doubt that we will have to use the lash pretty severely to keep the growing colt from falling behind its previous record. We promise the readers of the MONTHLY that the contributed articles shall continue to maintain that high standard which has always characterized them. We dare not hope the same for our editorials, but nevertheless will try to do our duty faithfully, and ask all to be lenient in their criticisms. If

there are any who take enough interest in this journal to pen a few words for its columns, we hope they will not wait to be specially asked by us, but will voluntarily send them to us, and we will joyfully and thankfully print them. We begin our term of service, hoping it will be a successful one for the MONTHLY, beneficial to the college and interesting to all our readers.

THE success of the Senior Lecture Course is assured. This course was initiated under favorable auspices on Tuesday evening, January 18, by the Rev. Henry M. Kieffer, of Easton. The lecturer addressed a select and goodly audience on the theme, "Angels in Stone." He said he did not mean the angels which we see on tombstones, and referred, by way of introduction to Michael Angelo, who, on one occasion when in a quarry, laid his hand on a block, which had been rejected by the builders, and said "There is an angel in this stone, I must get him out." The angel of the lecturer, was not of stone, but the *good in man*. In consequence of the fall there have been many angels which should be called devils. He did not wish to assert that men ever are, or ever will be, angels, and the same is true of women, although we often state the contrary.

There is an angel in the stone. There never was a man so bad that he did not have some good in him. It is true history tells of those in whom it is hard to see any good at all. The picture of the evils of Rome was graphic and interesting to the thoughtful student of history. Three hundred years ago, among others of equal cruelty, Mary of Hungary, whose angel was all devil, perpetrated cruelties horrible to think of. The speaker dwelt for some time on the sin of intemperance,

which he said has greatly diminished. Now, as, there is an angel in the stone, the question is how to get the angel out. As the mother, by talking to her infant, gradually wakes its dormant powers, so something exterior to us must wake the slumbering angel in us. As in sculpturing, the hand chisels the statue, so the Divine Being, the state, our surroundings, our teachers, our parents chisel and form the angel in us. Michael Angelo's angel would never have been formed had he not lived to form it. The difference between his angel and our angel is that his could not work its own way out of the stone, while man can assist the external agencies in developing the good that is in him. Our angel dare not remain dormant amid its stimulating surroundings. A student cannot gain an education simply through others. He himself must work. Our angel must be vigilant and willing. It dare not wait for things to turn up, but had best take hold and turn up things. Would that some of our statesmen would realize that "the state was made for man and not man for the state."

The above gives but a few meagre extracts of the lecture, which was able, entertaining and instructive, and, judging from the expressions of the audience, proved of interest and profit to all who heard it. The class could not have made a more happy choice than they did in securing Mr. Kieffer to inaugurate the course for them.

THE second lecture of the course was delivered on Tuesday evening, Feb. 1st, by President E. H. Magill, of Swarthmore College. His subject was "Teaching as a Profession, and How to Prepare for It." He stated that he felt, for a long time, very anxious to do something toward bringing about a change in public sentiment upon this important subject. What are the qualifications of a true teacher? 1st, integrity; 2d, power of control; 3d, power to impart, and 4th, knowledge of the subject. Object teaching evinces the importance of integrity in the teacher's character. The calling of a teacher stands next to the minister, a calling almost

divine. The best teachers, the most thoroughly trained and taught, and those of the largest experience, should be employed in the teaching of the youngest children. To put the theory of good teachers for all grades into practice, would greatly increase the cost of public education, but where could public money be more profitably expended?

How shall we obtain trained teachers? Do away with all superficial courses. Educate them in our schools of higher grade and in our colleges. As professional schools, the normal schools fail entirely. They spend their strength in trying to give a knowledge of branches to be taught, and this leaves but little time to train in the science of teaching. We dare not ignore what they have done in the cause of public education. That under all their discouragements, they have done so well, certainly reflects great credit upon their managers.

Let the State choose ten colleges in convenient places and establish in them ten chairs of pedagogics. Then let these chairs be filled by the best professors that can be found. Require that all students who desire to become teachers, should take pedagogics during the last two years of their course. Let a diploma both in this special branch and a general diploma from the college be necessary to entitle a person to teach. Let scholarships be established under the control of the professor. All this would cost no more than the present plan of spending \$90,000 on the normal schools. "In that future, toward which in my vision I turn, no education will be considered worthy of the name which is not a training of the faculties, physical and mental, moral and spiritual." This can only be secured by taking a thorough college course.

—That writer interests us who makes at once a well defined impression on our minds, and whose style no more obscures his thoughts than the limpid water of a brook the white pebbles in its channel. If he can give to his sentences the musical and natural flow of the brook, his success is assured.—*E. P. Roe.*



The Desire of Power.

BY C. D. CLAUSS, '88.

Man is a bundle of desires; simply because there are so many desirable objects. Only something perceptible, however, can be desired. Certainly, the perception of the object desired may, and *must*, be either by the intellect alone, as emulation, the desire of fame or the desire of health, or through the senses, as any object cognizable by them. There is no person in existence who has not some desire. Every one has at some time or other already desired a lot different from his own. We all desire eternal happiness. We find, too, that, in all stations and callings in life, each person is more or less dependent on another or others for the gratification of his particular desire or desires. Though we are an *independent people*, we might, indeed more appropriately, be called an *interdependent world*, because there is a mutual dependence between all classes and nations by reason of their commercial relations.

Among the strongest of man's desires, we find the desire of power, common to all nations, either barbarous or civilized, and to all periods of the world's existence. It existed in our first parents, since it is an original, an innate principle in man. This is obvious by reason of its early manifestation in infancy. The infant is delighted in the early exertions of its strength on its father's beard, and is much vexed if it meets with anything unmanageable by itself. The boy is ever desirous of showing and increasing his power.

The descendants in every succeeding generation, after the creation, have manifested this principle. That he might the longer lord it over God's people, Pharaoh suffered, and compelled his people to suffer, those ten

severe plagues. That he had not "more worlds to conquer" caused an Alexander to weep. This desire of power it was that induced Hannibal and his army to undergo such severe trials in their march over the Alps. A full gratification of this propensity in Napoleon was cut short by a Wellington at Waterloo. Its intensity in the English people has not allowed the sun's setting on Great Britain's domains. This principle like all others in the human mind can be cultivated, and may, and often does, gain complete control of an individual, as was manifest in some of the early German kings who stooped to almost any humiliation to receive from the Pope the empty title of "Roman Emperor."

This incentive to action is peculiar to men in all vocations. The horseman is delighted when he has gained complete control of a wild pony of the prairie. It is the earnest wish of every Christian to subdue the vices and passions of self and of his neighbor, and, for the fulfillment of this desire, he struggles. His longing to bring the lightnings under his power and subject them to man's purposes, urged Franklin on and led largely to his success. Since the discovery of electricity, to what menial services has not the inventive genius of man brought it? Since the discovery of the power of steam, what contrivances have not been framed to make it subserve man's inclinations? In public speaking, it is the power to move his hearers to pity or sternness, to love or hatred, to laughter or tears, which the orator desires, and for which he labors. Long, long, did Demosthenes strive till he could excite, at will, his countrymen's ire against their enemies, or rouse them to volunteer in behalf of their beloved Greece!

The chemist studies eagerly the nature of substances that he may compel them to contribute to his various devices. The diligent pure-minded student desires and strives for the mastery of the lesson. His aim is his own advancement, not superiority over his classmates. That he feels glad after he has *mastered* a difficult problem in Calculus is

proof sufficient that the mastering of it was his intention, his longing, his desire. The child learns the alphabet and words and sounds in order to command—control the language. In these instances the acquisition of any power may not be so apparent, yet every reader will acknowledge that with every accession of practical knowledge we receive additional strength. Such knowledge gives power. The sailor seeks to learn the duties of a seaman to acquire the power of handling a ship. Knowledge, of course, may be a power for good or evil. The criminal studies the workings of locks with an evil intent, while the locksmith devises new ones to thwart that intent.

Since wealth, the mental rudder of man, is so great a factor in obtaining and bestowing power, it is eagerly sought. The desire of power chronologically precedes the desire of wealth. To gain comfort and happiness for his family and to master the fiend, starvation, the poor man desires and seeks wealth. The capitalist desires it that he may control the markets or the stocks in Wall Street. The propensity of power is the predominating feature in strikes and in boycottings.

The student is like a child. He receives nourishment at college which is intended to make him a well educated man. By each mastery, here, he is strengthened for the later conflict. If, on the other hand, he does not bravely meet difficulties while a student, he certainly will not conquer them at a later period of life. If a student be excessively sensitive, he should overcome such weakness while at college; he had better be tempered there, than to be disciplined afterwards by the more cruel world.

—There are more men ennobled by study than by nature.

—Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

—HOLMES.

Study to be Social.

BY REV. J. O. SCHLENKER, '83.

There is nothing in the composition of a man's character, which adds more to his success, than a social disposition. Geniality and cheerfulness often open the doors into the best society. It is the key which turns the bolt and swings open the door to the great avenues of success. It commands the attention, turns the affections, moves the will and opens the heart. It is one of the strongest elements towards the building of a successful career. No matter what your profession or occupation in life may be; be you a physician, a lawyer, a statesman, a clergyman; or be you a carpenter, a mason, a blacksmith, or a pursuer of any other honorable occupation, in that particular sphere, with its respective surroundings, you will find sociality a great means to success. Especially is it indispensable in the ministerial profession. No matter how polished your intellect, how elegant your composition, how eloquent your tongue, if you are not social, if you have not the quality of ingratiating yourself into the good favors of your people, you may be a grand orator and preacher, but no pastor, and, consequently a failure in your profession.

But what is true sociability? Who is the genial man? Is it he who is most efficient in jesting? Is it he who can evince the loudest laugh by his conversation? Is it he who by his wit and humor can command the attention and furnish the amusement for an evening party? Are vociferous demonstrations, indiscriminate laughs, premature conversations, indicative of a true social disposition? Yea, too often these are taken as the criterion of a social character. It is not so much the many words as the appropriate utterance of the same. Silence is often a more fitting demonstration of true geniality than promiscuous conversation. True sociability must begin in the heart, which is the same of everything noble and elevating. From there, the center, it will radiate until it becomes visible on the facial index. A genial countenance, a gentle

smile, a tender expression of the eyes, are a great deal more admired by our associates, and are a more perfect criterion of a true social heart. If Jesus Christ, who is the embodiment of all love, has been given a place in our hearts, then we have laid the foundation of our social edifice.

But when and where am I to acquire this "pearl of great price?" The answer is clear and evident. In college, while you are laying the foundation of your future success. The acquisition of intellectual and moral culture during the collegiate years are the great massive walls upon which you are to build the superstructure of a successful career. Sociability is the cornice or ornament which is to give beauty and comeliness to the structure. But these ornamental parts must be inserted during the process of construction so as to become a substantial and inseparable part of the wall.

By thus studying to be social, improving all opportunities and cultivating the innate social faculties, which God has given you, your way to success will become easier, and you will save yourself many an embarrassment which would mar your success.

The Might of Song.

BY T. F. GERMAN, '87.

Beneath the shady trees and by the silvery streams of Mount Helicon, Apollo and the Muses had their abode. Emanating from its sacred domains, the Lyric Muse went forth to be a mighty power among the tribes of men. With music as her weapon and language as her ammunition, she battled fiercely amidst the changing and turbulent scenes of the ages, and left indelible foot-prints on the records of the past. How great have been her triumphs, history alone can tell; how great is her influence, a study of the past together with the observation of the present must show. Forsooth! "No power is subtler o'er the spirit of man than song." Philosophers may confound the mind by the subtlety of their logic, or convince the soul by the clearness of their reasoning; orators may charm

the ear by the grandeur of their diction, and awaken our feelings by an eloquent delivery; reverend divines may, by kind and generous words, console the weary and dependent sojourners on this earthly sphere; aged sires may reprove regenerate sons and reclaim them from the deceitful snares of sin; and the urgent appeals of pious mothers may in truth rescue undutiful daughters from a life of shame. Yet it remains for song, that arch-inspirer of the human heart, to combine these powers into one grand, sublime, irresistible force. It is a fountain, whose refreshing waters penetrate every sphere of man's actions, and quickens his dormant nature. In the fierce contentions and struggles of war, as well as in the delights and activities of peace, "its soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power." By its magic force, Sappho aroused the Lesbian daughters from their slumbers and stirred them to nobler acts; Alcaeus sounded the oppressor's doom in such inspiring notes that tyranny trembled; through song the far-famed Pindar urged the Thebans and roused their latent valor; and—

"Old Tyrtaeus, when the Spartans warred,
Reduced the fortress through the force of song."

Summoned to the gory field of battle, where men and nations defended their rights and arrested their claims, this ennobling product of the poet's heart and mind has played a truly marvelous part. It stirred the warriors' hearts to daring deeds and excited the emotions of heroism, which adverse events had smothered. Amidst scenes of slaughter and carnage, in the welcome hour of victory and the most trying times of defeat, it, like an unseen genius, imbued each soldier with a deeper love for the cause he espoused. Armies, standing on the brink of destruction, have, under its benign influence, acquired almost superhuman power, and breathed the air of victory. Legions, roused and flying, have rallied under those animating strains of the poet, and ere long sounded the joyful horn of triumph; and through their aid the most sacred rights of man have been vindicated, and the most gigantic schemes of war and conquest thwarted.

But not by surging streams of human gore, and in scenes of hostile combat, do these tuneful measures display their crowning glory. Amazing as is their work amidst the confusion and throes of murderous strifes, more astonishing are their accomplishments in the blessed confines of peace. Before their purifying zephyrs, the noxious vapors of barbarity take their flight; and under those hopeful melodies oppression and subjection lose their sting. Turn but your ear to nature's great adorer; listen to those soul-melting strains as they gently rise besides Afton's murmuring waters; and read in them how Burns ennobled Scotland. But listen again; from beyond the azure deep, the tender and pathetic strains of Moore come forth; he sings for freedom,—a freedom for which his countrymen now contend; he sings of Erin,—of Erin writhing beneath the galling rod of oppression; and through his songs the sons of Erin hope. Go with me now into the sacred precincts of our homes, and let us there examine the power of this mighty Muse. Behold her standing by the cradle of infancy, soothing the unquiet babe to sweet repose; and lo! by the cheery fireside she forges anew the bonds of love, and tightens the golden cord. In the holy circle of friends, she binds more closely that precious tie, and unites beings into a true and hallowed brotherhood. By the sacred alter, she instills into us a deeper reverence for the Holy Word, raises our voices in divine adoration, and leads us to the throne of the Most High. Then spurn not that mighty power. Quench not that spark of song, however small, perhaps tis but the presage of a raging fire; stifle not those flames of sweetest melodies, for they are blessings, such as no one knows; nor speed the tuneful embers to depart, but bid them tarry, there are more Scotlands to be exalted, more Irelands to be cheered, and millions of human hearts to be imbued with that abiding faith, the religion of our God.

Soul of the age!

The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare rise.

—BEN JOHNSON.

Oldest Institution of the Lutheran Church in America.

BY REV. JOHN NICUM, '73.

Mr. Hartwig left a large estate and a will. He was a friend of the Mohawk Indians. From them he purchased for the consideration of one hundred Flemish pounds "a certain tract of land on the south side of the Mohawk river, between Schoharie and Cherry Valley, along a certain small creek, containing nine miles in length and four miles in breadth." Prof. Pitcher, principal of Hartwick Seminary, in his historical sketch of the institution in Strobel's "Hartwick Memorial Volume," informs us that Mr. H. had a deed from the Indians for this land, that he, however, never came in possession of it, having failed to comply with the law which required a permit from the Governor in order to make the purchase valid. In 1752 Mr. H. obtained this "license" from Governor George Clinton, and in 1754 he once more secured the transfer of a tract of land, said to contain 24,000 acres, comprising chiefly the present town (township) of Hartwick, Otsego Co., N. Y. For this he also paid one hundred pounds. Upon survey, however, it was found to contain but 21,500 acres. It was not until 1761 that he came into actual possession of the land and then only of 16,000 acres of this tract. Mr. H. then made arrangements for its settlement. His sole purpose was to use his possessions for the glory of God and for the spread of His kingdom. He issued leases at a small price, but with this condition: "Be it remembered that among the conditions on which the validity of this instrument dependeth, the following is intended to be the principal one, viz.: That the grantee be or become, within a year's time from the date of these presents, a parishioner to all intents and purposes, which consists in the following particulars, viz.: To acknowledge the grantor, John Christopher Hartwick, or his substitute, for his pastor, teacher and spiritual counsellor. 2. To behave himself to have, with his family, agreeably to this relation. 3. To attend regularly, decently,

attentively and devoutly, divine service and instruction, performed and given by the said J. C. Hartwick or his substitute. 4. To aid and assist, according to his ability in building and repairing church, parish and school houses. 5. To keep his children and servants to school and catechisation, until they are fit to be confirmed, if baptized in infancy; if not, until they are fit to be baptized, and admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's supper."

Until he reached his 77th year Mr. H. managed the estate himself. May 13, 1791, he appointed Wm. Cooper his agent, giving him power of attorney to sell the whole, excepting only 300 acres. The result was a protracted litigation. Mr. Cooper came into possession of a very large part of Mr. H.'s property. In his last will this singular man bequeathed his property for the founding of an institution of learning for the conversion of the savage Indians. Fred. Aug. Conrad Muhlenberg, formerly pastor of Christ's German Lutheran Church in New York City, (Frankford and Williams streets), and subsequently speaker of the first and third Congress, was named as one of the executors. October 27th, 1801, an instrument was executed at Rhinebeck, N. Y., according to which the institution was to be managed by two curators, viz.: the Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, Jer. Van Rensselaer, and the Senior of the Lutheran clergy in the State of New York, Rev. Jno. Chr. Kunze, D. D., on the one hand, and the trustees of Ebenezer Church, Albany, on the other. A copy of this document we have before us. It is found on pages 28 to 31 of the first book of minutes of the New York Ministerium. It is signed by the three trustees of the Albany congregation, the two curators and three witnesses, among them two ministers of the New York Ministerium. The copy is made by Dr. F. H. Quitman. Article 1 states that Mr. H. left his estate "for the use and purpose of erecting and establishing a ministerial and missionary seminary, wherein young ministers and missionaries are to be trained up according to the doc-

trines and practice of the Lutheran Church." Article 2 stipulates that the government shall be vested in two curators. The names of those first appointed we have given before. He further says, that these two were selected, because the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, pastor of Zion's Church, Philadelphia, had formally resigned, and the other, Hon. F. A. C. Muhlenberg, was deceased. These two were presumably the executors, and as such also the curators of the institution to be established. Article 3 provides that the trustees of the Albany church act also as trustees for the seminary, receive the moneys and render account. The import of the remaining articles is, that the one curator, who must always be a Lutheran minister, shall at the same time be principal of the literary department and Professor of Theology, and that in case any disagreement shall arise either between the curators and trustees, or between the individual members of these two boards, and such disagreement cannot be otherwise adjusted, it shall be laid before the Synod of the Lutheran Church in the State of New York, where the decision of the majority shall be considered as conclusive and final.

This agreement contemplated the erection of the seminary in the city of Albany. The pastor of the congregation was to receive an addition to his salary of a hundred dollars from the funds of the institution. But it was never established in Albany. In 1811 it was determined to put up a building upon the Hartwig tract, where the institution now is. Only \$15,570 were left after settlement, and of this \$2,750 were badly invested and subsequently lost. On the 15th of December, 1815, the institution was opened. There were fifteen students, which number increased to forty-four the following year. That most excellent gentleman, the Rev. Ernst Ludwig Hazelius, D. D., was its first principal. Dr. Quitman's son, John A., afterwards a noted general of our army, assisted him. Dr. Hazelius remained until 1830, when he received a call as Professor of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg. Among those who received their theological education under

him were such men as Dr. Pohlman and Dr. W. D. Strobel.

Dr. H. was followed by Prof. George B. Miller, D. D., who had formerly been a Moravian. With the exception of a few years, during which he was pastor of several churches, Dr. Miller was either principal or Senior Professor of Theology from 1830 until 1867. The third principal was Dr. W. D. Strobel and the fourth Prof. Henry I. Schmidt, D. D., a native of Northampton county, now professor emeritus of Columbia College, New York, and member of the Pennsylvania Synod. At present, and since 1872, the classical department is under the supervision of Prof. James Pitcher, the theological seminary being presided over by Dr. A. Hiller.

The value of the buildings is \$30,000, the amount of the endowment \$35,000. The library contains 4,000 volumes. The number of professors and other instructors is eight; number of students eighty-seven, of whom thirteen are preparing for the ministry. It is hoped that by the last will of Mr. Clark, of Cleveland, the amount of endowment will be largely increased, so that under the laws of New York the classical department can receive a college charter. The case has been in the Ohio Courts for at least two years and a final decision upon the construction of the will is expected at an early day. The "Hartwick Seminary Monthly," a readable four page paper, has almost completed its seventh volume.

CONCLUDED.

An Indian Monument.

BY REV. J. J. FOUST, '83.

About seven miles from the residence of the writer there is the village of Gnadenhuetten. There is nothing in the place itself that might prove attractive, save perhaps the pleasing significance of its name. There is, however, a portion of interesting history that draws many a visitor to the quiet town.

Surrounded by an enclosure that has been greatly beautified, there stands a pedestal and tapering shaft of sub-carboniferous limestone.

The stone is not attractive. The monument is not beautiful, neither are its dimensions grand. It towers not towards heaven like that reared to the everlasting memory of Washington, or the unfinished tower that surmounts the Garfield sarcophagus. Its shaft is not even adamantine, for even now the ravages of unsympathizing time can be distinctly traced on its surface. Still it serves its purpose. It commemorates the fact that "Here ninety-six Christian Indians were massacred by a cruel band of white men, March 8, 1782, Gnadenhuetten, Ohio." This is its simple inscription.

A few yards further on a grass-covered mound marks the place of the silent sleep of their bones, while a similar mound keeps sacred the site of a primitive chapel, where, more than a century ago, a band of Christian Indians gathered to worship the only true God, forgetting their savage life in the pursuit of Christianity.

During the anxious times of the Revolution, when actions and words were so easily misconstrued into hostility, a few peaceable Indian settlements along the Tuscarawas River excited the attention of American troops. These "men of the forest" were visited by Moravian missionaries, who fanned into a flame the sparks of piety and faith found amongst them. While they were cultivating the art of peace, and endeavoring to preserve entire neutrality, they were constantly liable to the suspicion and finally to the open assault of the troops. Driven about from place to place they were soon reduced to the humiliation of starvation. A detachment of their number were sent after corn to Gnadenhuetten, which they had been compelled to abandon while the fields were waving with ripening grain. It was here that about one hundred men from the western parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, under the impression that they were hostile to American interests, marched against the Indians whom they found in the fields gathering food. With beguiling words they enticed them to the village where their foul purposes were revealed. All the victims were seized,

pinioned and confined to two houses, the men to one, and the women and children to another. After consultation the prisoners were granted one night in which to prepare for death! With the dawning of the new day the last scene of earth was to be enacted for them. What must have been the hurried thoughts of that night! With panoramic reality came to their mind each day past! Vivid scenes rushed upon them, bringing back the days of long ago! Who can imagine the horrors of that dread time when each tick of the clock brought them nearer to the threshold of eternity!

Thus passed the night and too soon the herald of day proclaimed the advent of the final hour. A few strokes with a murderous arm, and we draw the veil to conceal the mangled bodies of the ninety-six who here sealed their Christian profession with their life-blood. Red men though they were, men through whose veins coursed savage blood, yet their lips then cold in death had only a short time before parted with words of praise and adoration to the God of all nations and all people. Savages they once were, but their hearts glowed with true Christian fervor, and their blood cries up from the ground which received it to bring down vengeance on their cruel murderers.

Thus marked, the stone in mem'ry stands,
To tell the people from all lands,
That savage men, howe'er despised,
True faith in Christ had realized.

There's many a deed and scene of wrong,
Whose hist'ry ne'er made rhythmic song,
The records of the tombstones old,
Do scarce one-half the past unfold.

Content are we, with what is found
On pages dark in hist'ries bound.
May He, Triune, make troubles cease,
And usher in eternal peace.

—Men's minds are as variant as their faces. Where the motives of their actions are pure, the operation of the former is no more to be imputed to them, as a crime, than the appearance of the latter: for both, being the work of nature, are alike unavoidable.— *George Washington.*

The Railroad Train.

BY PEREGRINE JONES, '88.

Of all the things that man has made,
By cunning, art, or any trade,
One thing has never been surpassed.
That one that speeds away so fast,
That bears its load of human freight,
That travels at no common rate
Around the curve, across the plain,
That thing we call the railroad train.

I'm thinking how not long ago,
One day, around the old depot,
I waited; yet not I alone
For there were folks to me unknown.
Some old, some young, some large, some small,
A sample of the nations all;
Ladies in silks, some in delain
All waiting for the railroad train.

"Why where's that train? It must be late?
Oh, there she comes! No that's a freight!
Old rattling thing, why so deceive
One waiting anxiously to leave?
The time goes by and leaves no cheer!
I'm getting tired of staying here!"
I said, and then I looked in vain
To see the coming railroad train.

"She comes! she comes," they cried at last,
The time for waiting now had passed.
I seized my coat and my valise
And started up a little piece,
But others who had gone before
Were crowding through the station door
And though I pressed with might and main,
I could not see the railroad train.

Confusion reigned as it drew nigh,
On every side,—“good-bye! good-bye!”
“Keep off the track! Here check my trunk!”
“Give me a ticket for Mauch Chunk?”
I heard them say, but I saw this,—
I saw a beau stoop down and kiss
His darling girl, his “Susan Jane,”
Then jump upon the railroad train.

I stepped aboard and found a seat,
Upon the foot-rest placed my feet.
Some waved their hands and I waved mine.
The train-conductor gave a sign,—
The engine bell commenced to ring
And soon the car began to swing.
How true that no man can detain
Time, nor the tide, nor railroad train?
We rolled away at first quite slow
But presently began to go

At greater speed—at lightning rate—
Perhaps because the train was late.
We had no peer of any kind,
A shooting star would fall behind,
Nor time itself one bit could gain
If racing with that railroad train.

The ticket-man with his big punch
Now came around and gave a hunch—
A gentle tap long side the head
Of those who slept, then plainly said,—
“Your ticket please?” As they would—
“Change cars at station so and so.”
Now thus they do from California to Maine,
To those who go by railroad train.

Thus on we sped through wood and glen,
O'er steep embankments, then again
Through cuts dug through a narrow ridge,
O'er crossing, trestling, and o'er bridge,
By mountain's side and river's course,
On, onward sped the iron horse.
The hills took up the glad refrain
And answered to the railroad train.

At times a mountain on our left,
With its great rocks asunder cleft,
Would swiftly pass before our eyes
As lightning flashes from the skies.
Then just beyond a silver stream,
From mossy rocks, 'neath trees would beam,
Like jewels rare, that none could feign,
Who traveled on that railroad train.

Upon our right the river flowed
In wide expanse and steady mode.
And boats were crossing, till the scene
Brought up before me what had been,
When Indians roamed along its shore;
And how their traveling was of yore
On horse-back or on hick'ry canes
But now we go on railroad trains.

I pondered thus on years gone by.
As we sped on the end drew nigh.
The whistle and the ringing bell,
In tones as plain as tongue could tell,
Told me that now my ride was done.
Perhaps some more, but I was one
That felt quite sad,—an inward pain
To leave that cozy railroad train.

But I must leave. There comes an end
To every joy. All thither tend,
Yes man may die as years roll on
But not one tell of him that's gone,
But time may come and time may go;
Men's blood in mighty rivers flow,
Yet long as moon shall wax and wane
There shall be still the railroad train.

Miscellaneous Clippings.

—The rules in William and Mary College in 1772 forbade the students to drink anything but “cider, beer, toddy, and spirits and water.”

—Hugh Stowell Brown's advice to Christian students: “Young men, take care that whilst you are putting off the old man you do not put on the *old woman*.”

—An exchange says: “In a university in Texas, the faculty consists of a father and two sons. The sons conferred the title of LL. D. on the old gentleman, who returned the compliment by making each of his sons Ph. D.”

—University students are such nice, impulsive creatures. One thousand of the Glasgow variety marched to the Opera House in a body and presented Mme. Mapleson with a diamond locket, and then dragged her carriage to her hotel. How like old times that does seem!—*Boston Herald*.

—One of the Yale seniors is fifty years old and has gray locks. His other three years in college ended at Yale twenty-one years ago. He suddenly left at the close of the junior year, and has been roving about ever since. He is now superintendent of the schools at Kansas City, and has hired a substitute while he finishes his college course.

—Mr. Luther P. Keller, of Philadelphia, has sent to Rev. T. L. Seip, D. D., President of Muhlenberg College, his check for one hundred dollars for a permanent fund for the college library. Additions are being made to this fund to enable the college annually to purchase new books for the library. The college is to be congratulated on having so generous a friend as Mr. Keller, and the friends of the institution will be gratified to hear that it is enjoying unwonted prosperity.—*Allentown Item*.

—T. W. Higginson's recent declaration that he has heard a Harvard professor say in his class-room: “We was,” is startling enough to destroy the appetite of all Boston. It reminds one of those college boys who were

having a spread and spree in their rooms when there came a thundering knock at the door, and they asked who was there. "Me," said the angry voice of the college president. "Oh, no," said the boys, "you can't give us that; if it were President —, he would have said, 'It is I.' Go on away." And the baffled dignitary went.

—Mr. E. P. Roe, in a recent article on "How to succeed in Literature," gave the following points: 1. The author must be able to write correctly, if not elegantly. 2. He must interest. 3. No true success can be won by imitation. 4. Sudden and temporary popularity should not be mistaken for true success. 5. The writer should form habits of close observation. 6. He should be receptive and above all things avoid self-conceit and self-satisfaction. 7. He should beware of repeating himself. 8. In all works of the imagination sympathetic feeling is absolutely essential to the highest success. Finally, true success can result only from some worthy purpose.

—In Lincoln's later years it became his duty to give an official reprimand to a young man who had been court-martialed for a quarrel with one of his associates. The reprimand is probably the gentlest recorded in the annals of penal discourses, and it shows in few words the principles which ruled the conduct of this great and peacable man. It deserves to be written in letters of gold on the wall of every college: "The advice of a father to his son, 'Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, bear it, that the opposed may be beware of thee!' is good, but not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you have equal right; and yield lesser ones though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."

—*Lincoln's Life in Century.*



—What all the boys like—vacation and—girls.

—Dr. Wagner entertained Rev. Kieffer for the Senior class.

—Fresh, after recitation: "I will be *apt* to make 72 this morning."

—Who turned as red as a beet when asked to give the feminine of darling?

—Two pugilists, while practising some time ago in the reading room left a chair minus its legs.

—The students appreciated Dr. Magill's lecture very much. They agree perfectly with him on co-education.

—Some of the boys going to and from their homes every day wish the afternoon recitations would be held between two and three o'clock. They say it would be a great advantage to them and no disadvantage to those rooming in the building.

—The Freshman class lately passed the following resolution: Whereas, the dignity of this august body has been insulted through misrepresentation, machination and calumny, be it resolved, that we hereby warn all other organizations from bearing the title of Freshman class, Muhlenberg College, and from using our class yell.

N. B. None genuine freshs unless marked '90 (cts.) and, of course, the eyes must be spotted green.

—Sophronia's Open Meeting was a complete success. The audience, which we are sorry to say was small, showed its appreciation by frequent applause. The programme of the exercises, which was printed in the December number, was closely followed, and we are putting it mildly when we say that all

the performers did credit to themselves and their college.

The instruction in writing and speaking, as well as the practice in the society meetings, has not been in vain. From the evidence of students, who at one time attended Muhlenberg and afterwards other colleges, we can safely state, that our literary societies are conducted in a better manner, that more original work is done and that our students in general are better writers and speakers than the students in those other colleges to which we refer. This is no boast, but is founded on fact. The mention of names is unnecessary, as the students already know who is meant.

Mr. German's salutatory was an excellent production, and the same is true of Mr. R. J. Butz's oration. The latter's delivery is forcible and commanding. His effort was admired by all present. Essays and selections were read by Messrs. Horine, Lambert, Raker and Gebert. The German essay, by Mr. Gebert, was written in a happy vein and contained many spicy sayings and instructive proverbs.

The Budget, by Mr. John Richards, was full of puns and witticisms and was greatly enjoyed, despite the far-off sound of the dying chestnut bell.

The music was furnished by the Junior Quartette and Weiss' Orchestra.

College Personals.

FACULTY.

President Magill was entertained by Dr. Seip on the occasion of his visit to Allentown to lecture for the Senior class.

Prof. Richards will lecture on the 22d inst. in St. Peter's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, and on the 24th at Freemansburg.

Dr. Wackernagel has introduced into several of his classes a new book called the Deutscher Anschauungs - Unterricht. The book is an excellent one, and will prove a valuable aid to all students of German.

Prof. Garber continues his good work as superintendent of the First Ward Mission

School. The attendance has increased so much under his charge that the building can hardly accommodate the large number of scholars.

Prof. Bauman has lately made a very valuable addition to the college collection of physical instruments entirely at his own expense. The gift consists of a camera, which can be so adjusted with the microscope that a magnified picture may be taken of any microscopical object. This will be especially useful in the study of botany and zoology.

Rev. Dr. T. L. Seip, President of Muhlenberg College, yesterday morning occupied the pulpit of St. John's Lutheran Church. He preached a very interesting sermon on the need of laborers to spread the gospel. He spoke of the greatness of the harvest and the fewness of the laborers, and in this connection dwelt upon the necessity of an educated ministry and laity. Dr. Seip presented the claims of Muhlenberg College to a generous support, the aim of the institution and the work it has done and is seeking to do. The collections during the day were taken for the benefit of the college, the day being known in the Ministerium as "College Day."—*Allentown Chronicle*.

STUDENTS.

A. K. Keck is the latest accession to Phi Gamma Delta.

Ulrich, '88, is the efficient leader of the College Glee Club.

Kistler, we are sorry to say, is at home because of sickness.

W. M. Keedy was home on a visit. He reports a very pleasant time.

Fetter says that Calculus is the best study to make a fool out of a wise man.

T. F. German, '87, was elected president of the Senior class at a recent meeting.

Lambert says that he will, beyond the shadow of a doubt, take the Junior prize.

Bond received a present in the form of a five-collar gold piece from his Sunday-school class at Aineyville. Accept our congratulations.

Kramlich takes great delight in reciting the mathematical *phenomena* of astronomy.

Kuehner prefers to give a good English translation of Juvenal rather than be strictly literal.

Why may W. W. K. be said to belong to the order Ungulata? Because he chews the cud.

Coleman is the owner of a fine and large livery stable, in which he has a fine stock of Greek and Roman steeds.

J. W. Hassler claims to be an angel in stone. This may be true, but the stone is tolerably rough, Doc, tolerably rough.

In Latin composition recitation, E. O. L. spelled *doubt* "daught." We always thought Elmer had somebody's daughter on his brain.

Brown, when asked by the professor what the line of equal temperature drawn across the continent is called, replied that he thought it was called an isogeothermal line.

Prof.—Mr. Bond, please compute the value of II (pi).

B.—Its value is beyond computation.

Prof.—What a pi(e)ous expression.

Father to a Junior.—"Yes, from what I can see, you are the best and decentest feller in your whole class; and if you go on so you will one day become a tremendous feller."

Professor of Physics to Willis: "What would you put upon a wooden axle which works in a wooden hub to obviate the friction?"

Willis.—"Axe grease."

Raker will soon appear on the stage as a temperance lecturer.

It is said that the above gentleman, and a former student of Prep., will fight a duel in the near future, both being contestants for a *single prize*.

Landlady to Kleckner: "Will you have the currant or mince pie?"

Kleckner: "I'll take the mince, please. That is the *current* pie nowadays." The editors are concurrent in the opinion that K. should have had two pieces.

. Fred to Davy—Time, 7 A. M., Sunday. "Dave, get up!" Dave (half asleep) "N-no, I'll order it up." But he got up, and superintended his infant department, as usual.

. In Greek recitation. Raker translating Socrates: "Is not this well said?" Plato, *alias* Raker: "Beautifully." No school-girl effusions allowed Raker.

. Pflueger says that he is sorry that the faculty has forbidden initiations to be held in the old-fashioned manner. He says he would like to see the Freshman try to initiate him. His classmates here learn that Henry is a slugger and had better not approach him unless he is muzzled.

. Peregrine Jones gave vent to the following effusion when his best girl sat down on his hat:

"Only a Junior with his tall, high hat,
Only a maiden, fair, twenty and fat,
Only a hat,—but now 'tis busted,
Only a crinoline's readjusted."

Jones now sees the wisdom of Bryant in not writing "A hat crushed to earth shall rise again."

De Alumnis.

'69. Rev. Revere F. Weidner, of Augustana Seminary, Rock Island, Illinois, has lately delivered lectures throughout Michigan, in the interest of Augustana College. From one of the church papers we learn that they were very successful.

'72. Rev. John A. Scheffer, of Allentown, Pa., is at present canvassing certain districts in the interest of Lutheran church papers.

'73. Rev. John A. Bauman, of Muhlenberg College, preached an excellent sermon in Dr. Repass' pulpit, Sunday, January 30th. He can preach as well as teach.

'73. Oscar Meyer has been elected Vice-President and General Manager of "The Burgess Patent Steam Generating Co.," with general headquarters at 20 Nassau-st., New York City. The Burgess Patent Oxy-hydro-carbon Fuel system produces a substitute for natural gas, and can be used wherever wood or coal is used. The heat

is obtained from a combination of water and the residuum of petroleum made by a very simple apparatus, for which this company holds the patent. If all that is claimed for it prove true, it must revolutionize our present system of heating. "There's millions in it," and we hope many of them may find their way into Oscar Meyer's pocket.

'73. At the second anniversary of the Young People's Lutheran Association of Philadelphia, held in Association Hall, Fifteenth and Chestnut streets, Rev. Wm. H. Myers, of Reading, delivered "a most appropriate address."

'73. Rev. John Nicum, of Syracuse, N. Y., on a recent visit to Allentown, preached in St. Michael's Lutheran Church, and spoke in the afternoon before the Sunday-school of St. Peter's Lutheran Church. Rev. Nicum was the first superintendent of St. Michael's Sunday-school.

'75. Edwin H. Stine, Esq., has been appointed Sheriff's Attorney by the new Sheriff of Lehigh Co. We congratulate the Sheriff on his able and good-looking legal adviser.

'78. Rev. Frederick W. Kohler has gone to Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, under the auspices of the Nova Scotia Conference of the Pittsburg Synod. His parish is one of magnificent distances, containing ten other preaching points, the farthest being forty miles distant. This is visited quarterly. The membership of this parish is about 650.

'79. On Sunday, January 16th, Christ Lutheran Church at Elizabethtown, Lancaster Co., Pa., was dedicated. From its description it must be a fine church building, and we congratulate the pastor, Rev. George S. Seaman, on his new house of worship, and, what is better still, that it was entirely free from debt before it was dedicated.

'79. Rev. Charles S. Seaman has removed to Adamsburg, Westmoreland Co., Pa.

'80. Rev. James F. Beates has changed his residence from Lancaster, Ohio, to Amanda, Fairfield Co., Ohio. As he is still single, we hope that he will like Amanda.

'80. From the daily papers we learn that Rev. J. Walker Klingler has resigned his charge at Mount Bethel, Pa. It is rumored that he intends to study law.

'80. We are very glad to hear of Rev. S. B. Stupp's success in his new charge in Lebanon Co., Pa. Although he has been there but a short time, he has already built a spacious and handsome parsonage. A writer in *The Lutheran* says: "Solomon is a wise man; he has three sons, one by the name of Luther, the very picture of Luther—and wherever he goes he is sure to provide plenty of room where young Luther can be direct under his parental eye."

'81. Rev. Thomas M. Angstadt is pastor of the Mahone Bay parish, in Nova Scotia. There are about 350 members in this parish, and four preaching points besides the parish church at Mahone Bay.

'83. Rev. John J. Foust preached a very good sermon in St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown, when he was at home during the holidays.

'83. During the Christmas vacation R. Morris Schmidt looked up his interests in Allentown and its vicinity.

'84. William D. Keiter, of the Philadelphia Seminary was also in town. Of course, he came to see his parents.

'84. The rotund figure and smiling countenance of Jacob W. Uhrich graced the streets of Allentown about New Year. "Jake" is still taking his *otium cum dignitate*, and from all appearances is enjoying life.

—Concerning the weather and descriptions thereof, the following may just now be considered too highly seasoned:

Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
From January up to May,
The rain it raineth every day.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Without a blessed gleam of sun;
And if any of them had two-and-thirty,
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

The foregoing was written some years since in Maine, probably by one of that class of men who said they were "in favor of the 'Maine Law,' but *against* its enforcement."



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Editorials.

SOME time ago an invitation was received from Mr. W. S. Underwood, of the Swarthmore *Phœnix*, requesting the MUHLENBERG MONTHLY to send a representative to a convention of college editors to be held in the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, February, 19th.

The meeting was held and we feel justified in pronouncing it a success, although very little time was left for discussion of practical subjects, owing to the adoption of the constitution by sections. Delegates from eight different colleges in the State were in attendance. The object of the association is "to elevate the standard of college journalism and to promote friendly feeling between different

colleges." A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the name of "Central Inter-collegiate Press Association" was decided upon as fitting the spirit of the new organization. A paper was read on the "Exchange Column" by Mr. England, of Haverford, and was afterwards discussed by several of the members.

The colleges represented were: Lehigh, Lafayette, Franklin and Marshal, Swarthmore, Ogontz, Haverford, Geneva and Muhlenberg.

THE third lecture of the Senior Course was delivered on Friday evening, February 11th, by Prof. Edgar D. Shimer, of Jamaica, N. Y., who lectured before a large audience on the subject "Scum." Professor Shimer uses beautiful language and enunciates very distinctly, so that, notwithstanding the howling wind on the outside, every word that he uttered was clearly heard throughout the house. He is one of the most brilliant and successful of Muhlenberg's alumni, and one whom she can truly be proud of. His industrious zeal, studious habits and upright character are worthy of imitation by every student. No young man can fail of being greatly benefitted by following the sound advice, which he gave in his lecture, a few meagre extracts of which follow.

In all that pertains to human affairs, whether material, mental, social or moral, we shall find intimately intermingled with all that is pure and good, a large proportion of impurity. Now in material things when these impurities rise to the surface, through the process of boiling, or of fermentation or by any other means they form what is known as *scum*. Just as in matter the impurities which must and do exist are thrown off during the reduction to a purified state, so in the evolu-

tion of mind, notions have been gotten rid of that to-day lie like the slag-heaps of ancient furnaces—interesting archaeological remains which prove to us that however much our methods of purifying the intellectual perception may still lack, we have nevertheless made some advance in the art of refinement. It would take a bold man, indeed, to declare that Socrates was not an educated man. But who can find a man now, equally well educated, that at the same time teaches the doctrines of one Supreme Being, together with the immortality of the soul, and bows down to a multiplicity of idols?

"Errors, like straws upon the surface flow: He who would search for pearls must dive below." The man who dips his draughts of thought only from the surface of the matter that is presented to him gets only scum, and he deserves no more. Young men, have you ever felt the longing to live the intellectual life and mourned your lack of opportunity? You mourn what is not so. There is no lack opportunity and never has been. Dip off that piece of scum and throw it aside. Even Plato never had your advantages, yet he lived the intellectual life. Be careful about the literature you choose. Choose you the better part. Let the light substance float, and seek more solid matter. Do not fear the drudgery.

In every city, town and village; in every life there is enough impurity constantly rising and floating there, hiding what is good beneath. Skim it off. Moral scum cannot be atoned for by the noblest ingredients of character, strength of mind, beauty of form. It fouls the whole man. But why should we repine because we find that things of sense are full of evil and yield no lasting joy or peace? Let us rather yield ourselves to the necessity of patient persistence in skimming the evil out of our bubbling, seething natures, and clarify our hearts.

Oh! the patience of the great Refiner, as he sits over these lowly vessels of ours, watching the slow melting of our refractory natures. God grant that He may subdue the hearts of us all, and like the refiner of old, sit and skim off each particle of dross until we are

fully purged and He can see reflected from the bright and shining surface, in all its purity, without distortion, His own most glorious likeness.

JAMES M. BECK, Esq., of Philadelphia, continued the course, on Tuesday, the 6th, with a most beautiful and eloquent lecture on the subject, "A Mad Poet." We are sorry that other attractions were such that Mr. Beck did not have near as large an audience, as his effort so richly deserved. For an hour and a half, he commanded the closest attention of his hearers, who were charmed and delighted by his absorbingly interesting talk about the melancholy poet, whom he called the Hamlet of the nineteenth century. It was the speaker's intention to recite the *Raven*, but he omitted it because of the hour. We are sure the audience would have been glad to hear it, for he proved himself to be quite an elocutionist. A few extracts follow.

Edgar Allan Poe was one of the most original geniuses America has yet produced. He is the glory of our literature. Little, generally, is known of Poe's life. He is a slandered and calumniated man. He is least admired, least appreciated and least understood in America. Other lands do him high honor and appreciate his wonderful genius. His early life was then related in an interesting manner. The statement, so often made that he was expelled from the University of Virginia, after being there but a year, is false. Poe completed his course and graduated from that institution with high honors in the languages. Sent to West Point in 1831, he disliked military routine to such a degree, that he purposely shirked duty and was consequently court-martialed and sent home. This was the beginning of his decline. His foster-father no longer treated him as a son and Poe became a dependent. After a violent quarrel with Mr. Allen, he left Richmond for Baltimore to live with his aunt. He there began to write, but there was no market for the product of his brain. Later on he won first prize for a prize story, and became connected with the paper which offered the prize, and his

criticisms soon made him famous. In the meantime he married his cousin, for whom his love was a consuming passion. For six years he lived a life, which for sadness has no parallel in the literary history of America.

Mr. Beck thinks Poe was morbidly melancholy to a degree that amounted to disease. He was not a perfectly sane man. His writings show it, and his mental tendencies all point in that direction. The world condemns him because he was intemperate. If he did drink it was in deference to social customs, or in fits of mental aberration to drown his sorrows. Public opinion says "Crucify him! Crucify him!" but it overlooks the greater sins of a Burns and Byron.

The lecturer very pathetically recounted the circumstances of Poe's death, which were pitiful in the extreme. His last words were, "Rest—shore—no more."

FOR Marriott Brosius, Esq., of Lancaster, the people of Allentown entertain feelings of admiration and warm personal regard, and his appearance here on Feb. 21st attracted to the Court House a very large audience. He is a born orator, speaks without manuscript and has a ready flow of language.

The subject was "Wet the Ropes," but it was not until the end was reached that the incident which suggested the subject was given. When the obelisk in front of St. Peter's at Rome was being placed in position on the pedestal that was to hold it, the ropes became lengthened and the men found it impossible to get the shaft in place, and the obelisk was suspended dangerously in mid-air. In the dilemma some one in the crowd cried, "Wet the ropes! wet the ropes!" This was done and the contraction of the ropes caused by wetting them raised the obelisk on the pedestal. In view of the fact that this year witnesses the one hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, Mr. Brosius spoke concerning the condition of the country one hundred years ago, its advance in civilization, in invention, in science, in literature, in the mechanical arts, in com-

merce, in popular intelligence, in politics. All our great achievements had their origin and their growth in the moral element of our being. Mighty and grand as are the triumphs of the past, they are but the vestibule to our greater glory, provided that intelligence, high moral principles and public reason retain their supremacy over hostile forces. Intelligence and virtue are our weapons of assault and defence. Ignorance, corruption and neglect are the lions which stand in the pathway that leads to the consummation of every promise and the realization of every hope of the future. The speaker dwelt at some length on the labor and social questions and the use of the ballot. He has no despair of the future of the Republic. With high intelligence, elevated morals, inflexible integrity, unswerving loyalty and stainless honor as our guiding principles, the Republic will be raised on its pedestal and its second century will witness achievements which will be the admiration of the world. It will be necessary for us to "wet the ropes," but the result will be well worth the labor.

—Pursuant to an invitation from the presidents of several colleges in this State, quite a respectable number of college authorities met in one of the parlors of the Lochiel House at Harrisburg. The object of the meeting was to remedy the want of uniformity at present prevailing in Pennsylvania in the matter of college taxation. The ground taken was that colleges are the most important link in our educational system, and hence should be exempt from State burdens. The wishes of those present were ably presented before the Ways and Means Committee of the Legislature, by such men as Hon. John Cessna, Ario Pardee, Dr. Moffit and Dr. Apple. Muhlenberg College was represented by President Seip of the Faculty, Rev. G. F. Spieker, President of the Board, and Rev. C. J. Cooper, Treasurer. Steps were also taken, looking toward an organization of the colleges for the purpose of free discussion, particularly of things pertaining to the mutual interests of such institutions. Dr. Knox, of Lafayette, acted as chairman, and Dr. Seip, of Muhlenberg, as secretary of the meeting.



Will o' the Wisp.

BY J. W. RICHARDS, '87.

To know one's self is often a difficult task—to understand others even more perplexing. In all the world's history there is, perhaps, no author whose knowledge of human nature excels in depth and truth that of William Shakespeare. Let him who doubts this read his "Merchant of Venice," and see how cunningly he has there enveloped man's foibles and follies in a sugar coating of charming romance. The wooing and winning of Portia does not simply adorn the tale, but serves as well to point a moral.

As each of her suitors arrives, he is ushered into her presence. A curtain is drawn aside, he sees before him three caskets of different metals. She bids him choose one of these and open it. If he find within her portrait, he may not only claim the semblance but its reality.

Let us draw near and examine these caskets that we may learn their lesson—a lesson running through the splendid fabric of the comedy like some dainty golden thread, which though unseen by the careless reader, lends to him who reads thoughtfully a harmony and play of colors as perspicuous as if it had been paragraphed at the end of the book and headed by that "trespass sign" of considerate authors,

"THE MORAL."

The first casket is of gold and bears this inscription, "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire." What material more suggestive of many men's desires? Does not all existence represent a scramble for it? And yet how much or how little value it may have. Some coins brightened by good deeds and kind impulses glisten

with an almost celestial radiance. Others rusted by dishonor and meanness, blood stained, picture the everlasting darkness of their possessors' souls. Money is valuable only as it is gained and used, and in the divine balance the widow's mites outweigh the riches of Croesus. But why this universal desire for it? Because it aids man in his chase after this world's will o' the wisp, pleasure, and this he follows up hill and down dale through many a slough of despond, to find when he thinks he grasps it—his grave. Wealth has no intrinsic virtue which gives its owner happiness. It seems a panacea for all man's wants but—a specific for none—it only aggravates them. Does not Ovid tell us how the Golden Age of Innocence and Happiness ended when man learned to rob Earth's bosom of her treasures—how these incentives to crime transformed the Universe into an Empire of Luxury and Lust and drove the Virgin Goddess of Justice to the sky where on each starry night she stands—a silent memorial of the past—a solemn warning for the Great Hereafter.

What means this silver casket that bears these words, "who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves"? To get one's deserts is certainly right, but what are they and who can estimate them correctly? Our merit is judged in three ways. By others, by ourselves and by the Great Judge of all. The criterion of the fool multitude is outward show. Let Dame Rumor favor you and they bow the knee though your heart be as black as the printers' ink and your character worth less than the paper 'tis printed on. If you but have the golden touch of Midas they will never stop to ask whether you bear his ears. They worship titles and illustrious descent. To them some gnarled worm-eaten twig has all the virtues of the parent stem if it but bear the same time-honored name. They forget the good old saying that the best parts of some families, like that of the humble potatoe plant, is underground. This race still exists and each of us classes himself among it when measures others by its rule.

But are we then to be the judges of our

own merits? Socrates was called the wisest man in all Greece because he knew his own ignorance. History repeats itself, but the world has seen its last Socrates. To seek another is but to imitate Diogenes in his vain search for the honest man. To judge oneself requires not only that rare faculty of self-knowledge, but a willingness to confess our faults for which we usually substitute a criticism of somebody else's. When man learns to pluck the beam from his own eye and ceases the search for moats in his brother's—then, and not till then, will he be competent to play the parts of plaintiff and defendant, judge and jury in the case of Self vs. Self.

His verdict is not final, but there is a Court whose decisions of merit are never reversed—deep graven by the steel pen of the Recording Angel, they shall stand to all Eternity.

And now this dull sullen casket of lead threatening that "He who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath,"—must give and hazard all he hath? For what? It must be the very end and aim of our existence. But what is it? Can it be what many men desire? No! For within that golden casket lies a grinning skull telling us that pride and pleasure soaring for a day on gilded pinions must pay at even-tide the penalty of that butter-fly existence. That there comes a time when all must feel Life's stern realities, and well will it be for them if ere "the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken" they learn the words of Ecclesiastes, "Vanity of vanities, all is Vanity."

That silver casket holds the portrait of a blinking idiot—a warning to those who "seek as much as they deserve" to search no more. True Worth does its own advertising. It needs no leading articles in the papers nor flaring posters on the public streets, for like Charity, it seeketh not its own. Shall we then give and hazard all we have in an idiotic search after what we deserve? I trow not, for many of us must first assume desert. Within this homely lead must lie this pearl of great price for which all else must be sacrificed. To him who chose it Portia's Picture was a symbol of

happiness and this it is for which we may well give and hazard all we have. Not idle pleasure and gayety, but that deep true happiness which comes from a sense of duty well done, a clear conscience, and a life well lived. It is the happiness of Eden before the Fall, and can exist only when hand in hand with morality.

But what to him who has it? Not the surly solitude of a Diogenes that must ask others to stand out of his sunshine, but a perfect independence that creates sunshine for himself and others. "His mind to him a kingdom" is wherein dwell pleasant hopes and memories, contentment and peace. In trifles light as air he reads a useful lesson, in cares and troubles feels the guiding hand of his Creator. Our happy man finds "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." He does not seek the recognition of his merit. He is content if he but deserve it. He estimates that of others from their motives and "kind hearts are more to him than coronets." Above all he must be earnest and his motto the last three words of this pretty comedy, "all things faithfully." "If another is false to him he does not increase the evil by being false to himself. For him the world can never lose its poetry and beauty, for he makes his own poetry and beauty by a brave, a true, and, above all, a religious life."

And when his course is run, there shall come upon his soul the "peace which passeth all understanding," and "the Star of his Life shall disappear not like the Star of Evening which sinks ingloriously in the West, but rather like the Star of Morning whose brilliancy is eclipsed only by that of the Greater Light."

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED ILLUSTRATED.—Viewed as a whole, we are confident that no other living language has a dictionary which so fully and faithfully sets forth its present condition as this last edition of Webster does that of our written and spoken English tongue.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Minnehaha.

BY ELMER F. KRAUSS, '84.

No one who is acquainted with American Literature is satisfied with a trip to the North West unless he has seen the falls of Minnehaha, over which the poetic pen of Longfellow has thrown such a glamour of romance. In his early-boyhood days already, the writer became acquainted with the beautiful bride of the inimitable and incomparable Hiawatha, with sweet Laughing Water, the fair daughter of the ancient Arrow-maker in the land of the Dacotahs; and as soon as he found himself in the vicinity he felt an increased desire to visit the spot on which the ideal and model red-skin wooed and won his ideal bride. If the tourist is surrounded by such circumstances as not to be able to visit this place at once, he is naturally inclined to question the natives about this renowned spot. That is exactly what I did, and to my sorrow I found that as prophets are not honored in their own countries, so mankind is inclined to slight and despise those beauties which nature has strewed before their doors. I was told that the falls were a gigantic fraud; and, on making known my determination to see them in spite of all previous disparaging remarks, I was told to provide myself with a bucketful of water to pour into the stream above the falls so as to see what they looked like. Nothing daunted, I, in company with two others, boarded the train one pleasant morning in August and alighted at Fort Snelling, situated impregnably on lofty bluffs abutting on the Minnesota river. After viewing all that could be seen of this historical place, we took the prairie-road in the direction of Minnehaha. The day was exceedingly hot and the dust was almost fathomless by reason of the two months' drought. After walking through the broiling sun and dust over three miles of parched prairie radiating the heat like a reflector, we found the cool shade of the trees in the gorge under the falls exceedingly grateful. Here, after resting our weary bodies and after refreshing ourselves with a gigantic water-melon purchased from a loquacious

farmer, we began to investigate the beauties of the spot whose fame is as world-wide as the dominion of our English language.

Minnehaha Creek is an outlet of Lake Minnetonka, the prettiest and one of the largest of the two thousand lakes and lakelets by which Minnesota is honeycombed. The falls at the time of my visit were about twenty-five feet wide and forty feet high. On account of the lowness of the creek, they were broken at several places and consequently not as pretty as when there is a larger volume of water. The stream above the falls is quite shallow and flows along placidly on its hard rocky bed until it comes to the edge where it takes a leap into the boiling pool below.

For ages the falls must have been receding, slowly cutting away the hard rock in the bed of the stream. This is proved by the gorge with almost precipitous sides below the present place of the cascade. The geological formation along the Mississippi in the vicinity of St. Paul and Minneapolis is peculiar. On digging down, one first meets with a stratum of hard rock, usually limestone. Under this occurs a species of sandstone so soft that it can easily be cut with a knife. These formations are visible in section along the Mississippi from below St. Paul to the escarpment of the Falls of St. Anthony. Just as the latter falls have cut through the limestone and sandstone from below St. Paul to their present place and have left a gorge formed by the bluffs along the river; so the Falls of Minnehaha, in the course of ages, must have moved slowly and imperceptibly toward Lake Minnetonka. The underlying formation of sandstone is so much more friable than the overlying and denser stratum and so much of the former has been worn off by the action of the water, that one can easily pass through back of the falls from side to side.

True, the Falls of Minnehaha do not compare in size, grandeur and sublimity with the cataract at Niagara, but for romantic beauty they are not easily equalled nor surpassed by any other piece of natural scenery. They do

not strike awe into the beholder by their terrific rush and roar; but their murmur is more like a lullaby, soothing, restful, and instilling sweet and fanciful day-dreams. After one has seen the wild and joyous leap of the crystal water at Minnehaha, has heard its merry and confused babbling and has been in full harmony with its beautiful surroundings, he need not wonder why the simple children of nature fondly named this cascade Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

A Trip through the South in Winter.

BY RALPH METZGER, '88.

I took a short trip to the South during the holidays. To go South in the height of the snow season seems to be quite the proper thing to do. We started from home one Monday in December and reached Harrisburg in the afternoon. From Harrisburg we started for the South in earnest on the Cumberland Valley Railroad and rode through some of the finest farming land in the State of Pennsylvania. We saw the sun set in Scotland and soon after crossed the State line at Stateline. After about a half-hour's ride we arrived at Hagerstown. Hagerstown is a place of about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants with a good hotel, beautiful residences, a large Female Seminary and substantial churches. Leaving Hagerstown via the Shenandoah Valley road, we took the sleeping car at Shenandoah Junction and were soon journeying in the land of Nod, only to wake up amidst a scene strange to my eyes. The houses were all one or two story, and most of the people around the depots are negroes. We had travelled through the entire length of Virginia, a distance of three hundred and ninety miles, in our sleep. At Bristol, situated in the northeastern part of Tennessee, we took the train on the Norfolk and Western Railroad and were whirled away toward Chattanooga, two hundred and forty-two miles away. At Greeneville the tailor shop of Andrew Johnson is still standing and a quarter of a mile below, on a rounded knoll,

stands a plain marble shaft with an iron eagle surmounting it, which guards all that remains of President Andrew Johnson. In this section we saw more snow than we had at home, and the country presented a generally dilapidated condition, the fences broken down, some of last year's corn standing, wretched huts that you can see through and sixteen or seventeen people living in them. Towards evening we neared Chattanooga, but it was too dark to see anything of it except the lights of the furnaces. After a short delay we got aboard a train for Birmingham on the Queen and Crescent route. The first intimation we had of our approach to Birmingham was the sight of what seemed to be a prairie on fire, but was the furnaces in the suburbs of the city. Birmingham is a wonderful city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, a centre of the most important iron industries of the South, containing numerous hotels, large business blocks, which were erected during the last few years, and a splendid new union depot now being completed, and most of all, a very peculiar sort of mud that sticks to your shoes as if it never would come off. The following morning we again started via the Georgia Pacific Railroad. We passed through the general Southern scenery consisting of log cabins, pine trees, cotton fields, etc., interspersed here and there with little streams and a section that a cyclone had visited a short time before us, and arrived at the Gate City in time for supper. Atlanta is a beautiful city, situated in the northwestern part of Georgia. It is one of the cotton centres and has other large industries, and has also beautiful residences, large hotels, a Female College, etc. We spent a few days there and employed the time in visiting the Capitol, Constitution building, the new Capitol now being built and other points of interest. We returned to Birmingham and from there went to New Orleans via the Queen and Crescent road. At New Orleans we went to the Devee, French Market, where every nation in the world is represented, the old French Supreme and Petit Courts, the French Cathedral and Jackson Square, in the

centre of which stands an equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson. On the levee you see the negro in his glory amid the cotton bales and molasses barrels chewing sugar cane, while the steamers scream out their hoarse salutes, the cries of a multitude of men, the rumbling of the carts, the shrill whistle of escaping steam and the swish of the river underneath the wharf tend to make a pandemonium. We also went to the French Opera House and heard the opera "Carmen" sung in French. After spending a few days in the Crescent City we returned home well pleased with our trip through the great Southland.

Treves.

BY WM. J. FINCK, '84.

My intercourse with Caius Julius Cæsar never grew into anything like intimacy until last summer, when I had the good fortune to be able to visit the scenes of his Gallic exploits and achievements. I felt that I was treading on the same ground, enjoying the shade of the same forests, and gazing upon the same corn fields, that so irresistibly attracted his men; in imagination I was borne back to the time when I sat upon my hard seat at school and digged around in the pits of "*De Bello Gallico*" for the ores of knowledge and crystals of wisdom of the renowned manipulator of the great HE IS. This feeling of love and veneration for my old acquaintance was especially strong when I visited the town whose name is written over this article. Cæsar was once there. It was a heathen village then, the capital of the Belgic tribe Trevira. It was hardly large enough to furnish sufficient plunder for Cæsar's men; but not too small for him to conquer. This he did B. C. 56. He named it *Augusta Trevirorum*. From this its present French and English name *Treves*, and the local and popular *Trier*, are derived.

A few centuries later it rose to prominence in the Western Empire. In art, science and commerce, its growth was so remarkable that it actually rivaled Rome. For one hundred years, from 286 A. D., it was the seat of the

Roman emperors. While Rome was sinking and rapidly approaching its fall, Treves was enjoying the greatest glory in politics and the arts.

At the present time it is noted for its antiquities of the Roman period. No other city on this side of the Alps, is so rich in these relics of times gone by. The traveller who has not the opportunity to go to the Eternal City of Pope Leo XIII., can easily content himself with the study of the Roman relics as he finds them here.

First of all in interest and antiquity, is the *Porta Nigra*, a colossal gateway, probably one of the five entrances into the city at the time of Constantine the Great. It is built of large sandstone blocks, uncemented, and is now black with age, hence the name, the Black Gateway. It was built as early as A. D. 50. It is so large in every direction that in more recent times for the space of eight centuries, it was made to serve the purpose of a church. In 1817 it was restored to its ancient condition by the Prussian government. It is a magnificent relic. One cannot give expression to the thoughts that flit through his mind as he looks upon a structure that for eighteen centuries has withstood the elements and the soldiery and bidden defiance to all the weapons of destruction that nature and man can produce. Especially to an American who has seen nothing really old, it is a wonderful sight.

The ruins of an Imperial Palace are also found here. The palace was built probably toward the end of the third century. Judging from the remains, it must have been a grand and imposing structure. Some of the walls still standing are sixty feet high and several feet thick. These consist of an indestructible mass of small stones and mortar. The large apartment in which the emperor's guests were wont to assemble and enjoy themselves in their peculiar potulent ways, is still pointed out. A double row of windows passed around the whole hall. In spite of the murky glass then in use, light in abundance was thus admitted. The palace was heated by means of hot air, as is clearly proved

by the many fire-proof conduits that scientific excavations have brought to view.

The Amphitheatre is a monument of the third century. The ruins are admirably adapted for study. It is dug into a hill. The excavation formed one elevation for the tiers of seats, and an embankment of earth the opposite one. The two entrances into the arena and the ten apertures in the walls, which led to the dens of the wild animals, are still seen. Fifty-seven thousand persons could at the same time find seats in this place of bloody sports. According to this, it did not compare meanly with the Colosseum of Rome which was capable of seating but thirty thousand more. The arena of the amphitheatre at Treves, is in a state of excellent preservation. It is formed in the shape of an ellipse. Its greater axis is two hundred and thirty-nine feet long; its less, one hundred and sixty-six. Some emperor desirous of pleasing the people and anxious to get into their good graces, built this amphitheatre and presented it to his subjects. What brutal spectacles they must have witnessed here! It is a sad theme to dwell upon in the mind. Even Constantine the Great sullied his character by gratifying the vicious tastes of his pagan subjects and arranging an awful exhibition in which several thousand captive Franks were torn to pieces by wild beasts before the eyes of the gathered crowds. Several years later a similar show took place in which hundreds and thousands of the neighboring tribe of the Bructeri were barbarously sacrificed for the amusement of the rabble. At other times the victims were mostly restricted to furious quadrupeds.

Besides these there are other remains of the Roman period; as, for instance, baths, basilica, an arched bridge over the Moselle, and a supposed *propugnaculum*. All are very interesting but the mere mention of them must suffice.

Two churches in Treves are of note. The Cathedral was commenced as early as the second century. During the following centuries it was enlarged, rebuilt, modified and restored, so that to-day it forms one of the

most remarkable monuments of architecture in the world. All styles of church architecture are represented. Even the Grecian temple with its many columns, can be seen in the west end of the church. The other noteworthy place of worship stands alongside of the cathedral. It was finished in the year 1243. It combines the cross and circular styles of building. The effect of this combination is easily seen within. It is constructed in the early German Gothic style and is considered a jewel of that style of architecture. In later years it has been tastefully restored and now presents a pleasing and attractive appearance.

Sunday in the "Lone Star" State.

BY R. MORRIS SMITH, '83.

The greater the stage of civilization, the deeper an interest in the observance of Sunday would we expect. Whether this be true is an open question. In our own vicinity where everything is in abundance; where civilization is regarded as at its height; where churches are so numerous and preaching so frequent, we must admit it a deplorable fact that "Law and Order" societies are necessary. We do not wish, however, to write on "A stricter observance of Sunday;" but only allude to the fact in order to show the contrast of a Sunday in Pennsylvania and that in Texas. Our reading generally leads us to suppose that Texas is still so far behind the tread of civilization that life is an insecure matter and that, since, ruffianism seems to be the general characteristic of the State, Sunday must almost be unknown. It is not our design to refute the error of the insecurity of life, but only give a faithful exhibition of Sunday as experience has taught us. We place ourself here upon a positive standpoint and say that Sunday is as sacred to the people of Texas as it is to those of our own noble State. That there is worldly-mindedness there cannot be denied; but who would affirm that there was not the same here? That the day is observed there as it should be cannot be expected; the same holds true here.

If there are works of necessity here, they have them as well there. We place ourself, then, upon this position that as a general rule, Sunday is respected in Texas.

Now, then, let us give a few facts concerning Sunday itself. With Sunday morning's dawn, a death-like stillness pervades the air, save the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep and the incessant musical variations of the mocking-birds. Humanity has forsaken the mart. Six days' labor in the store, on the cotton-field, in the gin and on the prairie has ended and the seventh is truly a day of rest. As the day advances the people become sensible of their duties and one and all prepare to "go into the house of the Lord." We purposely use the word "prepare," since more elaborate preparations are wont to be made there than here. We must remember that churches are not to be found every few miles; but frequently twenty or more miles intervene ere we find those sacred edifices. While the men are preparing modes of conveyance, the ladies are busy preparing eatables that are to accompany. (We are now speaking of country congregations). This may appear strange, but easily answered and understood when informed that there are usually two services during the day, morning and afternoon. All preparations completed, we start out for the church. Seldom do we find light carriages; but heavy wagons are heard clattering over the prairies, loaded with human freight, on their way to God's House. Here and there we find families mounted on ponies, seeking the same object. It is not an unusual matter to find the father on one "broncho" with two or three cherubs riding behind him and the mother on another with a like number behind her, and one or two baskets of victuals strapped on somewhere. At last all have arrived and are ready to hear God's word. We enter the church, but the heat is so great that it is almost impossible to remain within that structure. What is to be done? God has provided and we all leave and take refuge under a "mot." Here, under an immense cluster of live-oak trees from which the sil-

very Spanish moss hangs in festoons to the ground, our congregation assembles and listens to the expounding of the Word. The morning service having concluded, the linen is spread, the eatables are arranged, a fire is built and coffee prepared, and then all, after an Eastern custom, sit down on the bare ground to partake of the feast thus spread. After all have satisfied the cravings of the inner man, the men retire to discuss the merits of the morning's discourse, while the good ladies gather together the fragments and again stow the dishes into their baskets. Now follows the Sunday-school for the younger folks and then again a regular service for the older. This generally closes the day and all repair to their homes.

Two or three times a year several congregations will unite in an open air service for two days. At such times, parties coming from twenty-five to thirty miles can be found, and what is least expected, they come with a sincere desire of worshipping God. Frivolity is not countenanced and the appearance of the "Dominie" will at once suffice to allay any sign of rudeness. The minister in Texas is regarded as God's servant and not simply as a man who by training and study has acquired the gift of "gab." There is much that we, even in Pennsylvania, might learn from the people of Texas, and that with profit. Much more could be said on a Sunday in Texas, but for the present this must suffice.

—The London *Christian World* rightly says that "the promise to pay for a newspaper is neither more nor less sacred than a promise to pay for a farm." (N. B.—Dear reader, have you paid for your *MONTHLY*.)

—"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it doesn't change "a bit." If you take off another you have a "bit" left. If you take off another the whole of "it" remains. If you remove another it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a bad habit you must throw it off altogether.

A Flirt.

BY VERY GREEN MOAN, '88.

Some men have minds made out of clay,
As funny as can be;
They'd kill themselves or quite dismay
For simple coquetry.

When church-day comes they'er on the go,
On Sunday all the day,
And when they see a maiden oh!
I'll flirt? Yes I may.

But ah! who flirts is but a fop;
Such things will never pay.
The sooner, man, that you will stop
The better for your day.

Build not upon vain, idle dreams,
As sleepers do in church,
But build beyond those Golden beams,
Radiating truest mirth.

Then make thy friendship honestly;
On none thyself impose:
And deal with it most delicately,
As bees upon a rose.

The Ignorant Man.

BY GEO. R. ULRICH, '84. (PEREGRINE JONES.)

Once, in all the years of time,
There lived a man; not one sublime
But one, who in his humble way,
Performed the duties of each day,
As well as one to knowledge blind
Can do with an untutored mind.

Beauty had painted well his face,
His eyes shown forth with every grace.
But what is beauty? What is form
To one in whom mere passions storm?
A man of mind is worth a score
Of men like this and even more.

He was a man of no great care.
He built great castles in the air;
And soon as there would come a test
And all would fall,—even the best,
He'd gather up the broken parts
And build again, by fancy's arts,
His structure on the ruined wall,
Thus it again was sure to fall.

He'd boast what deeds, in time of war
His hands had done,—and even more.
The Union line was strong, he said,
When he was standing it its head.
But when at night he walked the street
"His ear was quick, his foot was fleet,"

If to his back the slightest noise
Was made by some mischievous boys.

Then, loud to all the world he'd boast
That he had seen a great white ghost,
He knew its form. He knew its size,
He saw the fire flash from his eyes.
Its feet resembled lions' paws.
Its mouth he likened to their jaws.
But, when they asked him why he ran,
He made excuse, as liars can.

He told great tales of secret love
How many a girl, fair as a dove,
Had sought to win his noble heart
But how he chose the better part.
He vowed that he would single stay
And never give his heart away.

But deep down in his inmost soul,
To tell the truth and tell the whole—
Lies many a name, perhaps, who knows,
Of those to whom he would propose?

"Rulers of State are wrong," he said,
"No one but fools are at the head.
I vow if I were ruled in power,
I'd change affairs in one short hour."

Unfortunate for this poor man!
He dare do naught but what he can.
But is he dead? No, living still,
Is this dumb man; and ever will
Till shall the light of wisdom shine
In every life,—in yours,—in mine.

MUHLENBERG COLLEGE, }
Feb. 17, 1887. }

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God
to call away the father of our beloved class-
mate, G. F. Coleman, and

WHEREAS, The college has lost a faithful
friend, and our classmate a loving parent, we,
the Class of '89, do draw up the following
resolutions:

Resolved, That, as we sincerely sympathize
with our friend and the bereaved family in
this their deep affliction, we hereby extend to
them our condolence in this hour of poig-
nant sorrow, and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions
be sent to the family of our grief-stricken
classmate; that they be printed in the city
papers, and in the MUHLENBERG MONTHLY.

JOHN W. HORINE, }
JOHN H. RAKER, } Committeee.
JOHN B. HEIL, }



—The *Thielensian* is a journal of real merit, and is well edited. It should, however, be published earlier in the month.

—We admire the excellent style in which the *Troy Polytechnic* is printed. Its appearance is better than the majority of college journals.

—A communication from a Japanese student was published in the *Pennsylvanian*, denying the statement that a Vassar graduate is the consort of the Mikado.

—The want of a students' reading-room at Franklin and Marshall is commented upon by the *College Student*. The editors also wish the number of their staff to be increased.

—The February number of the *University Review*, published at the Kansas State University, contains two articles especially worthy of note—Scottish Universities and Labor and Love.

—The editors of the *College Rambler*, Illinois, are excused by the Faculty from one-half of their literary and rhetorical work, in order that more time may be spent in the interests of the paper.

—The *Ursinus College Bulletin* contains a full report of Dr. Magill's lecture, which he delivered there during January. The Faculty subsequently took action expressing their agreement with the Doctor's views.

—A new exchange appears in our list—the *Swarthmore Phœnix*. It is a well conducted paper, and judging from its large number of advertisements, must be in a good financial condition. The literary article on the poet, Shelly, is an interesting production. President Magill contributes an article on "Yale and Brown," both of which institutions he attended.

—The *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, because there are five institutions bearing the name of Pennsylvania, wishes to call the college "Gettysburg College," and is ready to change its name to the *Gettysburgian*. It also states that Dr. Smith, our former professor of science, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Chemical Society of London.

—We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Pacific Pharos*, *Indicator*, *Hartwick Seminary Monthly*, *Lutherville Seminarian*, *The Lantern*, *Illini*, *North Carolina University Magazine*, *Dickinson Liberal Courier* and the *National Educator*.

Lafayette Glee Club.

The Lafayette College Glee and Banjo Clubs appeared in Music Hall, March 2d, and gave a delightful concert. Owing to the fact that nearly all the churches had services on that evening, the audience was small, but a more appreciative one could not be desired. The bass soloist was unable to fulfill his part of the programme, because of sickness. Mr. Morrison has an excellent tenor voice and, besides taking a chief part in all of the glees, sang a solo in an excellent manner. Mr. Stier's piano solo; the violin duet of Messrs. Seitz and Davis; the glee "Last Night" by a quartette, and the guitar duo were well received. Special mention is due Mr. Seitz for his beautiful rendering of "Oberlander." That he is a good violinist and that his performance was appreciated was shown by his being obliged to respond to an encore. The Glee and Banjo Clubs fulfilled their part of the programme very acceptably and they were repeatedly recalled. We have not the space to comment on the different selections. The boys deserved a large audience and we are sorry they chose Wednesday evening. They left a very good impression on all who were present, and we are sure they will be better rewarded when they appear here again, which, we understand, they propose doing before long.

—Subscribe for the MONTHLY.



—Prep. department received a new student from the State of New York, besides others from Pennsylvania.

—The members of the Euterpean Society, will give a literary entertainment on March 25th, in the chapel of the college, beginning at eight o'clock. The following is the programme:

Orchestra.

Prayer, President of College.

Orchestra.

Address of Welcome, C. J. Schaad.

College Glee Club.

Referred Question, W. F. Bond.

Selection, H. F. Schantz.

Orchestra.

Poem, George R. Ulrich.

Junior Quartette.

Essay, E. H. Eberts.

Selection, George S. Kleckner.

College Glee Club.

Oration, C. D. Clauss.

Orchestra.

Budget, D. G. Gerberich, Editor; Ezra Rath and
W. A. Deily, Assistants.

Orchestra.

All are invited.

Gifts to the College Library.

In addition to the gift of one hundred dollars by Mr. Luther P. Keller, of Philadelphia, reported in our last issue, a large collection of books was presented by Rev. J. D. Schindel, of this city. This was not the first time that Rev. Schindel remembered the college library. Just as we are going to press, a finely bound copy of "The American Journal of Philology," in six volumes, came to hand. This valuable gift is from that generous friend of the college, Rev. Prof. F. A. Muhlenberg, D. D. The library contains many volumes that were presented by him, and the constant interest, which he has shown, in various ways, in the welfare of the institution, renews the debt of gratitude, that the college owes him

as its first President and most distinguished founder.

These gifts are all sincerely appreciated, and we hope the example of their donors will lead others to similar liberality towards the college.

College Personals.

STUDENTS.

. Jones expects to make a visit to Carbon county before long.

. Davy, '88, and Davy, '90, celebrated their birthdays on the 1st inst.

. Oberly, '89, presented an "Ellabowrate" appearance at the lecture on the 15th ult.

. Kline, '91, says, although he does not own any horses, he likes to be about them.

. Kistler, '88, we are glad to announce, is back again at his post, greatly improved in health.

. Oberly sent his stove to New York to have it blacked. Next he will send his smoke-pipe to be repaired.

. The students would like to know the reason why Wenrich, '88, was minus his moustache one morning.

. Grahn, '89, says that every time *she* passes, his heart jumps into his throat. Erny, conquer your body and bring that athletic heart into subjection.

. Kleckner, '90, Laury, '89, Gimlich, '90, and the Junior Quartette, furnished part of the entertainment at the last meeting of the Young People's Society of St. John's Church.

. Gerberich, '88, having been informed by Dr. W. of a certain fact, remarked, "I didn't know that Dr.," whereupon the Dr. said, "Indeed, Mr. G., you don't know everything yet." G. collapsed.

. Professor to Hassler, '89, in Greek prose recitation.—"Mr. Hassler, what is the word for 'tooth.'?" Doc.—"Don't know." Prof.—"By the way, Mr. Hassler, have you your wisdom teeth yet?" Doc.—"I'm a getting 'em." But Doc. they come so slowly.

. Before Mr. Beck's lecture, Kramlich, '87, and Lambert, '88, entered a restaurant. The waiter asked what they wished. "I'll take *shad*," said Kramlich. "I'll take *beef*," said Lambert. And they took them.

. They were mentioning what each liked the best. Some one said to Shettler, "George, what is your favorite?" "I like a damson." We appreciate the modesty which caused George to turn damsel into *damson*.

. Butz, R. J. (as a Freshman expresses it) "was phrenologized as to his *caput*." Butz with his usual brilliancy and originality deduced the following proportions: R. J. Butz : his qualities :: 50c. : phrenologist.

. A member of the class of '88 has condescended to furnish our readers the subjects of the Junior prize orations, as follows:— Bond—Bob's good Taste; Clauss—My Uncle; Fetter—A Wise Sentiment; Gebert—Courtship; Gerberich—Power of Mercury; Kistler—Running; Lambert—That's What I Meant; Metzger—Literary Societies; Ritter—The German; Schantz—Bossism; Scheirer—Pull down your Vest; Ulrich—Twirl your Chain; Wenrich—Rest (Ger. *Ruhe*.)

. Again has H. Snyder immortalized himself. Oh! Cæsar, Antony, Crassus, ye long catalogue of celebrities, what are you in comparison to Snyder H. of '90? *He shot a cat*. The deed so preyed upon his mind that he wrote some poetry on the occasion. Here it is *verbatim*:

Snyder went out to have some fun,
So he borrowed his papa's shot gun.
He saw a cat,—the deed was done,
That cat its race of life has run.

. David Gerberich, '88, and David Gimlich, '89, were seated in the reading-room. Says Gimlich to Gerberich, "What David were you named after?" Gerberich—"I was named after the David who wrote the Psalms." "Pooh!" says Gimlich, "I wasn't, I was named after the David who slew the lion and Goliath an'—an'—and—but he was some on the fight. He was a greater man than the psalm writer." Gerberich—"He wasn't." Gimlich—"He was." Gerberich—"I'm almost tempted to

call you a mendacious prevaricator." A long and stormy debate then followed as to which David was the better man. Half an hour afterward Gimlich came up to Gerberich's room with a face as long as a Mormon elders', rapped, went in, and hiding his blushing face in his hands, said, "Gerberich, oh! they were the same feller." Such ignorance is positively shameful.

College News.

—There are said to be 104 college graduates in the House of Representatives.

—President Thomas Chase, of Haverford College, is writing letters from Paris to American papers.

—Washington's Birthday was observed at many institutions by special exercises and a suspension of regular work.

—Dr. N. C. Schaffer, Principal of the Keystone State Normal School, has been elected President of Wichita University, Kansas.

—Commemoration Day was observed at John's Hopkins on February 22d., when all the University buildings were thrown open to visitors. Degrees were conferred in the morning and a reception was held in the evening.

—Harvard College has come into possession of a bequest of \$230,000 and upward, which is applicable only for purposes of special astronomical investigation. The observatory will probably be located in the Southern Hemisphere.

—Jonas G. Clark has given a million dollars toward the founding of a university at Worcester, Mass. Had he decided on some western state absolutely in need of such a college, he would, by his benevolence, have erected a far greater monument to his memory.

—Whittier is quoted as saying: "It's a great thing to own a little bit of the Lord's earth straight up to the heavens. A man feels better for it."



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In Nervous Debility.

DR. EDWIN F. VOSE, Portland, Me., says: "I have prescribed it for many of the various forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed to do good."

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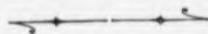
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Editorials.

A BOUT a year ago, when the college library was moved from the room, so difficult of access, on the third floor, to its present quarters, the change was hailed with delight by students and professors. It was not until then that the real value of the library was appreciated. It is not used as much as the society libraries are, and we do not expect that it will be, simply because most students desire to read fiction more than anything else. The college library stands alone and pre-eminent in the value of its books of reference. We suppose it is well known that a permanent fund was started some time ago, the interest of which is to be used in the purchase of necessary books for the college

library. Mr. J. A. Geissenhainer, of New York, lately sent his check for \$100 to the President as an addition to this fund. The Senior Class also expects to contribute to it. There are many Alumni who might aid their *alma mater* by making such contributions as they may be able. The increase of this fund is greatly desired, as are also gifts of books, which will be of service in such a library.

THE Euterpean Literary Society gave a most enjoyable entertainment on the evening of March 25th, in the college chapel. Mr. M. J. Kuehner, '87, the President of the Society and Master of Ceremonies, announced the exercises, which were opened with prayer by the President of the College.

Owing to the sickness of Mr. Schaad, his Salutatory was read by Mr. P. R. Dry. This was followed with a selection by the Glee Club, consisting of eight members, under the leadership of Mr. G. R. Ulrich, '88. The debut of the club was looked forward to with much interest by the students, and the impression which it left was a very favorable one. The voices are excellent and the parts were well sustained and were sung in good time. However, more appropriate selections might have been made. A song on "Muhlenberg" is what the club needs, and we hope that "Peregrine Jones" will compose one in the near future. Mr. Bond's address on the subject "Hallucination" was much enjoyed by all present. The select reading by Harry F. Schantz was also well received.

Mr. Geo. R. Ulrich, '88, (Peregrine Jones,) the poet of the college, read his new poem, entitled "An Evening's Summary." The poem is not a mere rhyme, as most poetry, written by college boys, is. The thought is beautiful as is also the wording. Who knows whether

there may not be a Longfellow or Tennyson now in embryo within our classic walls, but who may in future not unworthily be compared with those immortal poets? We will print the "Summary" in our next issue.

The Junior Quartette sang a melody in a manner which was a decided improvement on their former performances. They were obliged to respond to an encore as was also the Glee Club. The reading or rather recitation of Poe's *Raven* by Mr. G. S. Kleckner was well done, and was pronounced by the audience as one of the most enjoyable performances of the entertainment. Following the lecture of Mr. Beck in the Court House on "Poe," it was the more appreciated. Mr. Clauss was the orator of the evening, and very creditably did he fulfil his part. The exercises were closed with the reading of the Budget by Mr. D. G. Gerberich, '88.

The two entertainments by the Euterpean and Sophronian Literary Societies might be termed experiments. We pronounce them both successful. Considerable experience has been gained which will be valuable in getting up future meetings, which we think should, and undoubtedly will be held. Annual entertainments by each of the societies would be greatly enjoyed by the citizens of Allentown and patrons of the college.

WE make the following suggestion to the Freshmen which we hope they will consider before taking final action upon the matter. Those who were here last June know what a failure book-burning was. And it was not the fault of the class. They went to a great deal of trouble in preparing orations, a banner, coffin, &c., and what did it benefit them. They were hooted by a crowd of students who seemed to desire a failure and a farce rather than a successful entertainment. Who ever started the unearthly custom of having it at midnight or later, we do not know. It is a foolish custom and the present Freshman class will deserve much praise if they break it. By holding it at an early hour and announcing it to the public they would have a large and appreciative audience. If we are

not mistaken, the students of the University of Pennsylvania held theirs on the ball grounds last year after having invited the public, and the attendance numbered several thousand persons. The students who had no part in the exercises were obliged to behave as gentlemen. If '90 decides to make this change, they will contribute to the enjoyment of a large number of people, and book-burning will hereafter take its stand as a feature of commencement week.

GEOLOGY teaches us that man existed before the Psychozoic era and that he came into being with mammals during the Quaternary or Drift period; that he did not establish his supremacy until the beginning of the present era; that his time on the earth may be 100,000 years or 10,000, but more probably the former than the latter. How can these facts be reconciled with the traditional opinion of interpreters of the Bible? Chronologists have placed the date of man's creation at 4004 B. C., a date far less remote than even the lowest estimate of geologists. Genesis is handed down to us in three forms, —the Hebrew text, the Samaritan Pentateuch, and the Septuagint, or ancient Greek translation. No two agree in the numbers on which the estimate is founded. We might also say that no two geologists agree in their estimates, but this would not help the matter. Dr. Fisher writes:—For the growth of language and its manifold ramifications; for the development of the different races of mankind, physically considered; for the geological changes since the beginning of the Stone Age in the regions where its relics are uncovered; for the rise of the most ancient civilization in Egypt as well as in Babylon and China,—it is thought that periods of very long duration are indispensable. Geikie writes:—Any term of years I might suggest would be a mere guess; but I have written to little purpose, if I have failed to leave the impression upon the reader, that the advent of Neolithic man in Europe must date back far beyond fifty or seventy centuries. We must therefore acknowledge that man existed far

longer than 4004 B. C. This should not, however, disturb our religious faith. Most of these discoveries were made within the last fifty years, and who knows that discoveries may not be made within the next fifty years, which will disclose a period of *rapid changes* which will bring the date within the time assumed by tradition. "Rapid changes" and "missing links" are great conveniences to geologists. Either the interpreters of nature or the interpreters of Genesis have erred, and as the Bible has stood every scientific test that has yet been brought to bear upon it, we can rest assured that it will meet this apparent difficulty.

—Old Farmer Slikens had sent his son to college, and received a letter from the young man stating that he was taking lessons in fencing.

"Well, I'm durned glad to see that boy Joshua gettin' suthin' pra'ticle long 'uth all this Lating and Greek and jommerty and stuff. I reckon that when we go to put up them rails Joshua 'll jest about be comin' home, and may be he can give us a few idees about the job sech as they don't teach on'y in colleges. I'm rarely glad to see Joshua show sech a leanin' to common sense."—*Ex.*

IDEAS, THEN WORDS.—Words are the common vehicles of thought. When a thinker evolves a new idea, he finds it needful to make a word to express it. The Dictionary maker is the collector and explainer of these idea words. The English language is greatly indebted to such collectors, and they have greatly facilitated the spread of thought and science. We are indebted to Fulton for applying steam to navigation, to Morse for the telegraph, and to Edison for the telephone and other inventions, but we are more indebted to Noah Webster, the great Lexicographer, for his big dictionary of words. Through his Spelling Book and his Dictionary he has furnished the vehicles which have quickened the intellectual growth of the American people, and made all other achievements possible.



Choosing a Profession.

BY REV. S. A. ZIEGENFUSS, '70.

One of the most serious and important questions that addresses itself to the mind of a student upon entering college is, "What profession shall I choose?" We pity the young man who enters upon a college course without having any idea as to what profession he will take up when his college days are ended. We hold it to be a matter of very great importance, and one that contributes largely to a successful course in his studies, that a student should know as early as possible in his college days, what profession he expects to make his field of labor. If a student comes to college with a particular profession in view, much has already been gained, if the selection has been wisely made. That student has an aim. All his studies are made to concentrate in that one aim. Not that he becomes bigoted or one-sided, but the acquisition of his knowledge is made to bear more or less on that particular aim. He comes to college for the purpose of acquiring an education. "Young man have an aim in life," comes with peculiar force to the college student. The student is not to be like driftwood that floats along in the channel, simply because the current carries it along, but he knows why he has entered college, and makes himself master of all his studies.

A thorough training, a full collegiate course, is absolutely necessary to a successful carrying on of the business of his profession. It will not take him long to discover, after he has entered the arena of life, the indispensable necessity of a well-rounded college education. Let a young man ascertain as early in life as possible, with what peculiar gifts his Creator has endowed him, what talents he

possesses, and then choose a profession in the line of his talents, and he will not be apt to miss his calling. We believe that God has a sphere for every human being, and we maintain, therefore, that it is the duty of man to ascertain as nearly as possible for what particular sphere the Lord has designed him, and then labor therein. It is certainly very deleterious to the otherwise successful career of a well-educated man, when he disregards and scoffs at the idea of an all wise Providence in directing the aims and end of life, and ruling over its destiny. It behoves a young man, therefore, to exercise the greatest care, that he may bless God and benefit his fellow men in that pursuit of life for which his Maker has created him, and to which He has called him. He who despises this inner call, will discover at last to his own sorrow that his life has been a failure.

Another great help in choosing a profession consists in seeking the advice of trustworthy friends. Lacking in experience, deficient in judgment, the counsel of experienced and reliable friends often comes as a God-send to a young man. We do not always see ourselves as others see us, and it follows *a priori* that our best friends can, in a large measure, aid us in choosing that profession for which we are best adapted. Their criticisms may often seem to us to be severe, but we will always find them to be wholesome. They do not praise every thing that we do. They bestow encomiums upon us when we actually deserve them, and they do not withhold their censure and criticism when we make a mistake. They do not advise us to choose a profession for which they know that we have neither been fitted by Providence, nor qualified by education. We despise and condemn that contemptible flattery which is so much sought after in our day, and has proved the downfall of many a young man. He takes time by the forelock, who heeds the good advice, and profits by the ripened judgment of those who are friends indeed.

We cannot close this article without calling attention to another erroneous and fallacious idea in choosing a profession. We refer to

that gorging monarch, *love of money*. How often is the question propounded, when reference is made to any profession, "How much money is in it?" The mercenary spirit is too frequently made the controlling principle in the choice of a profession. As there are men who marry for money, so also there are those who enter a profession for money. As the woman suffers by such a marriage, so also does the profession lose by the man who so enters it. "The love of money is a root of all evil." Young men, discard such an evil consideration. Soar above the allurements of earthly greed and gain. Choose your profession from the moral consciousness that your Creator has designed you for it, and consecrate all your energies and powers of body and soul to the fulfilling of your duty in that calling. Adopt for yourselves the motto: *Dum vivimus, vivamus*. Serve your God faithfully in your high and holy calling to which He has called you, and you will have served your fellow-men best. And when your "earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, you will have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Obligations of an Alumnus.

BY N. WILEY THOMAS, PH. D.

The reflections embodied in what follows are best presented at this time. During the past, circumstances would have interposed the bar of propriety.

Primarily to the alumnus, but to the undergraduate with equal earnestness are they addressed.

The alumni of Muhlenberg at this time exercise no little influence in both State and Church. This power must be acknowledged as the legitimate outcome of forces, the origin of which is to be found in the teachings and precepts inculcated by our Alma Mater.

The education and culture thus obtained is largely all that distinguishes such graduates. The debt of gratitude thus incurred is frequently forgotten and in a few cases ignored.

The majority of young men spend the most critical stage of manhood in college, and the responsibility of such an institution is second only to the home circle. That college which proves herself faithless to this high trust had better never been organized.

In these days of excessive criticism, when college matters are discussed, it is customary to censure either the faculty or board of trustees. This is all wrong. Let us briefly consider the duties, obligations and interests of these bodies. The trustees are, as a rule, men who are constantly expending in behalf of the college both time and money, but receiving little more than the censure or approbation with which their acts may perchance be received. The gentlemen of the faculty constitute the motor power of the institution. They are ever alert to advance the cause they labor so hard to serve, they evince more concern for the welfare of the students than is generally supposed. The emoluments of the faithful professor are a living for himself and family, and the enshrinement in the affections of his pupils. He rarely gets more than this, and very often less. There then appears no question but that the real recipients of the benefits of an institution are the students. They are the individuals for whom the entire machinery is made to work, in order that their advancement may be thorough and reliable. Their tuition is paid, but not one student in one thousand thinks this worthy of contrast with what he receives in lieu of it.

The graduates and undergraduates must acknowledge that Muhlenberg has wrought well her part in the construction of their characters. She has protected them from many dangers, some entirely unknown to them, and when in the order of time they were torn away from her, she pronounced upon them her dearest benediction, pointing them to new fields of endeavor. It behooves every alumnus of Muhlenberg to consider these things. Let him see if he is doing his full duty toward her, concerning whose fame he sang so lustily in his college days.

Muhlenberg is marching forward, if not so rapidly as we may desire let us silence all in-

cination to criticize, and carefully examine what we have done to aid in this onward movement. The methods by which the alumni may assist we do not propose to discuss. They are well nigh as varied as the individuals themselves. All that is needed is an inclination coupled with a strong determination to do the duty which presents itself. We believe in a large representation of the alumni in the board of trustees, but this cannot be hoped for until the gentlemen of the alumni have evinced such an interest as shall merit such distinguished recognition.

There is no doubt that a true conception of the obligation of an alumnus will result in marked solicitude on his part.

Let the new order of things at Muhlenberg be characterized by the increased labors of the alumni as well as by executive and professional ability in the board of trustees and faculty.

If this brief exhortation shall strengthen the purpose of one alumnus only, the writer will be more than repaid for his trouble, and the *MONTHLY* will not regret its appearance, for above all other motives, we believe its desire to advance the interests of Muhlenberg is predominant.

Wayside Memories.

BY D. L. RAMBO, '83.

We were bound for Texas. It was on the fifth day out—having passed some time in Atlanta, Montgomery and New Orleans—that we found ourselves alone and from home, weary and sad, upon the waters of the mighty Mississippi.

The day was perfect—a poem in itself. The sweet-voiced mocking-bird in a very storm of happiness, poured forth its wonderful song, with inimitable trills and fantastic cadences, melodious and rich; the softly sighing breeze, odorous with the perfumed breath of magnolia and rose, took up the song together with the hum of insect and bee, the harmonious murmur of the placid gulf, and wafted them all heavenward in one grand symphonic burst of thanksgiving and praise.

When we have crossed beyond, we take the Morgan Railroad and go creeping along through the bottoms at a pace that is better than walking—when you are not in a hurry. For a long while, we keep a careful lookout for those dread alligators, of which we had so often heard, but alas! we see them not. The marshy brakes are there, impenetrable to man or beast, but there is nothing in them to dispel the dismal sadness that is brooding over us—not even an ugly, black alligator. We always *were* unfortunate. Night comes on apace and leaves nothing to amuse us but our own thoughts and the still more dismal croaking of the frogs—a “croak” so peculiar, that some fellow-passengers—ladies about to take up their abode in the “Lone Star,”—wondered whether it was the “song” of the tarantula; having wondered, their miseries (?) serged up anew and were deluged in a shower of tears. Poor dears! Their troubles were apparently many and grievous; but to-day, I venture to say, they are enjoying the reward of their wisdom, and are so well content in their new homes that they would be unwilling to exchange their chosen State for any other in the Republican arch.

When day has dawned, clear and bright, we are bowling along o'er the broad illimitable plains, where our range of vision is scarcely paralleled by that of the eagle himself. What a glorious sight it is! No more mountains, no more hills and valleys, no more unsightly “cuts;” but to north or south, to east or west, as far as human eye can see, there is nothing meets the gaze but one continuous stretch of prairie—a reflex of the arched dome above. Nothing, did I say? I am wrong. Look oft in the distance yonder, where the green of the sea beneath mingles with the blue of the arch above! See that clump of trees? Are not they noble specimens? Live oaks, they are, and they usually grow thus, in clumps or “mots,” as they are called, as if they scorned solitude and would seek companionship with their fellows. A noble sight they are, as they stand with widespread branches intertwined, their tops reared heavenward though

slightly bowed as in humility, their beautiful grey beards of Spanish moss waving to and fro in the breeze and shimmering like silver in the sunlight. When you have seen them with densely foliaged boughs extended in symmetry that is the perfection of beauty, inviting man and beast to seek shelter from the scorching sun in their cool domains; placed in the midst of a boundless prairie that is covered with velvet green of Nature's most charming tint, made more entrancing still by the luxuriant richness of the flowers showered everywhere by an unsparing hand; encompassed by an atmosphere that seems singing itself, so rife is it with the jubilant music of Nature's sweetest choristers, you have looked upon such a wilderness of beauty as can never be forgot. There stand in the midst of it all as the sun sheds his last departing ray upon the scene and sinks to rest upon his flowery couch. While you look, “The day so quickly glides into night that twilight scarcely forms a bridge betwixt them; one moment of darker purple of shade victorious over light, and then burst forth the countless stars; the moon is up, and night resumes her reign.”

We are in Texas. We pass along the borders of immense pastures in which we see thousands of cattle; some roaming aimlessly here and there; others leisurely grazing as they go; while still others lie idly in the pleasant shade of the magnificent oaks, lazily chewing their cuds—sights, which, together with the “rounding up” of large herds, are worth a trip even to Texas to see.

In conclusion we would simply say that the “Lone Star” is still in her infancy. Her possibilities can scarcely be foretold or overestimated. She is certainly possessed of all the essentials of greatness—only requiring above all else, population to develop her wonderful and varied resources. When annexed, she reserved her public domains for educational purposes. There is no town, no village, that does not have its church or school house. In the course of a few years, the school fund will be about \$100,000,000 and each of the two Universities will have from

three to five millions. These moneys are applied to all, regardless of race or color, though, of course, whites and blacks are separated, and under no circumstances, are they allowed to partake of intellectual meats at the same board. In leaving such a legacy as this, the brave old pioneers bestowed an incomparable blessing upon their State—upon the World, in fact. When once the school system is thoroughly complete and deep water is secured at Galveston, by the jetty system, when a better system of roads is secured, and the country passes *entirely* from the first to the second stage of civilization, the "Lone Star" will slowly but surely increase in brilliancy until it assumes the central and highest position in the "Galaxy" and sheds its lustre abroad upon the smaller clustering ones.

We should like to continue and tell all about the charming cow-boy whom the ladies admire so much because of his unparalleled intrepidity in "going so near the cows"—about their ranches and the modus operandi; about the peculiarities of the people in conversation, dress and general customs; about the climate and its conduciveness to longevity; how a young man of only ninety-two summers "would a' wooing go," and how he, in the expressive though not very elegant language of the day, "got left;" about the delights the State holds in store for the sportsman; about the horned frog, and a thousand and one other things; but to attempt it in a few words were as useless as to attempt to write the history of the world on a postal card. So, "adios!"

—A youthful theological student, so minute in stature that he ordinarily cannot make himself seen when behind the pulpit desk, recently preached near Exeter, N. H. An aged woman sat in the front pew, and was greatly concerned to see a boy in place of the expected minister. So she slipped on tiptoe to the pulpit stairs and beckoned to him, whispering loudly: "Come down, my boy; you mustn't sit there; that's the place for the minister."—*Springfield Republican.*

A Philosophical Digression.

(BURLESQUE.)

BY E. F. KEEVER, '86.

Do not be frightened at the subject, for that is the most stupendous part in the article; the rest is not so large, but just large enough. The argument will be simple or complex, the sentences short, and the statements clear. Your faculties, however, must be concentrated on the ideas set forth; be careful also to avoid monotony while reading them, and above all, do not lose sight of the subject, for that gives character to the discourse.

I seek not glory, but merely to get you to think; always think twice before you swear once. It is not safe to swear in these earthquakey times. I have secret information that they do not swear in Charleston any more, and that they intend to stop it in Europe as soon as they can. Allow me now to go back to my Digression.

As I was passing along the street one day I chanced upon a group of children in their after-school sports. Among them was a little ebony-skinned, wooly-haired, shiny-eyed, round-pated son of Ethiopia. For the sake of satisfying a native curiosity and love of the ridiculous, I paused and addressed the following question to my dark little friend: "What is the reason," said I, "that you are black and that boy (pointing to a fair-skinned lad) is white?" Looking up he quickly answered: "Because I feel like it," and then continued, "I am that fellow's brother." What ever prompted that little urchin to give so wise a reply to such a foolish question has always been a mystery to my comprehension. I rested satisfied at the time by attributing it to a freak of mental development. The little fellow was brainy and could not restrain himself from giving expression to a few subtle thoughts, never imagining for a moment that his words would be published in a college journal of high standing.

Let us now examine the words of the young black philosopher a little more closely. First he said "I am black because I feel like it."

This at once raises a doubt in the mind of the thinker, and so by making one supposition we can get rid of the entire statement, namely that he falsified. This would be a discovery, at the outstart, of a black falsehood which would render all subsequent statements of the youth improbable, cast a gloom over the Digression, and reflect upon the veracity of the author. We take for granted then that he was black because he felt like it; in fact it was a natural result. He was black; why should he not feel black? We would not suppose for a moment that he would feel black if he were white; nor could we expect him to feel white; therefore we must take him at his word, even if it is black. This first statement also involves the question of the ego and the non-ego, which will be discussed in a subsequent digression.

To facilitate thought we have reversed the logical order of the ideas in the expression. He did not say 'he felt black because he was black,' but by reason of his feeling black he became black. How much charcoal he had handled in his time I am unable to say, but I am inclined to think that it would take a good many generations of feeling either charcoal or any other black substance to turn a white man. His statement likewise implied that he had been white once, or carried some other shade of light, which I undoubtedly do not believe. It may be so, for I did not see him from the beginning, but I am prone to think the old Ananias was working in him.

The second proposition to which he gave utterance was as pithy as it was remarkable. Indeed to speak seriously, the words seemed to me to be almost inspired. They called to mind the awful curse which Noah called down upon the son of his own unworthy child who had ridiculed the unbecoming appearance of the drunken patriarch. How truly and fearfully did those evil words find fulfillment. Little did the Builder of the Ark dream, when he pronounced those awful words: "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." I say, little did he dream of how the future millions,

descendants of the curse-driven Canaan,* that were to people the dark continent, would eke out a miserable existence through long centuries in performing the world's labor. How heavily the curse rests upon them now? Neither did the great Survivor of the Flood think how way down the galleries of time in the latter days of the nineteenth century, a little child of one of those sons of toil would rise up out of his obscure corner, and, notwithstanding the dire curse of his angry ancestor, declare of his more favored fellow-creature, "I am that man's brother."

Again, the simple sentence which that little Ethiopian uttered was the most eloquent oration ever pronounced in behalf of the colored man's equality. He is the white man's brother, notwithstanding Charles Darwin and Jefferson Davis to the contrary. If Mr. Davis had heard that little speech while he was President at Richmond, he would have resigned immediately and gone to cotton-picking. But he did not hear it and therefore did not pick.

This is a flight—a rhetorical whiff as it were of the ethereal. The flight extends from the tents of Ham and Canaan to an alley in a Pennsylvania city; from the time of Noah to the days of Frederick Douglass. The pressure of the above ether has not been registered. Not to detain you much longer, I decline to say any more, because I believe you are laughing at me, yet I do not care because I cannot see you; I say, not to detain you much longer, I will conclude by making brief reference to the various subjects discussed. I have touched upon history, for instance, Noah and his Ham; science, for example, Charles Darwin who held that man instead of being a little lower than the angels, was a little higher than the monkeys; but Darwin did not commit the crime of saying that the monkeys are all smart because educated in the higher branches. I have also referred to slavery which in political language

*) A disputed question. A discrepancy arises if we suppose the ancient so-called Canaanites, who spoke a Semitive language, to have been descendants of Ham.

is termed "the bloody-shirt on the black back" and without which no discourse is complete. Charcoal has likewise been considered, and this is destined to exercise an untold influence on the unborn generations of the future.

Finally, to return to my Digression, this article has at least one virtue, namely that of containing no reference to Greece and Rome.

Our Commercial Age.

BY W. W. KRAMLICH, '87.

We are in an age of commercial civilization. We hear this not only from every philosopher and statesman, but it reaches through the press and from the pulpit and the eye observes the fact along the streets and wharves of every city. Our whole country is indeed a gigantic advertisement of this great commercial character of the age. The great world itself owns a common brotherhood in this new spirit of modern life; and, unlike as tribes and nations are, the productions of their soils and the manufactures of their hands are uniting them closely together. Some find fault with it, others vehemently condemn it, while not a few rising above the mere materialism of commercial phenomena, see therein the sure prophecy of a higher humanity. One thing is certain, that intercourse is the law of the age. If men themselves will not travel, their skill, inventions and products cannot remain with them. The industry of the world is in motion, floating over the ocean, hastening over the land, breaking through barriers, penetrating every solitude and entering into the daily thought and living of mankind. Each part of the globe is fast becoming a necessity to every other part and at last selfishness serves benevolence by executing the commands of universal sympathy. Men, if worthy of the name, must advance their fortunes. They need homes for their hearts and altars by their fireside for their worship. Heaven has given them the instincts of property and they must be gratified. But even here no man can save himself alone. The whole world must help him

to be a man, and he must help the whole world in return. Alive to the impulse, it sought a lost Franklin in the Polar seas and in the same spirit planted the school and the church in barbarous regions. It has studied the winds and waters until their movements are obedient to mathematical calculations. Steam has already encircled the globe and the cable telegraph will reach from continent to continent and men's thoughts will speed their lightning course through realms where neither light nor sound has ever penetrated. Notwithstanding all that it has done for us, it cannot be questioned that the time has come for our standard of mercantile education to be raised. Intelligent and shrewsighted as our merchants are, it is not to be denied that many, perhaps most of them, attach a greater importance to shrewdness than to genuine sense and rely more upon tact than upon a comprehensive knowledge of the laws of trade. Hitherto our circumstances have been such as to exaggerate the power of the minor qualities of intellect, and as the basis of many fortunes amongst us have been laid in what is called luck, there has been a sort of prestige connected with that kind of ability which displays itself in simple dexterity and a prompt use of present advantages. The chances of success by jumping from one calling to another have been diminished and business has become more and more the ideal of a profession. How many men of wealth are often at the mercy of those extravagant advertisements and false representations that dazzle the eye at almost every turn of the street? How few are able, by virtue of their superior judgment, to discriminate between profitable and ruinous schemes of investments? We are magnificent speculators, and yet go around the eager throng and see how small a number have any idea of the difference between gambling and speculating; between trusting to accounts and faith in the true principles of a business venture? In the world of trade men suffer for a want of trade as well as for a want of virtue. The character of a true merchant is steadily rising and his influence is widening. The true merchant aims at his

success and whenever it is accomplished the world is not niggardly in its acknowledgment of his merits. But aside from the mere fact of success, there are causes at work to strengthen and elevate the position of mercantile life. If an examination into the benevolence of this country could be taken, such an examination as would fairly represent what has been done for moral and Christian institutions, we would find that our merchants are the main supporters of these philanthropic enterprises. Not a few of them have built palaces, not such as pride and luxury revel in, but palaces in which mind may be educated, want be relieved, poverty fed and clothed, and piety worship God. Amidst all the corruption and wickedness of the age there is a clearly defined movement toward Christian theory and practice in mercantile pursuits. Abuse the sordidness and carnality of the age; is there not something beneath the surface which has not yet been detected? The shaft of lightning soon reaches its limit in the bosom of this great, good, earth and costly treasures rest unharmed beneath it. Somehow it has still kept up its respectability. It still builds splendid houses and works all manner of genteel wonders. And despite of innumerable adversities, this much scandalized money begins to lay claim to a soul. Why should we forget that it is but the sunshine of the tropics, the spices of the islands, the jewels of the mine, the harvests of the fields and the glory of nature, transformed into another shape? It is this divine thought that business needs to elevate it above drudgery, and so preserve it from degrading our better doing. Can we feel too deeply that we have a social as well as a political office to perform for ourselves and the world? That social work is to employ our agriculture, our mechanical and manufacturing skill, our mercantile life in such a manner as to embody the spirit and the end of civil liberty in a higher form of Christian civilization. If from this citizenship of a large freedom and liberal opportunity there should rise a nobler manhood than the past has recorded in history or celebrated in song, then indeed our homes

and altars will be remembered when our battlefields and their conquests have been forgotten.

To "That Girl."

BY "THE SEXTON," '90

Thy form divine brings thoughts sublime
 Into my troubled brain;
And thought of thee is e'er to me
 The pleasure after pain.

Those eyes of blue reflect the hue
 Of heaven's azure dome;
Their dreamy light, serenely bright,
 Thy spirit's earthly home.

Thy floating hair is far more fair
 Than yonder sun's bright glow;
And more to thee, the curls that free
 Around thy temples blow.

Those cheeks of red their lustre shed
 Upon my longing sight;
Methinks I see a blush—ah, me!
 Thou fain wouldest try to hide.

From thy red lips my spirit sips
 A nectar heavenly rare;
And parting, they a wealth betray
 Of pearls, than light more fair.

Thy smile to me is heaven to see;
 A dark'ning cloud thy frown.
The dimple in thy dainty chin
 A star in beauty's crown.

A thing of beauty and a joy
 Forever thou'rt to me;
But never, never canst thou know
 How bleeds my heart for thee.

How overflowed my sorrow's cup
 When Deily said—ah, woe!—
"That girl is mine! No lips of thine
 Nor arms shall ever—" O-o-h!

—A statue to the memory of Henry Ward Beecher, will probably be erected in Brooklyn. Among other plans of a larger scope is one to endow a Beecher professorship in Amherst College, either of physical culture or of elocution and oratory. This has been taken hold of with a good degree of earnestness by the alumni, and of the necessary \$60,000 over \$20,000 is reported already raised.



—Easter!

—Has come and gone.

—The dates of the free lectures to be delivered in the Chapel will soon be announced.

—The address before the Alumni will be delivered by Hon. M. C. Henninger, '74, on June 29.

—A half dozen or more new names have been added to the role in the Preparatory Department.

—Rev. Dr. Seiss has presented the *Ecclesia Lutherana*, of which he is the author, to the college library.

—We have been informed that a Freshman lately asked a Professor why Easter only came once a year.

—The boys are beginning to stroll to the mountains and it is needless to say spring fever has made its appearance.

—The Societies should remember that in future they dare not prolong their entertainments more than two hours if they wish to have good audiences.

—The time has again come when Spring fever afflicts the festive student and visions of Sophomoric grandeur float through the brain of the verdant Freshy. Doesn't that sound Junioric?

—After several postponements, the last lecture of the Senior Course will be delivered on Tuesday evening, April 19th, by Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt on the subject "Reminiscences of Dr. Arnold of Rugby."

—If those ardent devotees of Terpsichore, who always perform their devotions in the halls, would go and bang their heads against a stone wall, the "boys" would willingly supply the wood to mend them.

—The exercises of the college were suspended for one week, during which time the boys with a few exceptions, enjoyed the festivities of the season at their homes. The recess has undoubtedly been a benefit to all.

—We are informed, that, in terracing the back Campus, no more ground will be removed than is absolutely necessary to a proper appearance. The ball players need no longer fear falling down the steep bank at first base and the out-fielders will have much less difficulty in pursuing long flies than heretofore.

—Rev. C. N. Conrad, '79, presented \$25 to the college for the purchase of physiological charts to illustrate that study. In securing this contribution Prof. Bowman has made a valuable addition to his department. Would that some generous person would donate a good telescope. The study of astronomy would thus be made one of the most interesting in the college course.

—The Seniors expect to make day trips to different places of geological interest during the coming session, instead of an extended trip of a week or more as several previous classes have done. Among other places to be visited are the following:—A coal mine in the neighborhood of Mauch Chunk; slate quarries at Slatington; Friedensville zinc mines; iron mines; Fritz's island at Reading, etc.

—The following prizes have been announced for this year:—The "Amos Ettinger Honor Medal," to be given to that member of the Senior Class who shall attain the highest average grade during the year, in all his studies. Presented by Prof. Geo. T. Ettinger, '80.

The "Butler Analogy" Prize.—Twenty-five dollars to that member of the Senior Class standing the best in a competitive examination upon Butler's Analogy. Presented in the name of the brothers Revs. C. L., '78, and Frank F. Fry, '85.

The "English Oratorical Contest" Prize.—Twenty-five dollars to that member of the Junior Class making the best speech, as to manner and matter, at the Junior exhibition.

Presented by members of the Alumni Association.

The "German Oratorical Contest" Prizes.—Fifteen dollars to that member of the Junior Class making the best German speech, on the same conditions as above, and ten dollars to that member making the second best. Presented anonymously.

The "Eliza" Prize.—Fifteen dollars to be awarded to that member of the Sophomore Class for the best essay on some Botanical subject to be announced and a herbarium of twenty-five specimens. Given by Rev. W. A. Passavant, Jr., '75.

The "Scientific" Prize of fifteen dollars for that member of the Sophomore Class who shall stand the best examination upon some scientific subject. Given by a friend whose name is withheld.

German Prizes of suitable books are also announced for the Sophomore and Freshman Classes.

College Personals.

. Oberly, '89, affirms that he never saw a frog.

. Kistler, '88, says he prefers "Winters" to Springs. We admire your taste.

. Deily and Ritter go home rather often, professedly to see sisters. *Omnia vincit amor.*

. Shettler, '87, Gimlich, '90, and a number of the Preps. spent their Easter vacation in Allentown.

. A Prep. went to Aineyville, but must have forgotten (?) his mission thither, as he took in the open meeting single.

. Shaffer, '90, received a kiss by mail. He says that he did not appreciate it nearly so much as he did any one of the twenty-five kisses he got at the party.

. Leopold, '89, is the efficient chief of a lately organized society called the "Moderationists." Coleman is vice-president. They believe in temperance in all things, and denounce over-education of the human species, etc.

. Gimlich and Weaver, '90, have made engagements with two young ladies for the next county fair. Rather premature.

. It is said that Hassler has on several occasions proved the doctrine of the transmigration of souls to be true. What animal will your spirit enter, Doc.?

. Who has the telescope, which is so often leveled at the passing scenery? Who hastens home from church to gaze across the distant Lehigh? One of the twins.

. Ladies attention! Fetter, '88, says that when he finds a lady, young, beautiful, rich, accomplished, good-tempered and devout, he will marry her. No doubt you will, Clinton, if —

. Raker, '89, the great temperance agitator, speaks so much about the evils of excessive drinking, but yet is often heard to say that he ate too much. How consistent.

. A handful of proverbial expressions from English Classic Authors:

Small Latin and less Greek.—'89.

The child is father of the man.—K. '87.

Bear up and steer onward—Tully (on a Saturday night.)

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—White. Remedy worse than disease.—Coleman.

Plain living and high thinking.—Nemo.

The human face divine.—Gimlich.

Talkers are no good doers.

On the perilous edge of battle.—H. Snyder and Rinn.

The feast of reason (?) and the flow of soul.—Deily and Kleckner.

Order is Heaven's first law.

—The will of the late Mr. Clark, of Cleveland, O., bequeathing several hundred thousand dollars to Oberlin College and to Hartwick Lutheran Seminary, for the second time, has been contested and decided against the institutions. This case is one of many similar instances, where the kindly purposes of benevolent men are set aside by surviving friends. The only certain way to donate money which will go to the purposes intended, is to do so personally while living.

Our Alumni.

'71. Rev. J. F. Ohl, of Quakertown, Pa., has published an Easter service for 1887.

'72. William P. Snyder, Esq., has removed to Philadelphia, where he has accepted a position with the Equitable Insurance Company.

'73. The Burgess Steam Generating Process is rapidly gaining favor under the able management of Oscar Meyer.

'77. WILL GO SOUTH.—Prof. M. A. Gruber, who has been principal of the schools at Bernville, Berks county, for the past seven years at an annual salary of \$400, has just been elected to the superintendency of schools at Marion, South Carolina, at a salary of \$1,000. He will leave for his new field in a few days. Prof. Gruber graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1877 with first honors.—*Chronicle and News*.

'78. A short time ago we had a very pleasant visit from Oliver J. Schaad, A. M., the traveler of "Our Alumni." He is still the head of the Language Department of Germantown Academy, Philadelphia.

'78. Dr. Herbert H. Herbst, lately of Wilmington, Del., has taken up his residence in Allentown. He has purchased the Romig residence on Fifth street, near the Court House, and will practice his profession here. He is the son of Dr. Herbst, of Trexlertown.—*Chronicle and News*.

'79. Frank M. Trexler, Esq., has been re-elected City Solicitor of Allentown, Pa.

'80. At the request of the Second Conference, Rev. G. F. Krotel, President of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, has suspended Rev. J. Walker Klingler from "exercising the functions of the ministry, until the next meeting of Synod, in June." He has been charged with "gross neglect of pastoral duties" and "conduct incompatible with ministerial life."

'82. Jerusalem's Church, Schuylkill county, Pa., of which Rev. E. H. Smoll is the

Lutheran pastor, having been extensively furnished and beautifully frescoed, was reopened with appropriate services on Sunday, March 27th. Large and attentive congregations were present at the services.

'82. William R. Grim, Cashier of the Farmers' National Bank, of Boyertown, has tendered his resignation. He has accepted an important position in the Citizens' Bank at Salina, Kansas, and, as we understand, is already in his new position.

'82. Rev. William H. Medlar is at present located at Crookston, Minn., where he has a very good charge. We are informed that he intends to spend his Summer vacation in the East.

'82. Rev. Jacob W. Lazarus has been elected pastor of the Centreville charge, formerly served by Rev. J. W. Klingler.

'82. Rev. Robert D. Roeder, of Norristown, Pa., is married, but it was done so quietly that this is all we know about it. Although he forgot us with his cake, we still wish him all happiness.

'83. After Easter the present church building at Tuscarawas, O., the Rev. John J. Foust, pastor, will be abandoned. Rebuilding is contemplated, and an inviting structure is hoped for when completed.—*The Lutheran*.

'86. We are glad that Harry Weaver, of New Holland, is gradually regaining his former health and strength.

—Three hundred thousand dollars has been given toward the foundation of a Roman Catholic University at Washington.

—In a brief address to the students of Fiske University, (colored) Senator Sherman said: You must meet the prejudices of centuries, and while you should assert your rights with dignity, you must with patient effort command the respect of those you meet. The alumni of Fiske University will some day stand side by side in the learned world with the graduates of Yale and Harvard.



—Mr. A. L. Himmelwright is the new editor-in-chief of the *Troy Polytechnic*.

—The *Penna. College Monthly* announces that the "Pearson Professorship" will be increased by \$8,000, the gift of Mrs. Pearson.

—*Association Notes* published by the Y. M. C. A. of New York, extends an invitation to all college men to call at their rooms when in New York.

—The *College Student* has been criticised for giving so much space to literary articles. Would that more of our exchanges were worthy of such a criticism.

—Our last number had just been issued containing an Exchange column, which had been omitted for several issues, when the *Dickinson Liberal* arrived advising us "to be more sociable and have an Ex. column."

—The *Pennsylvanian* is in the hands of a new board of editors. Geo. W. Pepper, '87, the editor-in-chief of the retiring board, gives some sound advice to his successors, which may be read with profit by all college editors.

—The *Genevan*, published by students of Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa., is the latest arrival of our new exchanges. The editors do not hesitate to criticise disorderly conduct on the part of students, as well as certain affairs in the management of the college.

—We are sorry that the *Pacific Pharos* will no longer be numbered among our exchanges. The Publication Association affirms that it has suspended the publication of the *Pharos*, because the Faculty of the University have denied the students the privilege of expressing their opinions on college topics.

—We received an interesting letter from Mr. W. G. Underwood, editor of the *Swarth-*

more Phoenix, which contains an account of the athletic contests at Swarthmore. The *Phoenix* has offered a hundred dollar silver inter-class cup to be contested for. An annual called the *Halcyon* was published by the class of '88. The Delphic Literary Society presented an operetta entitled "The Bohn of Contention," a burlesque on the custom of "rushing."

—We acknowledge, with pleasure, the receipt of the *Haverfordian*, the organ of the students of Haverford College, over which Thomas Chase, well known as one of the editors of C. & S.'s Classical Series, presides. The appearance of the journal is prepossessing and the matter is excellent. The Exchange editor is faithful and fair in making criticisms, because he does not attempt to criticise a paper which he has not read. In this respect many editors fail. Better have no Exchange column at all than to conduct it in a superficial manner.

College News.

—Columbia has over 9000 graduates.

—A biological library will be founded at Princeton, by the class of '77.

—Queen Victoria will spend Commencement week at Oxford this year.

—Only nine of the five hundred universities and colleges of this country, were founded before the Revolution.

—George W. Childs will present to the West Point Military Academy a life-size painting of Gen. Grant.

—The fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor will be celebrated in June.

—Paul Tulane, the founder of the University at New Orleans bearing his name, and to which he gave \$2,000,000, died at Princeton, N. J.

—The managers of Haverford College have elected Prof. Sharpless, Dean of the Faculty, President of the Institution, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Thomas Chase.



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Editorials.

WE fear, as has been intimated to us, that the pages of the MONTHLY are becoming rather monotonous. We have done and will do all we can to make the MONTHLY bright and fresh and hereby invite all our friends (growlers included) to do what they can to elevate its standard. There is not a college journal among all our exchanges, which surpasses ours in the excellence of its literary and contributed articles. This department, therefore, needs no improvement, but others do. If our editorials are uninteresting, and we have no doubt they are, we will willingly limit them to one page, provided some one furnishes us with matter to fill the other. A verse or a thought jotted

down here and there would cost no effort and might perhaps prove interesting to our readers. Again, we say, if there are any who ever feel like writing, but hesitate because unasked, we beg them to lay aside their modesty and hand or send to us whatever they think will be of interest and profit to our readers.

FOR many years French and German schools have been maintained in Athens, and have furnished promising students the fullest means for higher study in Greek literature and archaeology. The American School of Classical Study at Athens is one of the latest on the ground, but its position is already assured. For five years it has been furnishing graduates of American colleges with ample opportunities of studying on Grecian soil the literature, art and antiquities of that country under intelligent direction. The government of Greece has granted to the institution, by a royal edict, a valuable piece of land on the slope of Mount Lycabettus, containing an acre and a half. Friends in this country have contributed a sufficient amount to pay for a suitable building. Dr. Charles Waldstein will become permanent director as soon as a permanent endowment fund is secured. The character of the work of the school is indicated in these words of Professor Goodwin, under whose directorship the work of the first year was conducted:

"The Archaeological Society of Athens has disclosed a wealth of ancient temples near Epidaurus. Every part of Greece is full of plans for new excavations, which merely need money to be carried out with substantial results. The ruins of Delphi, with their countless buried temples, which peer imploringly from the scanty earth, as if beseeching the traveler to restore them to the light of the

sun, lie at this moment waiting only for some power to decide who shall excavate them; and happy will be the scholars who are fortunate enough to be in Greece when the solemn silence of that wonderful valley of Delphi is first broken by the pick-ax and the spade."

MONDAY, April 25th, was the day announced for the first Senior geological trip. Instead of footing it to Bethlehem, as the local papers stated, the class took the cars to Freemansburg, in which village we met our old friend Rev. Sandt, who is now pleasantly located there as the pastor of a large congregation. At the East end of the town are situated large lime-stone quarries, one of which is remarkable for the fact that the stone is quarried without blasting. The owner was very clever in showing us around and in explaining the different formations. Thence we tramped along the railroad and canal for several miles noting the geological formations, curvatures, etc., many of which were wonderful.

One of the boys announced the astounding information to the class that he had found a fossil of an Ichthyosaurus; but alas! it proved to be that of a Delaware shad, which must have jumped the dams and found its way up the Lehigh along which it was discovered. As we had our tickets on the Valley Road it was necessary for us to cross the river, and we found that the nearest place at which we could do this was at a canal lock opposite Redington. At this lock some very interesting specimens were examined. They were very magnetic, by nature, judging from the manner in which a couple of the boys were attracted.

We were here rowed across the river and, after a delay of an hour at the depot, during which time we were welcomed by a neighboring grocer, we took the train for the Bethlehem Iron Works. The conductor was kind enough to stop his train at the works, thereby saving us a long walk from the depot. The puddling department was first viewed, the foreman of which explained everything

of any interest to us. Puddling is considered the hardest labor in the works and it is truly tiresome for a looker-on to see the men working on with no rest, no intermission for hours. There are men there sixty five years old, who have worked all their lives at puddling and still seem to endure it as well as the young men. They are well paid, earning four and five dollars a day.

We next entered an immense building where we witnessed that which we had long been desiring to see, the Bessemer Steel Process. While men come from all parts of America and even Europe to see these works, we have been living all our lives within five miles, and never visited them before. The Bessemer Process is a new and very rapid method of preparing cast steel. It consists in burning out all the carbon and silicon in cast iron by passing a blast of atmospheric air through the molten metal, and then in adding such a quantity of pure cast iron as is necessary to give carbon enough to convert the wrought iron into steel. The melted steel is then at once cast into ingots. In this way six tons of cast iron can be converted into steel in one operation lasting twenty minutes. This process has in a large measure revolutionized the old iron industry. Conceive of a large iron furnace in the shape of an egg spitting bits of burning iron and breathing forth a flame of fire aside of which even the electric lights appear as tallow-dips, and you will have a simple idea of its appearance. One can imagine himself viewing hell from a safe distance.

From this place we followed the steel through all the different stages until it was turned or rolled out in finished rails.

Anyone, who has not seen these works, can hardly realize their magnitude. What will they not be when they are completed?

After a run through the rain to the depot, the class returned home highly pleased with the trip and its results.



Hints on Style-Building.

BY REV. G. F. SPIEKER, PRESIDENT OF BOARD
OF TRUSTEES.

As we speak of the structure of a language and even of a sentence, the term style-building may not be inappropriate. Like the freehold, the *allod* of the middle ages, a man's style in his very own, and the most slavish imitation of another's mode of expression will never entirely eradicate a certain peculiar flavor, which belongs to the copyist himself. Buffon puts it somewhat in this way, when he says: "Le style, c'est de l'homme," the style is of the man. He means that it originates with him, that it arises out of his mental structure; and this, distinguishing character, he can not destroy, any more than he can destroy his peculiar mental cast. The theme is one of abiding interest to every writer and speaker. Much has been written on the subject, to be followed by still more; but no philosophy will pluck out the heart of its mystery.

Certain general qualities, which although they do not account for style, have much to do with it, and may beautify or mar, where they cannot unmake, are worthy of practical consideration and have received it. Every man should make a study of his mental tendencies as they affect style and strive to correct his abnormal bent, lest it weaken his style. In case he inclines to prolixity, he should seek to concentrate by taking up diffuse statements, and putting them in as few words as possible. That will counteract the centrifugal force, and give juster proportion to his mode of statement. The opposite tendency, that of naked brevity, calls for constant analysis of themes, development of brief statements, bringing out the details.

The latter tendency is far less frequently observed, than the former, the diffuse, which is less easily remedied and more injurious to style. Want of clearness is another defect, which demands attention; it is manifested by a vagueness of expression, that leaves one in doubt as to what is the exact idea meant to be conveyed. The study of the dictionary, the careful study of words, is invaluable in clearing up a cloudy, foggy style. It is invaluable also as a strengthener and enricher of expression. A writer's vocabulary cannot be too copious. The *copia verborum* and the *flux verborum* are two entirely different things. One may be burdened with the latter, and light as to real abundance. Some have a weak spot in their mental make-up which absorbs and appropriates empty, unnecessary meaningless and even slang phrases, constantly repeating them with the greatest ease. Ceaseless vigilance is imperatively demanded in such cases, besides the best general rule for the exclusion of impurities.

A pure style, like a pure life, tells its own story; the guard has been on duty, always on the alert and ready to challenge the doubtful wayfarer. In other words, careful discrimination must become habitual to him, who would keep the weeds out of the garden. Sluggish, slovenly, shipshod are pretty good adjectives for some of the most luxuriant weeds: keep them out of the garden of your style. Cultivation, however, although everywhere largely concerned with the task of warding off and keeping out the objectionable, has a positive side. It will not do to keep the gates closed for any length of time; they must be kept open steadily for the admission of building material. Whence is it to come? From every quarter—one may go to Mt. Lebanon for his cedars and to Ophir for his gold. Foreign tongues may be made tributary, provided the genius of those languages has been well apprehended. They will then, by comparison, shed light on the idiomatic build of one's native tongue. Goethe went too far, when he said: "Wer fremde sprachen nicht kennt, weiss nichts

von seiner eigenen." What he meant to say, is this : that one confined to his own language fails to obtain the broader grasp of his own tongue, that is furnished by the comparative study of others. This holds good of the ancient languages, especially the classics, as well as of the spoken tongues of our own day. The greater part of the work of style-building is done by men through the medium of their own languages. The acknowledged standard authors claim exceptional attention on the strength of tried merit. The Bible towers above them all as a model in the formation of style : to this fact the enemies of God's Word bear witness by their readiness to cite its sacred contents. The importance of *historical* study is often overlooked by students and its place usurped by lighter reading, which may do for a dessert with proper precautions. The study of standard works on history would displace the looseness begotten of fiction and give fullness and solidity instead. The reading of standard *poetry* occupies an entirely different plane from that of fiction. The constant reading of poetry is helpful to the prose-writer in various ways. It endows the prose production with the harmony needed to give it the unity of completeness; it furnishes the finish of beauty, born of an imagination which is alive to the music of thought. The heart of poetry must never be wanting in the best kind of prose. There need be no fear that the mountains of thought will be robbed of their grandeur by the music of the rills and rivulets which quicken their sides and lave their feet.

It Ennobles You.

BY A MEMBER OF '84.

It was, by all odds, the most pleasant day of the present Spring up to that time. The sun's warm rays and the gentle summerlike breezes were most pressing invitations to withdraw for a time from the busy life of city, and join with nature in a ramble among her more beautiful rustic scenes.

The suggestion was not even questioned,

and before it was thoroughly digested by any one of our number, six of us, drawn by a pair of spirited blacks, were mounting the old hills along the Schuylkill and fast approaching, on our little journey, one of the grandest places historically, on which America so justly prides herself. The scenes of the magnificent and varied panorama were being continually shifted by a hand that knows no imperfection. Mile after mile was covered; the spires of several towns and villages, passed on our way, had dwindled from our sight; when suddenly, in the far distance, was seen the towering heights of our destination. We were not mistaken. They were the song covered hills of Valley Forge, about whose historic peaks cluster the recollections of men whose noble deeds of courage and bravery have been written in letters of brightest fire; which have been deeply branded on the century since rolled away; and which will be triumphantly read by the long line of ages yet to come.

To reach the very heart of the arena on which was fought the desperate struggle against the foes, hunger and privation, required but a few moments. Have you ever noticed what a peculiar indescribable feeling of reverence mingled with awe takes hold of you at such places? And then the golden sun, weary from his day's coursing, while gradually reclining on his Western pillow of rest, withdrew his brightening smile gently from the hills, until picturesque Valley Forge became a weird romantic centre, made more strange and wonderful by the thoughts that flashed upon us as our minds flew back through the myriad pages of history and recalled the days and times that verily "tried men's souls."

The headquarters, now under the supervision of the P. O. S. of A., which have been put in a good state of preservation to be handed down to future generations, still stand and will continue to stand as a lasting memorial dear to every American heart. What is now the Valley Forge hotel, where many a council of war was held, with its secret passageway and secret closets, is not for-

gotten by the curious visitor. The lines of intrenchments are still here, while two well marked forts remain to tell of the time when American liberty was a doubtful question.

The hills, on which the brave men of Gen. Steuben answered the roll call at each morning's sun, still echo and re-echo the beat of the drum's reveille, and love to tell the story, known to them alone, of the fame of those noble soldiers, truer hearted than whom never lived on tented field, and greater than whose victories were never emblazoned on the banners of Patriotic Army. The same hills, on which that great chieftain, on bended knees, sent up a fervent prayer to the Great God in whom he trusted, when on that memorable first of May, 1778, the glad news reached him which afterwards brought to his side the beloved Lafayette. The same hills on which that country-loving band of self-sacrificing soldiers raised the joyous shout, the turning point in the Revolution, "Long live the king of France. Long live the friendly powers of Europe and the American States," are still there.

The footsteps of those sublime-hearted heroes, who were ready to die for the land they loved, are still seen. Yea, their very blood rises to him familiar with Revolutionary history, and inspires him with a feeling to do something good, something noble, something grand, to partially repay, if possible, the debt of gratitude he owes.

You have never been to Valley Forge, did you say? Then take advantage of your earliest opportunity. Go to its hills, and feel more in a moment than all the reading of years can afford you. Inhale the air which floats about its summits, laden with the spirit of freedom, of a patriot's love, of heroism pure and untainted. Drink in the inspiration that flows through its crystal streams. Go there and hear from the very voice of nature a recital of courage and bravery, of gallantry and valor, which will fill your mind with sentiments of virtue and manly excellence truly fitted for God's noblest creation. Then go back to your earthly vocation; move in the same channels as before, and tell me if the

cause of your thoughts being purer, and of your heart longing to live a better and more exalted life, is not owing to your pilgrimage to the sacred hills of Valley Forge.

Submission no Virtue.

BY PATELLA, '87.

A little more than a century ago Great Britain attempted to place her heel upon the American Colonies. She had crowded her prohibitory laws upon them; she had forbidden this industry and that manufacture; she meddled in their personal affairs and commanded or forbade whatever she pleased. At this stage submission ceased to be a virtue.

It is the last straw which breaks the camel's back. Under this pressure the colonies demonstrated the proverb. At this time the "Stamp Act" became the ignited fuse to the long prepared blast of war and it exploded with terrific force. During this crisis a British Minister exclaimed: "These Americans, our own children, planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence, protected by our arms, until they are grown to a good degree of strength and opulence, will now turn their backs upon us and grudge to contribute their mite to relieve us from our overwhelming debt."

Were the colonies planted by their care? By their oppression but not by their care. The settlers left their mother country and fled into a wild, uncultivated land, where they not only had to cultivate the soil, lying under the curse of thorns and thistles, but to cut their way inch by inch through the barrier of savage opposition. In spite of the craftiness and treachery of the uncivilized aborigines, they completed the tunnel and endured that toil rather than the oppressive hand of those who ought to have been their friends.

Nourished by their indulgence? They grew by their neglect. What was their care? So soon as the colonists began to grow, the British crown invented every possible means for leeching their blood. When they were able to stand erect, the English sought to maim and cripple them by misrepresentation.

When they could walk alone, they tried to bind them with the chains and shackles of unjustifiable taxation.

Protected by British arms? Why, the colonists had to take up arms and drench their frontiers with blood, to defend the interior of their country from the ravages and robberies of the haughty Britains. Was there protection in English arms under such circumstances? Yes; but such as you find in the thief and the murderer. That spirit which actuated the colonists to deal fairly with their opponents, also enabled them to do justice by themselves.

Under such conditions the news of the "Stamp Act" acted upon the discontent of the colonists as the "down weight" on the balance. They fell like a thunderbolt upon the colonies. Listen to the funeral peals of the muffled bells in Boston and Philadelphia! Behold the "death's head," carried through the streets of New York, with the mournful motto: "England's folly and America's ruin." In humble procession let your minds follow the coffin, inscribed with the word "Liberty," which was ceremoniously borne to the grave in Portsmouth.

At this time Dr. Franklin, then in London, wrote to a friend in the colonies: "The sun of Liberty is set, and America must now light only the lamps of economy and industry." He was answered that torches of another sort would be lit. This answer was not only oracular but truly prophetic, as was proved by the long, fierce, persistent, and, thank God, triumphant struggle for liberty; for the freedom of America, the country which is the asylum for the enduring and oppressed of every nation.

Think of our heroic ancestors, hewing their way step by step through a savage wilderness, oppressed by foreign foes, assailed by savages and wild beasts; enduring hunger, cold and disease, and torn from kindred ties. For what purpose was all this? To build up homes of peace and plenty for you and me; to open for us a highway of light, liberty and equal rights—a fruitful country, a land literally flowing with "milk and honey" and

where "rivers of oil" abound; with institutions of learning, and a right to worship God after the dictates of our own consciences. All this they purchased with a fortitude and suffering which we to-day do not appreciate half enough. They bought all this for us with their strength, their best abilities, and too often with their "Heart's reddest blood."

Thanks be to God that, after their struggles and sufferings, victory—as the king of day, drawing himself over the eastern horizon by his rosy fingers—dispelled the clouds of affliction, oppression and endurance and wrote in their stead in letters of gold: "America and Liberty."

News from Wayback.

[The following letter and poem were received last month from Gravitation Thompkins and explain themselves.—ED.]

MARCH 22, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—A few days ago I loaned your invaluable MONTHLY to one of my scholars—a brother, by the way, of Peregrine Jones, whose articles at times adorn its pages. Well, in short, Verdigris seeing these, like all younger brothers, wanted to imitate his elders. I suspected something was wrong when he asked me whether the old poets were really demented and whether hard cider would not produce the requisite divine afflatus. I warned him that he would be apt to see snakes instead of fairies, &c. Yesterday I met Cohesion Calculus who said he'd been carrying on dreadfully at home—running out every night to see neighbor Hingelstalter's daughter, Tischnella, and then sitting on the fence in the moonlight laying in a stock of rheumatism, moonshine, &c., which, together with much midnight oil and his father's tobacco, he utilized in his maiden effort at rhyming. I suppose you will notice his substitute for hard cider—he has it pretty bad for she's just the sort of a wicked flirt to make a young fool crazy enough to write poetry. So much for the "divine afflatus" and motive. You may judge as to the matter but please don't send it back marked

"Unavailable" unless you want to be chief mourner at the funeral.

Yours truly,

GRAVITATION THOMPKINS.
Siesholzville, Wayback Co., Pa.

DAEMMERUNG-DICHTUNG.

On the mountain peak loit'ring, 'till chilled by the blast,
Rests the Midas-like touch of old Sol's slanting rays
In kaleideoscopic review of the Past,
Mid the gambling of gnomes and the flitting of fays
In crepuscular haze.

Now long shadows and vesper bells herald the gloom,
And, like Parthian arrows, the twilights last beams
From the bow of Horizon impinge on the Moon.

Then are seen Childhood's fancies and Youth's golden dreams,
Brief as fire-flies coy gleams.

The world, by the Genius of Twilight possessed,
Retrogrades in its orbit the Past to review;
Whilst the nightingale's nocturns lull sorrows to rest,
And wierd Spectres of Long Ago, bathing in dew,
Seem their Youth to renew.

From the leaves of closed Nursery books spring up vast hordes,
Like the blossoms of May by the April showers brought.
Swelling Memory's low Diapason, come chords
From Aeolian harps by the Zephyr's breath sought,
Whom first Orpheus taught.

Whilst the birds seek their cosy nests hid in the vales,
Sing Day's requiem resonant routing all care,
Little eyes wide awake see the creatures of tales,
Told while eyelids the freight of the Sand Man may bear,
Strewn in somnulent air.

Now since age before beauty's an excellent rule,
Sheherazade first—thronged by Genii tall,
Caliphs, mendicants, merchants, king, vizier and Ghoul,
Magic horses and fishermen, Sindbad and all—
Glides in magical thrall.

Next the dim panorama's proud pageants reveal
Sleeping Beauty in castle of thorn-thicket woof,
Slumb'ring softly from wound of the magical reel,
Till the king's son, whose led by the vane on the roof,
Wakes her, naughty, for sooth.

So all passion is led as the wind haps to blow
Till 'tis sought for and fought for through thick and through thin;
For in such escapades you must hoe your own row.
Yet to Eremacausis 'tis changed by a pin,
Or by Pride's flickle whim.

Then familiar goblins of German Folk-lore—
Speaking flowers, beasts and birds by grim witches spell bound,
Kobolds, fairies, fays, wizards, elves, nixies galore—
Like the sea sands or Rapunzel's long hair renowned,
In profusion are found.

Soon from Memory's store-house come treasures so rare—
Poor Dick Wittington's cat and the Babes in the Wood,
Blue Beard's wives, resurrecting that awful night-mare;
Cinderella, Alladin and Red Riding Hood
Bringing grandmother food.

Puss in Boots, lonely Robinson Crusoe, Hans Guck
In die Lust, Struwwel Peter and Jacky the Dull,
Little Jacob, once thin, whom cruel Fate from us took—
All are viewed as if focused in eyes dimmed by mull,
As a hoax or a gull.

Chanting rythmical melodies, curious and quaint,
Mother Goose with her progeny gladdens the sight;
Tom the Piper's son, Dunstan the blacksmith and saint,
Peter White, whose long nose never let him go right—
A lamentable plight.

Lean Jack Sprat and his wife, like a Jersey matched team,
Ole King Cole, jolly soul, with his fiddlers and bowl,
Tommy Tucker, Miss Moffat, the spider and scream,
And Bo'Peep, whose lost sheep came not home sound and whole,
For their tails some one stole.

Mistress Mary contrary staid home for a "weep,"
Since, like Flora McFlimsey, she'd nothing to wear.
Jacky Horner and little Boy Blue fall asleep,
Whilst the Jack of Hearts, thief of tarts, plunged in despair,
Proves an alibi fair.

But this atmosphere transient, ethereal, sublime,
Filled with dim sights and sounds, through the centuries grown faint,
Trancendentally trends us from distance and time—
Those restraints which the lover's soul torture and taint—
A Dichotomy quaint.

Now our magic galoshes no longer stand still.
Down Eternity's highway, like Pegasus' ghost,
From the Past to the Future they stride against our will,
With Mythology's heroes and History's host
On an unexplored coast.

When the wayfarer searches the sky's red or gray
For the earnest of halcyon calm they contain,
Then rise up through the rifts in the clouds of to-day
Quaint Chateaux en Espagne—the mirage from the plain
Of the morrow's domain.

They are peopled with fairy-like faces and forms,
Such as swaying in waves of nicotian sea
Lay their fingers on Care's lips when she frets and storms,
Requiescat pace, fumisugium qui
Prius suxit cum vi.

But who rules in this realm, of bewitchment the queen?
Raphael or sly Zeuxis ne'er painted that dream
Of majestic expression and right royal mien,
For to each one, chameleon-like, different she'd seem
Than to their eyes, I ween.

In my nictating cranium nidulant lie,
All disjointed as toys of a youngster at play,
My chum's sine qua nons—dimpled cheeks and blue eye
With a step such as once did the Goddess betray
And a nez retrousse.

Golden waves, like a Saint's bright aureola, crown
This Divinity's head. And this haunts me from morn
Till the day fades away—a tint rhyme of renown
She has taught—green's forsaken and yellow's forsworn;
Blue's the sweetest that's worn.

But perhaps you suspect that I've acted the scamp
In betraying my chum, but I've given no offence
He's a cousin germain to the same Sairy Gamp
Mrs. Harris oft quoted, with malice prepense,
In Pickwickian sense.

L'ENVOI.

Gentle reader! Can you such a vision descry?
Lay your Aristolochia Sipho away.
Stir it, stump it, and blow your own trumpet and try
If you may not, by following this sweet waif astray,
Bring the substance to bay.

But if not, don't despair; you are playing a game
Where no check can be called till the players are mated
All the moves are from time immemorial the same
But you castle and zigzag in vain, if 'tis fated,
That your Love be translated,

To the Mecca of human hearts, placed far beyond
Honors, glory, wealth, triumphs and all that won't last.
Thither trend in the Twilight the thoughts, o'er Love's
bond,
Of the time-spanning rainbow in tears falling fast,
To the Shrine of the Past.

—VERDIGRIS JONES.

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it. —LONGFELLOW.

An Evening's Summary.

BY GEO. R. ULRICH, '88.

Evening had spread her sable veil
O'er woodland, hill and shadowy dale.
The sun was hid deep in the west
And weary ones had gone to rest.
The calm that fell on all around
Was scarcely broken by the sound
Of rippling brook or barking hound.

The winds that wasted to and fro
In softest tones were sighing low.
All nature to its maker raised
Its sweetest hymn of chanting praise.
While darkness hid the earth from view,
Gently was falling sparkling dew
That might refresh the flowers anew.

But darkness did not long conceal
The earth from sight, for, to reveal
What under its dark mantle lay,
The moon arose as bright as day;
And sending forth its silvery light
With sparkling stars all shining bright,
It soon removed the gloom of night.

Now with the light a grove appeared,
And in the grove a palace reared;
And as the moonbeams gently fall
The trees cast shadows on the wall.

It seemed the living all had fled,
Or those who lived there were now dead,
Or, had gone quietly to bed.

But by an open window there,
There sat a man with snowy hair.
The passing years had left their trace
Upon his pale and withered face.

Stooped were his shoulders and his breast,
That joys and sorrows oft caressed,
Heaved calmly, scarcely manifest.

His eyes were fixed in steady gaze
Upon the landscape that the rays
Of that fair moon did luminate.
Deeply he seemed to meditate.

He thought, perhaps, of what the day
That had so shortly passed away
Of good or bad of him might say.

Was the first hour of morning light
Foolishly spent or spent aright?
Had he decided in his heart
To make a good and earnest start?
Or did he in that morning hour
Forget that it was in his power
To make night yield to him a dower?

Was every opportunity
Rightly embraced and earnestly?
And as the sun rose higher still
Did he the claim of duty fill?
And when it rose as high as noon
Came it too late or far too soon?
Had he been playing the buffoon?

Evening, oh what had it to say
Now at the close of that fair day?
What sum of error or of good
In God's account-book open stood?
Was this the hour to correct
His words and deeds and each neglect
That was the by-gone day's defect?

Morning and evening, noon and night—
Had each its items to indite
Upon the pure and spotless page
In favor or against the sage?
Or, was it true the pleasant strain,
Soothing his ever restless brain,
Was conscience's voice calling so plain?

Such thoughts, perhaps, he pondered o'er—
Questions like these and many more.
Perhaps he thought how life might be
One day in all eternity.
Morning and noon and eventide,
Birth, life and death go side by side,
Then comes the darkness to abide.

Oh closing day! Oh end of years!
These hours may well be filled with tears.
When standing by the open tomb
The future all is veiled in gloom.
The pleasures of the past may die,
And be forgotten by and by,
The future, though, is ever nigh.

Birds of the air, beasts of the field
Must each in turn their life-blood yield.
Childhood and youth and manhood brave
March slowly onward to the grave.
Death and his rider sweep along
Gath'ring from out the busy throng
Servants of sin, servants of song.

The wayside daisy bright and fair
Must ere the night its blossom share.
It may be plucked to weave a crown,
It may be left and trampled down.
But sever from the stalk it must,
Iron in time must turn to rust,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Through life at every fleeting breath
We're hastening on and on to death.
Oh, life is but a stepping stone
Into another world unknown!
Birth and the grave each is a shore,
Between the stream of life doth pour,
Cross over, but return no more.

His summary was over now.
He thought of all his years and how
Like scenes that move across the stage
A life appears when viewed by age.
Slowly the old man then arose
As one that wakes from sweet repose.
I looked and saw the shutters close.

Our Advantages.

BY NEMO.

Man can accomplish nothing of any consequence without advantages. Without advantages for rising he will simply remain in obscurity during his whole life. Who knows how many young men with bright minds are working hard to earn their daily food while their minds are altogether idle—young men who, if well educated, might enlighten the world with their knowledge, as many before them, who have risen from the same position, have done. But they have not the advantages for acquiring an education. It is only the few who have the opportunity to acquire a college education. Does this not show us the advantages which we have here and which it seems many of us do not realize? To be successful in whatever calling in life we choose to follow, we must prepare ourselves especially for that calling. Can you depend on a doctor who knows nothing about medicine? Can you rely on a lawyer who is ignorant of the laws? Have you much faith in a minister who has not studied theology? To become a good doctor or lawyer or minister or whatever other profession we choose, we must make a special study of those branches after we have been prepared for it here by our general study and reading. Our college course is after all only a preparatory course for the study of the higher branches of knowledge.

Here are the advantages for a liberal education. We have but to take them and be benefited by them, or we may not take them and be injured by them. How can we be injured by not using the advantages that are presented to us? Here is a young man with a good mind and able to study if he will, but he will not. He wastes his time in reading

that class of fiction which yields no benefit at all, on the contrary it is a detriment, for it keeps him from attending to his duties, it weakens his intellect and deadens his true feeling, it destroys all taste for the other and more solid reading which is essential for every intelligent man. What do Christian Ethics teach us about the moral influence of novel reading? They say that "by the immoderate reading of fiction, the reader is led away from the facts of history and the truths of science, away from the laws of ethics and the truths and doctrines of religion, away from the realities of this life and the transcendent glories of the life to come; his precious time for mental improvement is wasted and he is made to move in a fictitious world, until all his notions of society are warped, all his views of life perverted, all his ideas of religion distorted, in short, until his ideal of life is wholly transformed and base."

While at college we enjoy many advantages which we cannot have in after life. Among others are the libraries at our command. In them we have books in all the branches of knowledge. Which is in the ascendant? We may truly say that at least one-half, if not two-thirds, of our libraries are composed of books of fiction. Therefore do not let us waste the little time, which we have for general reading, by reading sentimental novels; but if we wish to read novels at all let us choose that class which are known as standard, and of which every intelligent man ought to have some knowledge.

Besides the libraries we have many other advantages. Here we can study the works of the ancient Greeks and Romans who at that early day attained such a high stage of civilization, whose architecture and sculpture cannot be equalled in the advanced and enlightened age of to-day. Here we can brighten and strengthen our minds by the study of mathematics. Here we can study the sciences and through them learn the mighty works of God. All these advantages and many others we have at our command. It depends altogether upon us whether we will use them or abuse them.



—Base Ball.
—Examinations.
—Blow-piping and Botanizing.
—A number of the boys have joined the Allentown Athletic and Lacrosse Clubs.

—A certain Sophomore is getting bald. Excessive brain work is alleged as the cause.

—The Sophs report that they have found some pretty daisies in their tramps over farms and mountains.

—One of the Professors recently told the Freshmen that they should take more mental and less physical exercise.

—The Freshies are already preparing to cremate Livy and a rise in the prices of stale hen fruit has been the result.

—What made some of the Juniors blush when the sentence "*mihi turpe relinqu est*" was translated by one of them?

—Rev. G. H. Geberding, '73, presented his new book, entitled "The Way of Salvation," to the College library. Many thanks.

—The Juniors will soon make the Lehigh Mountain ring with their oratory. The blasts of eloquence will be bi-lingual this year.

—'88 is deeply interested in blow-piping at present. The Professor is yet unable to decide which one of the class is the best blower.

—The Seniors have been granted optional attendance by the Literary Societies for the rest of the session. This is a great relief to the members of Euterpea.

—The Seniors are looking forward to their final examinations on the 30th and 31st of May, with anxious minds. We hope that they may all pass them successfully and do themselves and their college credit.

—What all wise member of '89 declares his determination to take at least one of the prizes this year, so that he will have the opportunity of appearing on the stage?

—“Ladies and Gentlemen: I did not come here to preach a sermon, nor to deliver a lecture, but merely to give you an address:” Who spoke thus? Demosthenes or Cicero, or —.

—The Seniors have received their Commencement invitations, which they will send to their friends during May. We think they are the prettiest that have ever been printed for any of Muhlenberg's classes.

—Thursday evening, May 5, the College Glee Club sang several selections at the entertainment held by the Young People's Society of St. John's Lutheran Church. The singing was very favorably received and the club was highly complimented. The voices are improving and render the old college glees very acceptably; yet we are glad to learn that they contemplate procuring some of the new popular songs. After the entertainment, the club serenaded Dr. Wackernagel. The boys report a very pleasant time.

—The following are the officers of Muhlenberg's Base-ball nine: President, W. M. Keedy; Manager, J. J. Yingling; Secretary and Treasurer, G. F. Coleman; Captain, H. Snyder. The following is the order in which they will play:—

Kleckner, C.
H. Snyder, P.
Kramlich, 1 B.
Schaeffer, 2 B.
Horine, 3 B.
Saeger, S. S.
Ulrich, L. F.
C. Snyder, C. F.
Gimlich, R. F.
Sam Weaver, Water-carrier.

These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

College Personals.

FACULTY.

. President Seip preached the sermon at the opening of a new English Lutheran Church building at Scranton. Rev. M. L. Zweizig, '77, is pastor of the congregation.

. Dr. Wackernagel lately delivered an address on “Woman's Work in Missions” before the missionary society of Trinity Church, Freemansburg.

. Prof. Bauman is kept busy conducting the various botanical and geological expeditions. The last tramp was to the Friedensville zinc mines.

. Professors Garber and Richards are both members of the Board of Control of the city schools.

STUDENTS.

. Ernie has renewed his astronomical studies.

. Dry, '87, has taken unto himself a Prep. as chum.

. Yost, '90, is said to be the freshest of the Freshies.

. Ulrich, '88, will soon make his appearance in a high hat.

. Kuehner, '87, has moved to Germansville with his family.

. Brown, '87, declares that he enjoys his walks with the moon.

. Prof.: “Is it Old or New Conjugation?” H. S., '90, “Second.”

. Leopold, '89, is the latest addition to Raker's Temperance Lodge.

. Kleckner, '90, has returned to his post after a short period of illness.

. Coleman, '89, a short time ago paid a visit to the city of New York.

. Scheirer, '88, is practicing every day on his before-announced Junior subject.

. It is very likely that Kramlich, '87, will go to Kutztown after his graduation.

. Hiltebrandt delivered a German address before the Aineyville Sunday School.

. Fetter, '88, will show no partiality, but has determined to treat them all alike.

. Eberts, '89, has severed his connection with our college and has gone to farming.

. Bond, '88, is at present reading a book entitled "Advice to Young Married Persons."

. Gebert, '88, by recent investigations, was found to be the champion masher of college.

. Richards, '87, will publish the history of his class and will then sell it by subscription.

. Wenrich, '88, is the efficient manager of an opera company lately organized in Mountainville.

. Werner, '90, has been selected to deliver the Greek oration at the Freshman book-burning.

. Prof.: "Give rule for the Infinitive?" C. S., '90, (sleepily) "It sometimes modifies an adverb."

. Why does Horine always take a walk after church? "Johnny, get your answer ready, etc."

. Kurtz, Weaver, Gimlich and Stettler will be the pall-bearers at the Freshman book-burning.

. Martin, '90, has been chosen to deliver the annual address before the Muhlenberg College Base-ball Team.

. A certain Junior coming across the sentence in class room, "She lives on 10th street," remarked, "No, she lives on 9th."

. Raker, '89, would like to have it announced through our columns that he is the champion pugilist of Muhlenberg College.

. Who can tell why the rooms on the east side are all occupied? Is it because of the beautiful prospect or the beautiful —?

. We see that Sheirer, who was supposed to spend his Sundays at home, manages to get to Allentown every Sunday evening. What is the attraction?

. S. R. W., '90, upon being asked by a friend (who had not seen him for several weeks) how he was getting along, remarked: "Oh! In all this time I have been *in* only four nights."

We will not presume to designate the "locus of all points" gladdened by his presence during the remaining nights.



—The Troy Polytechnic is elated over the building of a new gymnasium at a cost of over \$16,000.

—Next June the Hagerstown *Seminary* Monthly will be ten years old. It has 350 subscribers.

—The *Illini* states that a bill is now pending in the state legislature by which the Trustees of the University of Illinois will be elected by the people.

—The April number of the Ursinus College *Bulletin* appeared in a new dress. The title page contains a cut of the college building and of Ursinus. The *Bulletin* will hereafter be managed in part by the students, who were formerly given no open representation on its pages.

—"Michael Angelo and the Tombs of the Medicis" is the subject of an able article in the *College Student*. It is made more interesting by three illustrations, one of Michael Angelo. We think that pictures illustrative of papers of literary merit are far better than those of college rowdyism, with which the pages of otherwise excellent journals, are blurred.

—We acknowledge the receipt of the *Wittenberger*, published by the students of Wittenberg College, Springfield, O. We admire the character of this new exchange. Among other articles are the two honor orations of the Junior Contest, which was held March 15th. A history of the college and biographies of the different professors are in process of publication. We do not think a history of Muhlenberg has ever been printed in our MONTHLY. Would it not be a good move? The *Wittenberger* is well edited and presents a neat appearance.

—Other exchanges were received, too numerous for notice in this number.

—We have received a circular letter from the editor of the *Haverfordian* which states that Prof. Isaac Sharpless, late dean of the faculty, has been elected President of the college to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Pres. Thos. Chase. The "Haverford Field Club" was inaugurated last month for the purpose of arousing a more lively interest in the study of botany, geology and zoology. Weekly collecting excursions are to be made. The time-honored cremations have been abolished, the present Sophomores having voted against making preparations for one, by advice of the faculty.

College News.

—The centennial of Columbia College was celebrated on April 13th.

—Ten thousand students are at present attending the University of Cairo, Egypt.

—The catalogue of the University of Pennsylvania for 1886-7 registers 1088 students.

—Bismarck is credited with twenty-eight duels, fought while attending the University.

—Dr. Hilprecht delivered three lectures in the German language at the University of Pennsylvania, on the subject "Egyptian Culture and History."

—Dr. Leopold von Ranke's great historical library is to come to America, a rich friend of Syracuse University having purchased the same for that institution. Another remarkable purchase of the sort is the library of Wm. Scherer, the philologist and historian, which comes to Adelbert College at Cleveland.

—The centennial of Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster will be celebrated next month beginning with the baccalaureate sermon on June 12, and closing with a reception and promenade concert on Thursday evening, June 16. A number of the presidents of the colleges of this and other states will be present. Dr. William Pepper will deliver the memorial address on Benjamin Franklin.

—There are 19 Theological Seminaries, having 562 students; 26 Colleges, having 2,626 students; 27 Classical Seminaries, with 2,108 students; and 12 young Ladies' Seminaries with 889 students in the Lutheran Church of America to-day.

—John Hopkins University has undertaken the publication of several journals containing investigations in physical science, philology and history. A new journal devoted to psychology will soon be issued and will be found in our library. The Journal of Philology has been placed on the shelves and is ready for use.

Fact and Rumor.

The best modern siege guns cost \$97,000, and it costs \$900 to shoot one of them only once.

The biography of Martin Luther, on which Dr. Bayne has been engaged for several years, is said to be now completed.

The Philadelphia *Evening News* says that Walt Whitman is writing a short biography of Elias Hicks, founder of the "Hicksite" branch of Quakers, which will contain many interesting anecdotes.

A Philadelphia economist figures out the reduction of car fare in that city from six to five cents as a positive loss to poor people. He says that when they walked before, they saved six cents, and now they only save five cents.

Here is an East Indian "yarn." The story goes that a young man in Allahabad proposed to a young lady in Calcutta by telegraph, adding: "Answer yes or no at my expense." She sent him 600 words of explanation without coming to any conclusion.

Bishop Warren, of the Methodist Church, does not believe in gentle preaching to rich sinners. He says there are some pastors who go at it in this style: "Brethren, you must repent, as it were, and be converted, in a measure, or you will be damned, to some extent."

Men dying make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had.

—JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

A few Sundays since a pastor in a suburban church stopped in the middle of his sermon and announced that as several were asleep he would give them a chance for a short nap. He sat down, the sleepers were aroused, and the divine proceeded with his discourse after a recess of a few minutes.

Students are not averse to catching a professor in an error. Professor Thompson of Cambridge, hit his class very neatly when he observed some of them smiling at a slight inadvertence of his own. "Gentlemen," said he, "let us remember that we are none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us."

The following curious will was proved in the Principal Registry of the London Court of Probate the beginning of January:

"As to all my worldly goods I have in store,
I leave to my dear wife for evermore,
I freely give, I will no limit fix,
This is my will and she executrix.

5th May, 1886.

THOS. MOORE KIRKWOOD,
Surgeon-Major."

One of the Scotch papers has recently contained several letters on the subject of the birthplace of Pontius Pilate, one writer actually maintaining that he was born at Garth Castle, in Perthshire, a legend which it was attempted to support by the statement that his father was Roman Governor of Perthshire; but this is manifestly nonsense, as the Romans did not invade Caledonia till nearly fifty years after the crucifixion.

The following is said to have been a conversation in a schoolroom in Boston. "The recitation was in ancient history. The pupil was expatiating upon the topic of the Olympic games. 'A great many people went to see them' she said, 'because it was put in the paper when they were coming off.' The paper!" exclaimed the teacher. 'Did they have newspapers in those days?' 'Why, yes,' was the reply; 'it says so in the book anyway; it says the 'Herald' proclaimed them'."

We learn that an important addition has just been made to Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary, consisting of a New Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary of nearly 12,000 personages, and a New Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World, noting and locating over 20,000 places.

In Great Britain last year the novels published exceeded in number the volumes belonging to any other branch of literature. There are 755 works of fiction on the list—214 of these being new editions. Religious books come next; there were 616 of these, and 136 were new editions.

A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the ale-house's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbor's scoff; a walking swill-bowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man.—*Dr. Dod.*

A correspondent of the *Tribune* wrote the other day: "George Bancroft, the historian, unmindful of his eighty seven years, started last night for a Southern tour of several weeks' duration. He is accompanied by his body-servant. It is his intention to visit Mrs. Polk, the widow of the President, at Nashville. I hear he is engaged in collecting material for the life of President Polk, and that Mrs. Polk intends to place a number of letters from private correspondence and other documents of Mr. Polk's at the historian's disposal."

The post-office in India is regarded as so miraculous an agency by the more ignorant natives that in some out-of-the-way places the very letter-boxes are worshiped. In one case a man posted his letter in a box, and shouted out its destination, to inform the presiding spirit whom he supposed to be inside. Another native humbly took off his shoes as he approached the box, went through various devotions before and after posting his letter, and finally put some coppers before the box as a propitiatory offering, retiring in the same attitude of humility.

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Editorials.

REV. DR. H. E. JACOBS, delivered the first lecture of the Spring Course before the faculty and students and a large number of visiting clergymen on the subject "A Christian Odyssey." The Doctor treated the subject in a very interesting manner and much information and instruction were imparted to all present. The tale of the Odyssey was related and proofs were given from it, contributing to the science of Natural Theology. It is wonderful how near the heathen Homer came to the true conception of God. Of course, Homer held to the mythology of his times; but his lines with reference to the three divinities,—Zeus, Athene and Apollo, contain thoughts which bear so many resemblances

to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost that they have been compared. Many other resemblances between Scripture and the Odyssey were brought out and expressed in beautiful language and eloquent style. The lecture was highly appreciated by young and old, and all left, feeling that they had spent an hour of solid instruction in as enjoyable a manner as they had ever done before.

DR. W. F. MUHLENBERG, '68, lectured on the subject of the "Circulation of the Blood." All who heard him last year on "Food," were anxious to hear him again, and a more attentive audience could not be desired than he had. He traced the circulation of the blood through a complete revolution, beginning at the finger tip, through the veins back to the heart; thence to the lungs, where it is purified by the action of the air which we breathe; back again to the heart, where it is forced out through the arteries and capillaries to the finger tip, the starting point. The different actions of the heart, normal heat, etc., were all spoken of. Stimulants and tobacco make the heart beat faster. The inspiration and expiration of air into the lungs are both voluntary and involuntary, but the beating of the heart is peculiar in being entirely involuntary. After the lecture proper, Dr. Muhlenberg showed the circulation of the blood in a living frog, by placing it in such a position that the thin membrane connecting the toes was directly under a powerful microscope, owned by the Doctor, who takes a great interest in microscopy. The corpuscles could be seen very distinctly and the movement of the blood through the capillaries presented a very pretty appearance. We hope to hear the Doctor again next year.

REV. DR. BERNHEIM, of Phillipsburg, N. J., delivered an instructive lecture on "The migration and settlement of the Pennsylvania Germans in the Carolinas." Certain parts of the lecture were illustrated with volumes of historical interest and worth. An amusing incident was the mention of a list of names of families now residing in the Carolinas, several students bearing the same names being in the audience. There is probably no man living to-day, who has a more complete knowledge of the history of the Germans in that section of our country than Dr. Bernheim, who has written a history of the German settlements there.

REV. J. F. OHL, a member of the class of '71, concluded the course with a lecture on "Church Music." The history of church music was briefly related and a clear conception of the music of the different periods was imparted to the audience by selections, played on the organ by the lecturer who is a most accomplished musician. A strong appeal was made to the young men, especially those preparing for the ministry, to uphold the use of the higher and better class of church music, and to oppose the use of such collections as those of Moody and Sankey and others. By experimenting in his own Sunday-school, Rev. Ohl has proved that children can learn the better kind, which is perhaps more difficult, just as quickly as the more popular and sensational music. The lecture, although long, was greatly appreciated, and showed that Rev. Ohl has thoroughly mastered this difficult subject.

WITH this number we conclude our service as editors of the MUHLENBERG MONTHLY. Whether it has been a successful service, is not in our place to say. If it be asked whether we have done our duty or not, we answer that we have endeavored to do it, and we hope we have succeeded. We have printed nothing that could be reproved by the faculty or students and we hope much has been published that can be approved by both.

We have tried to arouse more interest on the part of the Alumni. We have invited them to contribute articles, over and over again, *ad nauseam*. The publications of the last term show how many have chosen to do so. Thanks to those who responded.

Although the MONTHLY is not yet self-supporting, a better day is coming and it is fast approaching that condition. The Business Managers have done their full duty in soliciting advertisements. The students have done theirs by both subscribing and making up the deficiencies. Have the Alumni done their duty? Do they know or realize that the MONTHLY would be self-supporting to-day if they would all subscribe? Give us your assistance.

A word to the students. The future success of our journal depends upon you. Always remain its steadfast friends and do not take offence at trifles. It has been the case that a small personal or local has made lasting enemies, although nothing offensive was intended. Do not ask the editors to publish anything, about the propriety of which you have any doubts. Always elect conservative men to the office of editors-in-chief. It is their duty to sift the matter which is handed to them for publication. They must write editorials that impart information and instruction. Above all, they must have the best interests of their charge at heart. The editors must exclude offensive articles. Far rather offend the writers by refusing to publish them than to ruin the character and reputation of the MONTHLY.

With the hope that the MUHLENBERG MONTHLY, the exponent of the students of Muhlenberg College, and indirectly of the institution itself, will always advance in the future and receive a bountiful support from all its friends, the present officers resign to their successors.

—He who learns the rules of wisdom, without conforming to them in his life, is like a man who labored in his fields, but did not sow.—*Saadi*.

Obituary.

Died, at Sunneytown, Montgomery, Co., Pa., June 5th, Forrest M. Fox, son of Rev. William B. Fox, and a member of the Junior Class of the Theological Seminary at Philadelphia. The deceased was born December 15th, 1864, at Berwick, Columbia Co., Pa., where his father was then pastor; was educated at Muhlenberg College, graduating in 1886, and entered our seminary in September, 1886. Symptoms of breaking down having appeared, he left us about three weeks before the close of the session, in no way alarmed about his condition, but believing that he needed the rest and recuperation that would be found nowhere so well as at home. His disease proved to be neuralgia of the heart, from which he had previously suffered, attended with typhoid symptoms.

He was greatly beloved by both professors and students, and will long be remembered as a modest, serious, prompt, systematic and faithful student whom we thought the Lord was preparing for marked usefulness as a solid and earnest pastor. The funeral services were held on June 10th, Revs. F. Walz and J. S. Renninger officiating at the house. The body of our departed brother was then carried to the church, where Rev. L. Groh preached a very consolatory discourse from Is. 45: 18, and brief remarks were made by his former teachers Drs. Mann and Jacobs of the Seminary, and Dr. Seip of Muhlenberg College. Revs. D. K. Kepner, G. F. Spieker, F. Berkemeyer, J. H. Kline, O. P. Smith, J. L. Becker and O. F. Waage were also present, most of them assisting in the services, as well as Prof. Davis Garber, in whose mission Sunday-school, at Allentown, Mr. Fox had been a co-laborer. May the consolations of the gospel which our afflicted brother so frequently administers to others be abundantly supplied him and his family in this hour of sore trial.—*J. in Lutheran.*

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

MUHLENBERG COLLEGE, June 9, 1887.

WHEREAS, Almighty God in his infinite wisdom and

goodness has seen fit to call away, in the bloom of life, Forrest M. Fox, a former member of our Literary Society; be it

RESOLVED, That while we have heard with deep sorrow the announcement of his death, we bow with ready resignation to the will of Heaven and of Him "who doeth all things well."

RESOLVED, That the Euterpean Literary Society, while expressing her warmest sympathy to the bereaved family and relatives, mourn the loss of a faithful member and loving son, and commend them to seek consolation from Him who is Ruler over all.

RESOLVED, That as a further token of respect a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of our departed member; that they be published in our city papers and in the MUHLENBERG MONTHLY.

OSCAR S. SCHEIRER,
WILSON A. DEILY,
ALFRED K. KECK, } Committee.

PHI GAMMA DELTA FRATERNITY,
HALL OF EPSILON DEUTERON CHAPTER. }

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has deemed it best to call from this life, Forrest Melvin Fox; and

WHEREAS, We desire to manifest our respect for the memory and our admiration of the character of him to whom we all had become endeared by the sacred ties of brotherhood; and although his active membership with this Chapter ceased one year ago, his memory is still fondly cherished by us; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That in the death of our brother, Epsilon Deuteron has lost a zealous supporter and our Fraternity an honest and faithful member; and be it

RESOLVED, That it is with deep and unfeigned sorrow that we learn of the decease of our brother, whose guiding star was that trinity of noble principles which is the basis of our order; and that the Chapter extend its heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved relatives and friends; and be it

RESOLVED, That we wear the badge of mourning for ten days; and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, to the "Quarterly" for publication, and a copy be placed in the archives of our Chapter.

JOHN W. HORINE,
SAMUEL R. WEAVER,
ALFRED K. KECK, } Committee.

Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa., June 8, 1887.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

—LONGFELLOW.

Scriptural Guide for Daily Growth in Grace.

I. GENERAL AIDS.

1. Make religion always, as it is, your chief concern.—*Matt. vi, 33; Mark, viii, 36.*
2. Meditate daily on God's goodness; "the God of all grace."—*Is. i, 3; Ps. ciii.*
3. Dedicate yourself anew each day to God, in accordance with your Baptismal covenant.—*Rom. xii, 1; 1 Cor. v, 15.*
4. Do not be too fond of worldly pleasure. *Prov. xxi, 17; 2 Tim. iii, 4; Luke, ix, 23.*
5. Keep out of the way of temptation.—*Prov. i, 10, sq.; iv, 14, sq.; Matt. vi, 13.*
6. Avoid idleness.—*Prov. vi, 6; Matt. xxv, 30; Rom. xii, 11.*
7. Keep in mind, everywhere, the day of account.—*1 Thess. v, 4; Matt. xxv, 30; Luke, xii, 40.*
8. Live every day, as if it were the last.—*Ps. xc, 12; Ps. xxxix, 4.*

II. SPECIAL AGENCIES.

1. Pray always, for the Holy Spirit, as essential for every good result.—*Luke, xi, 13; John, xvi, 7, sq.; John, xv, 5.*
2. Pray, in secret, each morning and evening; if possible, at noon; briefly, in seasons of temptation, at other times; more at length on very special occasions.—*Ps. lv, 17; Luke, xviii, 1, sq.*

Use Luther's Morning and Evening Prayer in the Church Book; those on record in the Scripture; until you can employ your own words, as a child to its Father. —*1 Pet. v, 7*

3. Read the word of God, for daily use, the Psalms and Gospels; at other more favorable seasons, the other portions in regular order; stately and repeatedly, to become acquainted with the "whole counsel of God." *Josh. i, 8; Ps. i; John, v, 39.*

4. Keep strictly the Lord's Day.—*Ex. xx, 8; Matt. ii, 27.*

Study on this day the word of God more thoroughly; the Catechism; cultivate a taste for general religious literature.

5. Do not absent yourself from the Lord's Supper.—*Luke, xxii, 19; 1 Cor. xi, 24.*

6. Attend the house of God, as often as possible.—*Ps. xxxiv, cxxii; Heb. x, 25.*

7. Be active in doing and getting good, in thought, word and deed, whenever and wherever possible, in imitation of your Master and all good men.—*Acts, x, 38.*

8. Cherish a cheerful confidence, trust, belief or *faith*, in all God's promises and institutions, that they are designed to bless, sanctify and save you.—*Josh. i, 9; 2 Tim. iv, 8, 18.*

9. Read over these rules frequently, keeping them in your Bible for this purpose—to test and increase your conformity to them.

F. A. M.



Pennsylvania German Literature.

INTRODUCTORY.

Having agreed to furnish next college year some bibliographical articles under the general title "Pennsylvania German Literature," I desire to preface them with a few words on our relation as alumni of Muhlenberg College to this subject.

However others may feel upon this matter, it behooves a man who has enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education to be neither ashamed of his Pennsylvania German ancestry nor indifferent to the history of the stock whence he sprang. Planted in the very heart of the Pennsylvania German district, manned almost exclusively by instructors of that stock, and attended by youth who, in many cases, could not deny their ancestry, if they would. Muhlenberg College seems pointed out as the centre of a movement that should be made now, if ever, to collect and preserve whatever of a literary character will throw light on the history of the Pennsylvania Germans or in any way illustrate their linguistic peculiarities and literary activity. Interesting as these people are to others, to none should they be so interesting as to themselves, and pre-eminently to the anglicizing portion of them, i. e. to the alumni of our college.

Several years ago an attempt was made to awaken some enthusiasm on this subject, and

a committee of the alumni collected some of the material which is to form the basis of these articles; but for some reason the matter was allowed to drop. The precise steps taken will appear from the minutes. Is there not race-pride enough among us to erect within the walls of Muhlenberg College a literary monument to our honest ancestors?

This, then, is my proposition,—that a committee be appointed to gather all the historical and literary material in any wise relating to the Pennsylvania Germans, the same to be deposited in the library of Muhlenberg College. Should there be any doubt as to how far-reaching such a collection should be, let the committee construe their instructions liberally. The main thing is to get the work done, and to that end let it be begun right in Allentown among the visitors to Commencement. One thing will suggest another, and one enthusiastic person will enkindle another. A single live committeeman is worth a whole basketful of fine resolutions. This is a proverb that is thrown in gratis.

W. K. F.

GUST. ADOLPHUS COLLEGE, May 31, '87.

**"Freely Ye Have Received;
Freely Give."**—MATHEW 20: 8.

We give below some extracts of the Baccalaureate Sermon preached by President Seip, Sunday evening, June 26th, in St. John's English Lutheran Church.

The words of our text are found in our Lord's charge to his twelve apostles, when he sent them out to preach the Gospel and to work miracles. While this text refers directly to the apostles and the miraculous powers, which they had received and were to exercise freely for the benefit of their fellowmen, it also admits of a wider application. One man by the blessing of God has received extraordinary gifts of intellect and high moral endowments; another a liberal education, another professional or artistic skill, another bodily health and strength, another large wealth, and *all* divers gifts of his bounty, some more, others less. To all of them our

Lord's command applies, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Young gentlemen of the graduating class. We have thought that these words of our Lord might not be inappropriate as the basis of our remarks to you on this interesting occasion. You are about to be sent out to engage in your several missions—after having received from the bountiful hand of God, divers gifts and benefits. Although miraculous powers have not been given you, yet your power for good and your ability to be useful to your fellowmen have been greatly augmented by the training which you have received during the last four years at the hands of your Professors in Muhlenberg College. As the Divine Teacher said to his twelve disciples, so let us, reverently and in his name say to you twelve, as we send you out: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

What have you received?

First, and of most importance you have received a Christian training; instruction in the principles of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Howsoever important the adornment of the mind with intellectual training, yet the benefit of mere mental discipline is temporal and pertains only to this life. At best a secular education can only aid in winning the prizes of an earthly race. But a Christian training that leads to its legitimate fruits prepares the contestant in the heavenly race for a crown of victory that fadeth not away. You have received instruction in natural and revealed religion and in Christian ethics. May the Divine blessing attend that instruction to the present and eternal welfare of your souls.

Secondly, you have also received intellectual training to sharpen and discipline your mental powers, and fit you to cope with the questions and problems of everyday life. You have studied the ancient and modern languages. You have explored the heights and depths, and we may add the shoals and shallows of philosophy, and have seen how men have missed the true and clung to the false, how "professing themselves to be wise, they have become fools."

Thirdly, this training and discipline, which you have received, have left an indelible impress on your characters. You are not as you were when you entered college as matriculates. Those who can recall you as you entered four years ago, and know you as you are about to depart from us, will hardly say that you have received this training and discipline in vain. If you have made a proper use of the advantages, which you have enjoyed, and have followed in your daily walk and conversation the instruction which you have received, it will require no prophet to predict for you a useful and honorable career; if not, then you have only drilled your powers for evil, and better would it have been for yourselves and society had you never been in college.

What are you to give?

What you have received measures what you are to give. As you have received a moral and religious training, you should give to your fellowmen the benefit of a Christian example and life. As you have received intellectual training so you are to give thereof. Let there be no misuse of figures to defraud, no false logic and philosophy to deceive, no inhuman political economy to oppress, no tricky and artful use of rhetorical skill to persuade to evil, but the generous employment of all these gifts and acquirements for high and noble purposes. Thank God for what you have received from his bountiful hand, and pray that he may bless you in the use which you make of it. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

'Education for Revenue Only.'

The above was the title of Hon. M. C. Henninger's address before the Alumni in Music Hall. A large and intelligent audience was present and applauded the salient points of the address. Rev. O. P. Smith, '71, of the Trappe, President of the Association, presided. Rev. James L. Becker, '74, of Sellersville, opened with prayer, and the Eureka Orchestra rendered several selections.

Rev. Smith introduced Mr. Henninger to the audience and he spoke as follows:

"It was my pleasure on Sunday evening to listen to the opening of the present Commencement exercises of Muhlenberg College. Dr. Seip, the President, had selected for his subject for the baccalaureate sermon the words of scripture: "Freely ye have received, freely give." Indeed the text was a whole sermon in itself, a more appropriate one could not have been selected, and whilst listening to the sermon of the President, I thought to myself, if only every student entering upon the commencement of life were to obey the text. But alas how soon do they go astray; yea to such an extent that I am compelled to affirm that the general tendency at the present time is to educate for revenue only. But I am asked are you serious in your opinion that the tendency of the age is education for revenue only? I answer, yes, decidedly, and to prove that proposition to this intelligent audience, shall be my endeavor to-night.

"In order to do so I shall not enter the various homes to investigate what education our children receive there. I have babies—a few of them—who have to be educated and trained at home. I know that I as pater familias am doing the best in that direction, and I have no doubt that is the case with every parent. Nor is it my purpose to criticise the various methods of education adopted in our institutions of learning. I would not be qualified to do so considering the composition of the audience I am addressing. I see men before me who have grown gray in the service. I do not wish to be understood as criticising the teachings and instructions imparted in any of our colleges or public schools and especially of our own dear Muhlenberg College. She has been doing a noble work in the church, the state and the nation. Her influence has been felt for good in the politics and religions of this country. I can well predict for her a glorious and useful future. In order to prove my proposition that, at present the tendency of education is for revenue only, I ask this audience to watch

the doings of the men and women after they have finished their education and have engaged in the various pursuits of life selected by them. Watch them as they engage in business, in politics and in religion. By their fruits ye shall know them. A great many of them, instead of obeying the text, "Freely ye have received, freely give," follow the other rule, "freely we have received, freely we take." In our day, the rule of life and education as inculcated by our blessed Saviour in his sermon on the Mount to the multitude, "to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you," is now reversed. People nowadays educate and qualify themselves to seek revenue, the wealth and benefits of this world first, even at the expense of the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

"Take, for instance, the business men of this country and this age. They are educated men, much more so than their forefathers were, but their business methods characterize them as men who have been educated for revenue only. Their methods are often illegal, immoral and in a great many instances highly criminal.

"Business done in open daylight and without any show of concealment, is of the nature such as I have indicated. All under the name of business—yes, the word business has a great many iniquities to bear and covers a multitude of sins. The other day a certain lawyer of this town had been lying to his client about the duties of his (the client's) case. The client found it out and told the lawyer of the fact that he was guilty of telling lies. Well, says the lawyer, that is my business, and with that dismissed the grave charge. In years gone by, when men were not as educated as they now are, the true rule of business was competition. I was taught in my class in political economy, at college, that competition was the life of trade. We were all taught that every individual in business should deal on his own account, in his own way; that he should charge his customers a reasonable profit and keep them all alike. That was the rule of business as laid down.

"Of course, that is all changed now. The doctrine of competition is no good any longer. Combination has taken its place. The way it is stated now is that if competition is left free, business people will eat each other up, and all will suffer financial ruin. Hence it is necessary to make combinations in order to keep up prices. That is the way it is stated.

"Now let us see for a moment what this doctrine of combination, a doctrine evolved from brains who have been educated for revenue only, has brought about.

"And in the first place I shall call attention to the combination in the business of the production, placing in the market and fixing of the price of anthracite coal.

"We are vitally interested in this combination. It is an article used by everybody in the community. I have often expressed my opinion of that combination, both in public and private, at home and in the Legislature."

Mr. Henninger then gave a history of this gigantic combination and showed how it operated for the aggrandizement of the rich and the oppression of the poor. He summed up his address in the statement that the men at the head of these grinding combinations have been educated for revenue only.

Commencement Week.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

In St. John's Lutheran Church, Sunday evening, June 26, the Commencement exercises were inaugurated by the delivery of the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class by President Seip. A large, intelligent and attentive congregation was present. Rev. Dr. Repass, the pastor, conducted the altar service and Rev. G. F. Spieker, D. D., pastor of St. Michael's, made the closing prayer. The class, who were all present with the exception of Mr. Miller, attended in a body. An epitome of the sermon will be found on another page.

CLASS RECEPTION.

On Monday evening Dr. Seip banqueted the Senior Class, the Glee Club and the Junior Quartette. The occasion was a very

pleasant one and a delightful time was spent. The boys sang as they had never sung before, and sorry were we when the arrival of Livy's funeral procession abruptly terminated the enjoyment.

BOOK-BURNING.

On the same evening the cremation of Livy was held by the Freshman Class. We quote from the *Item*: "It was some time after nine o'clock when a score of ghostly figures keeping time to the music of the Mountainville Cornet Band paraded down Hamilton street, bearing a coffin within which lay the doomed volume of Roman history as recorded by Titus Livius Patavinus. Crowds of people witnessed the weird procession and many hundreds followed to the campus in the rear of Muhlenberg College. Here the band, the Freshmen and the crowd surrounded a funeral pyre upon which Livy was laid and the torch was applied. Between music by the band, songs by the class, addresses by Mr. Werner in Greek, Mr. Deily in Latin, Mr. Rausch in German and Mr. Kleckner in English, with an invocation by Mr. Ritter also in Latin, and the hooting, cheering and howling of the other students the burning proceeded very successfully. Several officers were on hand to preserve order. Mr. Schaeffer officiated as funeral director. The ceremonies lasted over an hour."

EXAMINATIONS.

On June 27th and 28th the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen were examined for promotion and quite a number of applicants were examined for admission. Six have thus far applied for entrance into the Sophomore class, so that there will probably be twenty-eight in the class next year. The coming Freshman class will very probably number nearly or quite thirty members. Let all the boys of Muhlenberg speak a good word for her whenever the opportunity presents itself, and she will surely flourish. The outlook has never been brighter.

THE JUNIOR CONTEST.

This contest was held on Wednesday morning, when thirteen eloquent Juniors

competed for prizes in oratory. The *Chronicle* says: "The Junior oratorical contest has always been an interesting event in the Commencement exercises and the result is anxiously awaited by the friends of the class. Music Hall contained a large audience this morning. The Junior class numbers thirteen, and the young men are to be congratulated upon the splendid showing they have made during their college life. It was a few minutes past nine o'clock when the orators marched upon the stage to music by the Eureka Orchestra and took their seats, which formed a semi-circle near the front of the stage. To the rear of them sat President Seip, attired in a surplice, and members of the Faculty, clergymen, Board of Trustees and others. The stage setting was very beautiful and the effect pleasing."

The following was the order of exercises:

Music.

Prayer . . . By Rev. B. M. Schmauk, of Lebanon, Pa.
Our Railroads, . . . Alfred W. Kistler, Kempton, Pa.
Das Leben, . . . Oscar S. Scheirer, Hokendauqua, Pa.
Living Monuments, . . John M. Wenrich, Blainesport, Pa.

Music.

The Smokes of Allentown, Wm. F. Bond, Lenhartsville.
Der Stolz, . . . Edward F. Ritter, Freemansburg, Pa.
The Nineteenth Century, . . Clinton Fetter, Telford, Pa.
Nature's Fiat, . . . Charles D. Clauss, Lehighton, Pa.

Music.

—? —? —? . . . Ralph Metzger, Allentown, Pa.
Schweige u. verstumme, . . David Gerberich, Ono, Pa.
Mammonism, . . . Henry F. Schantz, Myerstown, Pa.

Music.

The Feast of Thystes, George R. Ulrich, Selinsgrove, Pa.
Der Einfluss der Erziehung, Geo. Gebert, Sumneytown, Pa.
The Price of Safety, James F. Lambert, Seidersville, Pa.

Music

Benediction, . . . By Rev. J. F. Wampole, of Freeburg.

MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES.

The Board of Trustees held the semi-annual meeting at two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day in the Chapel. Nearly all of the members were present and Rev. Dr. Spieker, the President, occupied the chair. The Secretary, Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, '70, and the Treasurer, Rev. C. J. Cooper, read their reports. A committee was appointed to add Hebrew to the course of study for those students who intend to take a theolog-

ical course and all others who may elect to study the language. So that the course may not be too full, one other branch will also be made elective. The usual routine business was transacted and the degrees were conferred which were announced on Thursday.

THE ALUMNI LECTURE AND BANQUET.

After the Alumni address, a notice and extracts of which we give on another page, all the graduates, students and special friends of the college, were invited to participate in the banquet, so generously prepared by the lady friends of the institution. The banquet and toasts were a success beyond all expectations and the large number of guests were treated to elegant refreshments, which were served in great abundance. Charles Keck, Esq., '83, sent a large box of beautiful laurels from White Haven, which contributed much to the magnificent appearance of the tables. The ladies, who contributed or assisted, deserved and received the thanks of all. Special resolutions of thanks were passed by the Alumni Association. May they always remain friends to Muhlenberg and her sons.

Following were the toasts, Rev. O. P. Smith presiding:

Muhlenberg College	Dr. Muhlenberg
Our Alumni	Rev. Ziegenfuss
Future of the College	Dr. Horne
The Classics	Dr. Hilprecht
The Ladies	Prof. Richards

COMMENCEMENT PROPER.

The *Item* says: The first class of Muhlenberg College graduated in 1868 and consisted of four members. To-day the twentieth class was added to the history of the institution, with twelve members, and the entire Alumni Association consists of 236 members, many of whom have attained fame and honor and renown in their various professions or avocations. The exercises of Commencement were held in Music Hall this morning, (June 30th,) beginning at nine o'clock. The auditorium was thronged with hosts of friends of the institution. As the members of the class appeared on the stage they were heartily greeted. The President of the college, Dr. Seip, was seated on a dais in the centre of the stage,

clad in ministerial robes. Around him and immediately back of the class, were many distinguished clergymen and members of the Alumni Association, together with warm friends of the college.

The Commencement program was opened with a fervent prayer by Rev. F. A. Muhlenberg, D. D., LL. D., who was President of the college from 1867 to 1876. He asked the divine blessing upon all Christian educational institutions and upon Muhlenberg College especially, and on the members of the class.

The following was the order of exercises:

Music.	
Prayer.	
Music.	
Latin Salutatory . . .	Tilghman F. German, Allentown, Pa. (Third Honor, 98.95)
Music.	
Preparation for Life . . .	Frank M. Seip, Allentown, Pa.
The Child of France . . .	James R. Brown, Allentown, Pa.
The Field of Human Ken, Geo. A. Miller, Allentown, Pa.	
Music.	
Rede zum Gedaechtniss Heinrich Melchior Muehlenberg's, } John W. Richards, } Allentown, Pa. (Second Honor, 99.27.)	
Music.	
The Literature of Business, W. W. Kramlich, Kutztown, Pa.	
Immortality of Character . . .	M. J. Kuehner, Allentown, Pa.
Toga Virilis . . .	G. E. Schettler, Clarence Centre, N. Y. Music.
The Perpetuity of our Republic, R. E. Butz, Allentown, Pa.	
Landlordism in America . . .	P. R. Dry, Drysville, Pa.
America's Quicksands . . .	C. J. Schaadt, Coplay, Pa. Music.
Valedictory	Reuben J. Butz, Allentown, Pa. (First Honor, 99.43.)
Music.	
Conferring of Degrees by the President.	
Distribution of Prizes.	
Announcements.	
Benediction.	

Received Honorable Mention: Geo. A. Miller, 98.53; Frank M. Seip, 96.73; James R. Brown, 95.25.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon all the members of the graduating class and upon Rev. Herman C. Fox, of Philadelphia.

Master of Arts upon all of the class of '84, and I. S. Moyer, M. D., of Quakertown.

Doctor of Philosophy upon Prof. Edgar D. Shimer, '74, of Jamaica, N. Y.

Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. Gustav A. Hinterleitner, Pottsville; Rev. Prof. Matthias Loy, of Capital University, Columbus, Ohio, and Rev. Edward F. Mohldenke, Ph. D., New York City.

Doctor of Laws upon Rev. Prof. F. A. Muhlenberg, D. D., LL. D., of Philadelphia.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

Dr. Seip announced the following awards of prizes:

For the Senior Class.—The Amos Ettinger Honor Medal, to be assigned to that member of the class having attained the highest average grade during the year, in all his studies. Presented by Prof. George T. Ettinger, '80. Awarded to Reuben J. Butz, whose term average was 99.43.

The Butler Analogy Prize.—Twenty-five dollars to that member of the class standing the best in a competitive examination upon Butler's Analogy. Presented in the name of the brothers, Rev. C. L., '78, and Frank F. Fry, '85. There were four competitors and of these the committee—Rev. J. F. Pollock, Rev. Wm. M. Reilley, Ph. D., and Rev. S. A. Repass, D. D.,—deemed Reuben J. Butz most worthy of the prize, favorable mention being made of all the other contestants.

German Prize.—King's "Literary Geschichte" for the best German essay, awarded to John W. Richards, with honorable mention of Messrs. Schettler, Brown and Miller.

For the Junior Class.—The Oratorical Contest Prize.—Twenty-five dollars to the member of the class making the best English speech, as to manner and matter, at the Junior Exhibition. Presented by members of the Alumni Association, to William F. Bond, of Lenhartsville.

The German Oratorical Contest Prize.—Fifteen dollars to that member of the class making the best speech in German, as to manner and matter, at the Junior Exhibition, to George Gebert, of Sumneytown. Also ten dollars to the second best—Edward F. Ritter, Freemansburg. Presented by a member of Zion's Church, Philadelphia.

For the Sophomore Class.—The Eliza Prize.

—Fifteen dollars to be awarded for the best essay on "The Morphology of Leaves" and a herbarium of twenty-five specimens illustrating the essay. Given by Rev. W. A. Passavant, Jr., '75, to Preston Laury, of Hellertown, with honorable mention of John B. Heil. Committee—Dr. William Herbst, Dr. I. S. Moyer and A. F. Krout.

Sacred History Prize.—"Life and Epistle of St. Paul," from Dr. Wackernagel, for excellence in this study, awarded to Frank C. Oberly, of Catasauqua, with mention of John W. Horine, Preston Laury, John B. Heil and Ezra Rath.

The Scientific Prize.—Fifteen dollars to be awarded for the best essay upon "The Compass, Its Application and Limitations." Given by Dr. N. Wiley Thomas, of Girard College, to John W. Horine, of Reading. Committee—Dr. A. R. Horne, Prof. F. D. Raub, '73, and Prof. S. C. Schmucker, '82.

For the Freshman Class.—The German Prize.—A gift of suitable books for the best essay upon an assigned subject, and examination upon the same, from Ignatius Kohler, of Philadelphia. Awarded to J. Chas. Rausch, Allentown, with mention of James B. Werner, David J. Gimlich and Alfred J. Yost.

The exercises came to a close with the benediction by Rev. Dr. Hinterleitner.

MEETING OF THE ALUMNI.

The Alumni Association held its annual meeting Thursday afternoon and the session was long and important. About a dozen new members were enrolled, the majority of whom were members of the graduating class. Notwithstanding the great heat, the debates were spirited and interesting. Rev. Prof. Wm. A. Beates, '72, of Lancaster, Ohio, was chosen orator for the next Commencement. A new constitution, making several radical changes, was adopted. It was resolved to ask permission of the Board of Trustees for better representation in that body. At present only two members of the Association are on the Board and they were elected by the Ministerium. The proposition is that the Association elect a member from each profession to

represent it in the Board. A committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions to secure for the college chapel a portrait of Rev. B. Sadler, D. D., ex-President of the college, the picture to be of the same design as that of Dr. Muhlenberg.

Gifts to the College Library.

Geo. F. Kribbs, a member of the class of '73, and now a prominent lawyer of Clarion, Pa., also one of the editors and proprietors of the *Clarion Democrat*, has kindly sent his check for \$50 to his classmate, Prof. J. A. Bauman, in order to purchase "Brehm's Thierleben," a work in ten volumes. The work will be especially useful to the class in zoology.

Rev. C. L. Fry, '78, presented to the college and to each of the society libraries, a Memorial Volume, containing two funeral sermons on the death of Dr. Martin Luther, delivered at Eisleben, February 19th and 20th, 1546, by Dr. Justus Jonas and Pastor Michael Celius, translated by Rev. E. Greenwald, D. D.

A handsomely bound volume of Smull's Legislative Hand Book for 1887 was received from Governor Beaver.

The Ancient Life-History of the Earth, by Dr. H. A. Nicholson, was presented by the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., through Prof. Bauman. The book is a comprehensive outline of the principles and leading facts of Palæontological science, and will form a valuable addition to that department of our library.

"A New Path across an Old Field" was presented by the author, Rev. H. C. Holloway.

Numerous government books have also been received.

Muhlenberg College received especial attention at the late meeting of Synod. Synod recommended to all the congregations to hold memorial services during the month of October, in memory of the 100th anniversary of the death of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, and that the free-will offerings on that occasion should be applied to increase the endowment of the German Professorship in Muhlenberg College.



—After one week's diligent search we have been unable to find anything new in the Sophs programme.

—All the boys who attended Prof. Garber's Sunday-school picnic at Dorney's enjoyed themselves hugely. What a grand time we had!

—The new pavement and curbing placed along Union street is a decided improvement. The flagstones in front of the college building will also be relaid.

—Prof. Richards and Dr. Jacobs are supplying the pulpit of Dr. Laird's church, Philadelphia. The Dr. has sailed for Europe for the benefit of his health.

—Rev. G. F. Spieker, Pastor of St. Michael's Lutheran Church and President of the Board of Trustees, has received the degree of D. D. from Roanoke College, Virginia.

—By request, Dr. Seip's sermon on the college, delivered before the Ministerium in Philadelphia several weeks ago, was published in the *Lutheran*. The executive committee of the trustees has ordered that 5000 copies of the sermon be printed for distribution.

—Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg and wife, Miss Lizzie Muhlenberg and Frank A. Muhlenberg; Rev. Dr. Hilprecht and wife, of Philadelphia; Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss and wife, of Bath; and Mr. John McKee, of New York City, were the guests of the President during Commencement.

—Owing to the high general standing of the graduates of the Allentown High School, the Faculty has decided that hereafter they need not be specially examined for admission to the Freshman Class. These students secure in their High School course more general information than is required of candidates for admission to the course, which speaks very well for our High School.

—The Glee Club serenaded Prof. Garber, Thursday evening, June 16. After vocal and instrumental music, the Professor conducted the club to Peters', where refreshments were served them. The Professor stands in the good graces of the boys for the pleasant time he gave them. On Saturday, the 18th, the club sang at a strawberry festival at Cata-sauqua and were encored several times by the appreciative audience. Together with cream, fruit and the ladies the boys had a glorious time.

—The last geological trip made by the Senior Class was the most successful and best enjoyed of all. After visiting a slate *mine*, quarries and factories at Slatington, we proceeded to Mauch Chunk and thence to a mining town named Lansford. At this place, through a prearrangement of Prof. Bauman, a guide was in waiting to conduct us through a coal mine, an experience which none of us had ever gone through before. In preference to going down a plane into an old mine, we descended a new shaft on an elevator, equipped with miner's lamps, and some of us with miner's coats and caps. The shaft is over one thousand feet deep and several passageways branch out from its base. We were not permitted to enter the one in which is found the richest vein, owing to its being filled with gas. As we were not anxious to make the acquaintance of coal gas, we were content with what we had seen in the other channels. We returned home tired but satisfied that we had been "down in a coal mine underneath the ground." The class owe and extend their thanks to Prof. Bauman and to all who were instrumental in making the Senior trips so successful.

—The following will be of interest to our readers: Muhlenberg College has been very sparing in the bestowal of degrees. None have been bartered away or unworthily granted. Yesterday for the first time LL. D. was conferred upon anyone by the college, and the favored man was its first President, Dr. Muhlenberg, who had a similar degree granted him by Franklin and Marshall College

lately. The honorary degree of A. B. or A. M. has been granted also wth a careful and discriminating hand. Dr. Moyer, of Quakertown, who was thus honored at the twentieth commencement is one of the most enthusiastic botanists in the State and his herbarium has but one superior in Pennsylvania. Dr. Hinterleitner, of Pottsville, one of the new D. D.'s, has been for many years a member of the examining board of the Theological Seminary and is a cultured and learned theologian. Dr. Mohldenke, of New York, is pastor of a Lutheran congregation and is one of the most learned men in the country. His studies of the Semitic tongue have made him famous. He already wears titular honors from institutions of learning at Koenigsberg and Rostock, Germany. Rev. Mathias Loy is President of the Theological Seminary at Columbus, Ohio, and occupies the chair of Systematic Theology. The only other clergymen upon whom this degree has been bestowed were Rev. T. F. Hasselquist, of the Theological Seminary of the Augustana Synod at Rock Island, Ill., and Revs. Profs. G. Fritschel, and S. Fritchel, of Mendota, LaSalle county, Ill., both professors in Wartburg Seminary of the German Iowa Synod, the latter being President.—*Item.*

State College Association.

While going to press, we add that this new Association, in the formation of which President Seip took an active part as a member of the committee on organization, has just held its first meeting at Lancaster, Pa. Fifteen colleges of the State were represented. A constitution was adopted, and officers were elected for the ensuing year. A number of interesting papers were read and discussed, and the meeting proved an entire success.

Muhlenberg College was honored by the election of its President as chairman of the Executive Committee.

Prof. Richards attended as the additional representative of our college, and took part in the discussions.

Our Alumni.

'68. William F. Muhlenberg, M. D., a son of Rev. Frederick A. Muhlenberg, D. D., LL. D., is a prominent physician in Reading, Pa. He delivered a very interesting lecture on "The Blood and its Circulation" in the course of lectures before the students.

'68. Rev. William H. Rickert has ceased ministerial work, and represents the interests of a life insurance company at Williamsport, Pa.

'69. As we predicted long ago, Rev. Prof. Revere F. Weidner, of Rock Island, Ill., is our first D. D. We learn from *The Lutheran* that this degree was conferred upon him by Carthage College. We congratulate the Doctor.

'70. The genial countenance of Rev. Isaac N. S. Erb, of Orwigsburg, Pa., added to the pleasures of Commencement. He is a member of the Board of Trustees.

'70. W. K. Frick, writer of "Gathered Fragments" for *The Lutheran*, and business manager of the *Lutheran Church Review*, after a ten years' pastorate in St. Paul's, Philadelphia, went West. He is Professor of the English Language and Literature at Gustavus Adolphus College, and Librarian of the College. Under his charge, the library has increased, mostly by contributions from the East, from 800 to 2800 volumes. He is also President of Niccolet Co., Minn., Bible Society, and writes weekly college notes for local papers, and occasional communications for the various periodicals of our church.—*The Indicator*.

'71. Rev. Charles S. Kohler has removed from Catasauqua, Pa. He has temporarily laid aside the work of the ministry and gone into the life insurance business at Scranton, Pa.

'71. Rev. Jeremiah F. Ohl, of Quakertown, Pa., a member of the Board of Trustees, delivered an exceedingly interesting lecture on "Sacred Music" in the course before the students.

'72. Rev. William A. Beates, Lancaster, O., Rev. D. Levin Coleman, Centre Square, Pa., Rev. Myron O. Rath, Allentown, Pa., Rev. John A. Scheffer, Allentown, Pa., represented the class of '72 at Commencement.

'73. Rev. George H. Gerberding, of Jewett, Ohio, has lately published "The Way of Salvation in the Lutheran Church," which has received very favorable criticism. We quote from *The Lutheran*: "It is not often that we have the privilege of examining so admirable a book as this one. It is an earnest and vigorous presentation and defence of Lutheran doctrine, and the author shows that he has been a loving and diligent student of the Confessions of the Church. We would heartily advise the general and diligent circulation of this volume in all our churches."

'73. Rev. Charles J. Hirzel, of Chestnut Hill, Pa., is Secretary of the Philadelphia Pastoral Association.

'73. George F. Kribbs, Esq., of the *Clarion Democrat*, has shown his interest in College by sending a handsome contribution for the purchase of books for the Scientific Department.

'73. John Nicum is the President of the Fourth Conference of New York, and German Secretary of the General Council. He delivered the centennial oration at the Jubilee of the New York Ministerium, and has written "Jesu Gleichnisreden," "Laws of New York Concerning Churches" and "Reformation's Album." He is now preparing the "History of New York Ministerium."

'74. Prof. Edgar D. Shimer, of the Public Schools of New York City, is now a Doctor of Philosophy. In giving him this degree Muhlenberg College bestowed a well-deserved honor upon one of her most learned sons. We are anxiously waiting to shake you by the hand, Herr Doctor.

'75. One of our most active Alumni is Edwin H. Stein, Esq., a flourishing member of the Allentown bar. He is Attorney to the Sheriff of Lehigh County.

'76. We were pleased to see Rev. Jeremiah H. Klein, of Dubois, Pa., at Commencement. For the sake of his health he temporarily stopped preaching, and during the past year travelled in Germany.

'76. Harry M. Muhlenberg, Ph. G., has a fine drug store on 5th Street, Reading, Pa.

'76. Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, of Selinsgrove, Pa., an occasional contributor of various articles to *The Lutheran* and *Lutheran Church Review*, is at present arranging a series of articles on "Lutheran Doctrines" for the *Church Messenger*. He is also contributing the article "Lutherans" to *Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia*, and sketches of prominent Lutherans to *Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography*.

'77. Rev. M. L. Zweizig, pastor of the Scranton, Pa., Mission, which lately dedicated a new chapel, has resigned and intends, we understand, to travel in Europe.

'78. Rev. D. Henry Reiter is pastor of four congregations in Bucks Co., Pa. His address is Richland Centre, Pa.

'78. Oliver J. Schadt, M. A., of the Modern Language Department of Germantown Academy, has published "French Made Easy, Essentials of French Grammar Acquired in Six Weeks." His method is said to be easy and practical.

'79. Rev. Julius W. Knapp has been obliged to resign his ministerial duties, as he has been for three years a frequent patient at the hygienic home, in Dansville, N. Y.

'79. George B. Schock, Esq., is City Solicitor and Secretary of the Board of Trade, Lebanon, Pa.

'80. Rev. James F. Beates is serving four congregations in Fairfield Co., Ohio.

'81. Rev. Charles E. Sandt is now located at Freemansburg where he is doing excellent work.

'82. William R. Grim is a member of a large banking firm in Salina, Kansas.

'82. Rev. Robert D. Roeder is *not* married. In our last "Personals" we relied on information which proved to be erroneous. We desire to make this correction, and assure the young ladies that there still is hope.

'83. Rev. William F. Schoener, of South Bethlehem, Pa., was married, a short time ago, to Miss Laros, of Allentown. The wedding was on quite an extensive scale.

'83. The legal profession of Allentown yesterday received an accession in the person of Luther Horne, who read law in the office of Thomas B. Metzger, Esq. Mr. Horne is a young man of more than ordinary ability and attainments and devoted himself to study with that assiduousness which marks the earnest student. He will succeed in his profession and has the best wishes of his many friends. There's room on top.—*Item.*

'83. R. Morris Smith was ordained to the ministry at the last meeting of Synod in Phila.

'84. Hiram J. Kuder will next year teach Mental and Moral Science in Hagerstown Female Seminary, Hagerstown, Md.

'84. Rev. Oscar E. Pflueger, of Allentown, and Ella C., daughter of Rev. O. Leopold, of Fogelsville, were married June 14th, by the bride's father, assisted by the groom's brother, Rev. A. P. Pflueger, of Turbotville, Pa. After a wedding tour the couple will settle at Beaverstown, Snyder County, whither Mr. Pflueger has been called by a Lutheran charge.

'84. Rev. George M. Scheidy has gone to Nova Scotia, where he has accepted a call from the Rose Bay parish.

'84. C. Ernest Wagner has gone to Europe.

'84. Rev. Samuel G. Weiskotten has taken charge of the Lutheran Mission at Jamestown, N. Y.

'85. At the last commencement of the Dental Department of the University of Pennsylvania, Howard S. Seip was graduated with the degree of D. D. S. He has opened an office in Allentown, where he will be pleased to attend to suffering humanity.

'85. Daniel E. Brunner, who is still in Colorado, is reported to be improving in health.



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